The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu reaches for America

The Invisible President By Sax Rohmer

February 29, 1936

Collier's

THE N EEKLY

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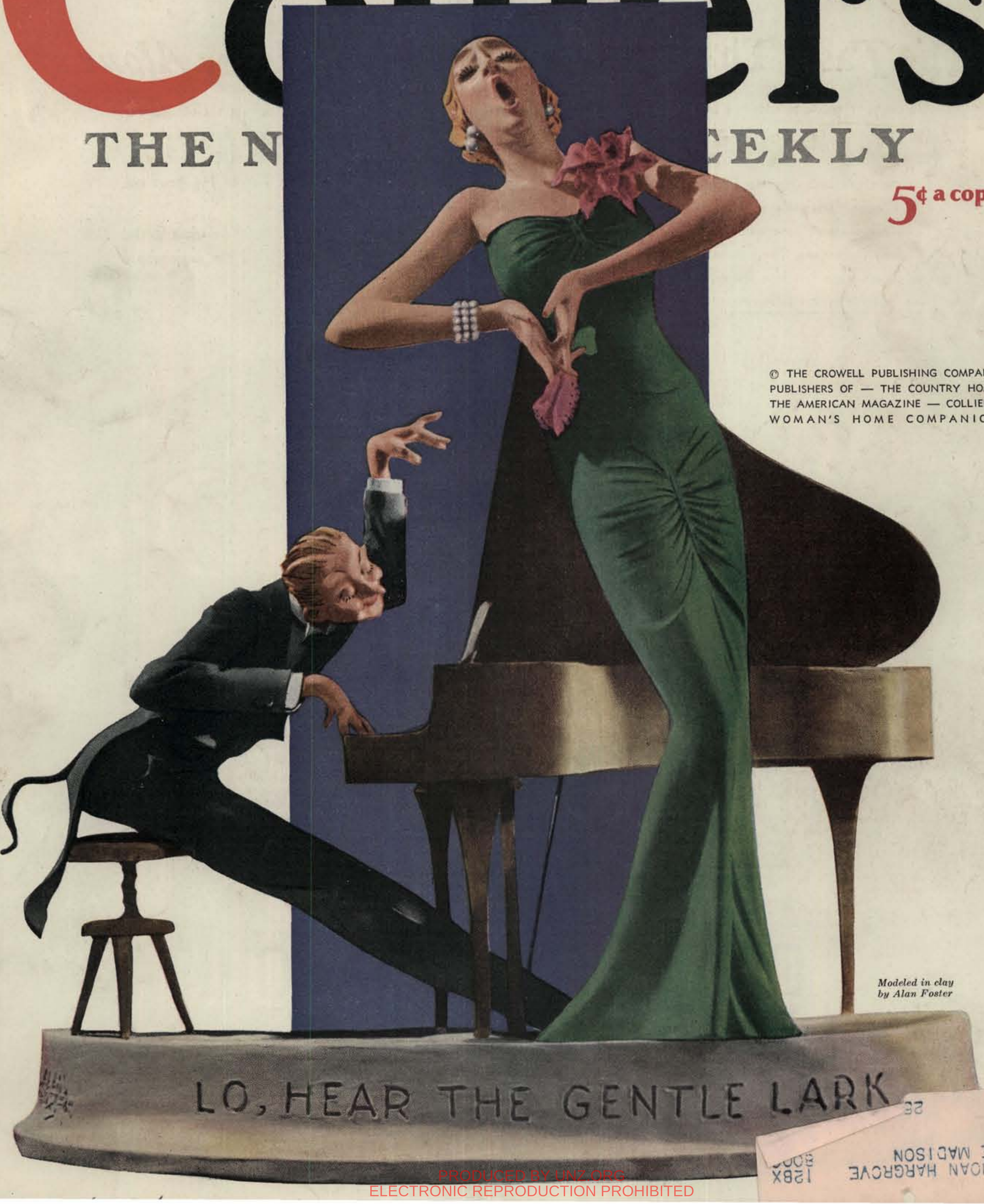
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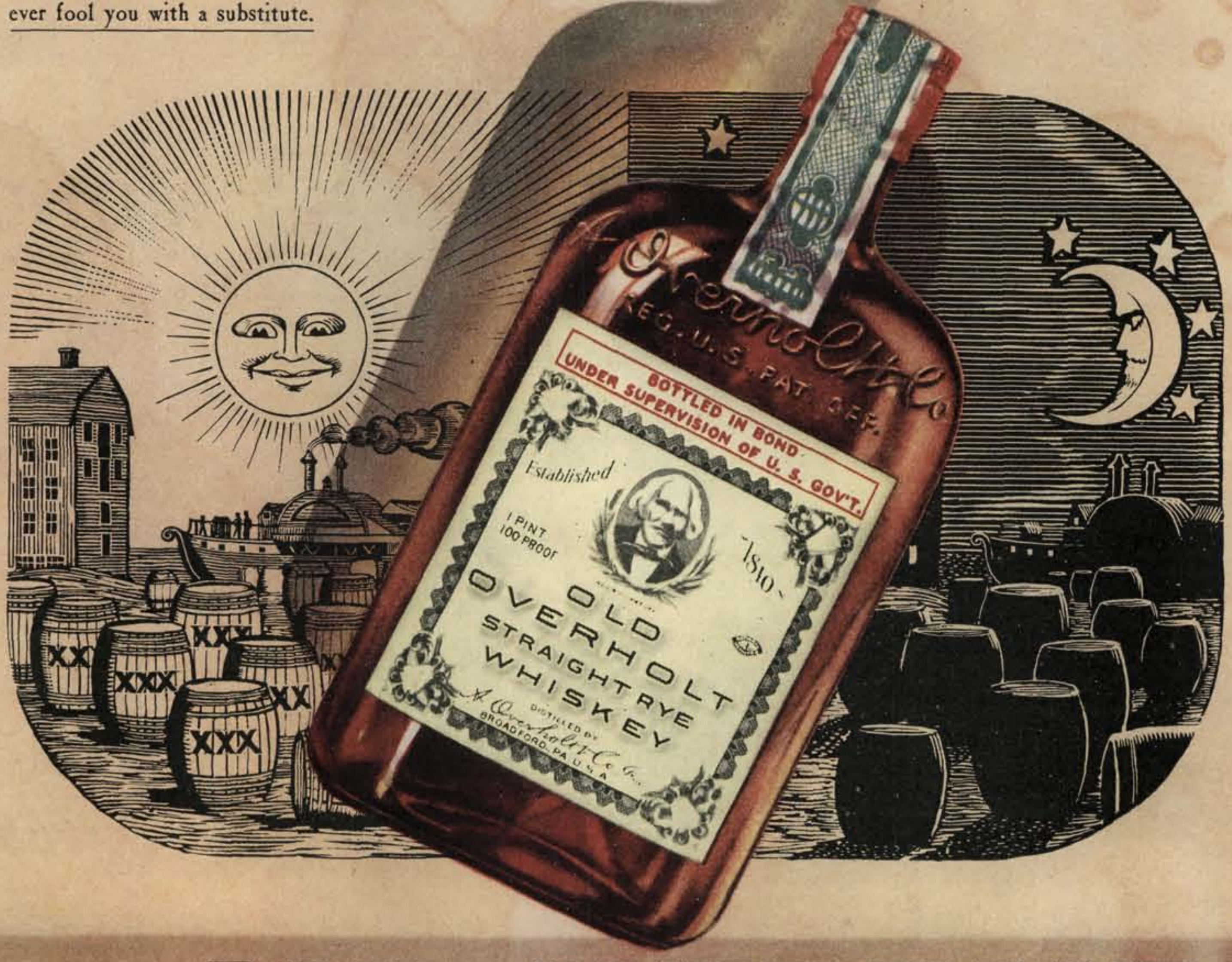
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ARTIE McGOVERN
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—IF you decide to keep it!

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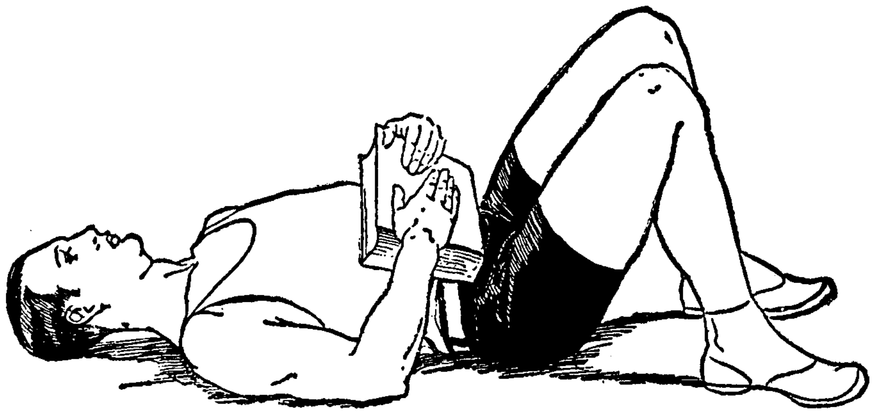
Do you feel run-down? Are your muscles flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you take laxatives? Do you sleep poorly? Do you wake up tired? If your answer to one or more of these is "Yes" then you owe it to yourself and your family to try the McGovern method.

Artie McGovern doesn't make you give up smoking, cocktails, juggle calories or vitamins. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus to sell you. His famous Method is based upon sound scientific principles; the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to $500 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.



The exercise shown above (which may be done while you are lying in bed) is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the WORST you can do—on a par with trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit WITHOUT such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

The Secret of Keeping Fit
The Secret of Keeping Fit
AN EASY AND SURE WAY TO BETTER HEALTH

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Weight	256	216
Neck	17½	15½
Chest	43	40
Expanded	45½	47
Waist	49¾	38
Hips	47	41
Thigh	25	23
Calf	16¼	15

WOMEN

Some of the famous women who have taken the McGovern Course are: Maureen Orcutt, Julia Hoyt, Babe Didrikson, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, and Hannah Williams.

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Next Week

JOSEPH BINGHAM NILES was four years old when the fire horses ran over him—and left him uninjured. All his life after that he carried deep within him a conviction that he was "A Man of Destiny," especially chosen for great achievement and that some day his picture, like that of President McKinley, would hang in the post office.

His swift and brilliant rise in the world was based on that conviction. The pattern of his life developed steadily toward magnificent completion. In a powerful and dramatic short story Elmer Davis tells you how Joseph Bingham Niles' picture came to hang in the post office.

YOUTH, they say, will be served. But only in its own way. It's becoming increasingly clear that that's not the National Youth Administration's way. The theory of the NYA was simple enough. If you send half or two thirds of the boys and girls who hold jobs to school, you increase the jobs available for their elders. This left the boys and girls out of count. How they feel about it is described in "Youth Won't Be Served" by Walter Davenport, who has been traveling around talking to them.

WHEN Storm Kendall, the girl with red hair on the telephone company's overseas switchboard, fell in love with a voice from London she considerably upset Johnny Hibbs, who felt that Storm's heart should be kept in this country, if possible in his care. Johnny decided to get the voice over in person and did just that. "Hello, London!" by Leona Dalrymple is a record of the results.

ALMOST anywhere you go in the Mediterranean or the Red Sea today you're likely to run into large, gray ships looking very self-contained, efficient and British. That's England guarding the chief sinew of her empire, the line to Egypt, India and the East. "Britain Lays It on the Line," by T. R. Ybarra, shows you her guardians on patrol.

NO one was better known on Broadway than Tucky O'Dale. But Tucky had been born on a farm; he thought he wanted to go back. There was Evalaine, his wife; she belonged to Broadway; he'd have to get rid of her. In "Water Over the Bridge" James Aswell shows you Tucky suffering from a bad case of fresh-air poisoning.

RICHARD CONNELL writes the Short Short Story. Other contributions come from Will F. Jenkins, Jim Marshall, Freling Foster, Sax Rohmer and Bernard DeVoto. You don't have to choose: you can have them all.

This Week

●

February 29, 1936

Cover by Alan Foster

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The Wrong Job. She did her husband's work. Page 10

HARRIS DICKSON
The Return of Father Mississippi. Barge vs. railroad, the battle of two centuries. Page 12

EDWARD SHENTON
Bright Adventure. The girl who loved a coast guard. Page 14

FRELING FOSTER
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KYLE CRICHTON
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EDITORIAL
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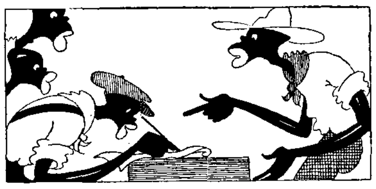
●

Any Week

MR. J. R. COUNCIL of Norfolk, Virginia, tells us that he was listening while a group of Negroes were writing a Townsend Pension budget. Jesse Rountree was doing the thinking. His pal, Robert Valentine, was writing down what Jesse dictated. Presently they evolved the following monthly spending schedule: "House rent $15, grocery man $20, poke chop man $25, whisky and wine $30, smoking tobacco $30, fuel $20, clothes $15, gamblin' numbers $6, enshorance $4, wimmins $25, goraj $10." Said Robert: "Dat makes it, but man, you got you a goraj but ain't got no cah." And Jesse began to revise: "Dat right. Got to have twenty a mont' to pay on cah. Duce down on ole grocery man ten and duce down wimmins ten dollahs. Dat makes it. Hole on though. Ain't got in gas an' oil. Robert, duce down ten off de rent man. Dat leave him five. Das all right. Ketch up on him nex' mont' mebby."

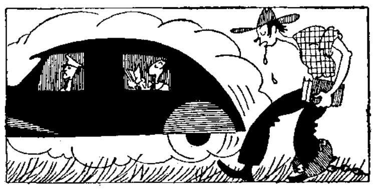


IN an obscure corner of the paper wherein Mrs. Laura F. Powdrell of Atlanta, Georgia, was reading of the passing of George the Fifth, she came upon "a fawning item from Doorn." George was dead at seventy. Wilhelm Hohenzollern was hale and hearty at seventy-seven, and looked no more than sixty. Mrs. Powdrell wrote us a letter. "How much better," says she, "to die a man at seventy than to live a deserter at seventy-seven. The tired little Englishman never took a backward step when war was going against him and bombs were crashing at his doorstep. One by deserting his post at night has managed to live to be seventy-seven. The other died at his post with his people kneeling around him. Do you think that the man who still hides behind barricades at Doorn has thought of this?"

OF course we don't know. The question involves much consideration of what men call Sense of Duty. And that is much like hair on one's head: One has it or hasn't. But Sense of Duty takes strange ways. Mrs. Teresa Lafrentz of Hartford, Connecticut, reports that "a goodly majority of the residents of our Italian colony have been on relief. Without the government's financial help their suffering would have been horrible. Yet these people have managed somehow to send more than ten thousand dollars to Mussolini to help finance his African excursion."

IT never hurts to look ahead a bit. V. K. Simonson of O'Neill, Nebraska, tells us that "recently one of our schoolteachers assured her pupils that any boy born in the United States may some day become President. But one of her lads told her he wasn't interested in that but would like to know the qualifications for membership in the Supreme Court."

BEHIND that may lurk the very human ambition to be the speaker of the last word. A pert last word was uttered in Washington by a New Deal young lady who thinks that permanent salvation lies in National Planning. Miss Berea Laffan of Alexandria, Virginia, could hardly wait to tell us. "An enduring bitterness exists between the government clerks of pre-Roosevelt vintage—the old patronage crowd entrenched behind civil service—and the young, starry-eyed set who had come in in the wake of Tugwell, Ickes, Hopkins and the other renovators. The other day one of the former, a gloomy, middle-aged clerk of the Harding crop, sneered at the National Planning debutante: 'When I came into the service we didn't need any Brain Trust to run this government.' And the new young lady replied: 'How nice and exciting. Any idiot would do, wouldn't he? Oh, how sweet. You must tell me about it some day.' "



"SO what," inquires our fine old friend, Mrs. Sheaffer of Cabot, Arkansas, "is the coming generation coming to? Carrying them to school over paved roads in buses and better. Serving them hot lunches. And now the federal government is subsidizing them at six or seven dollars a month. Oh, dear. I think of the time I caught my foot in a bear trap, dragging it and its attached log through the thicket to what, with a paint job, would have been a Little Red Schoolhouse. And sympathetic teacher shaking the daylights out of me while telling me to stop crying and that I wouldn't lose my foot. And I trying to tell him I was bawling only because I was afraid of being punished for being tardy. Well, anyway the clearing I made through the brush that day is now part of the Lincoln Highway over which the Lords and Ladies Fauntleroy of today slither to schools on balloon tires. But can they take it?"

ANYWAY, they're getting it.

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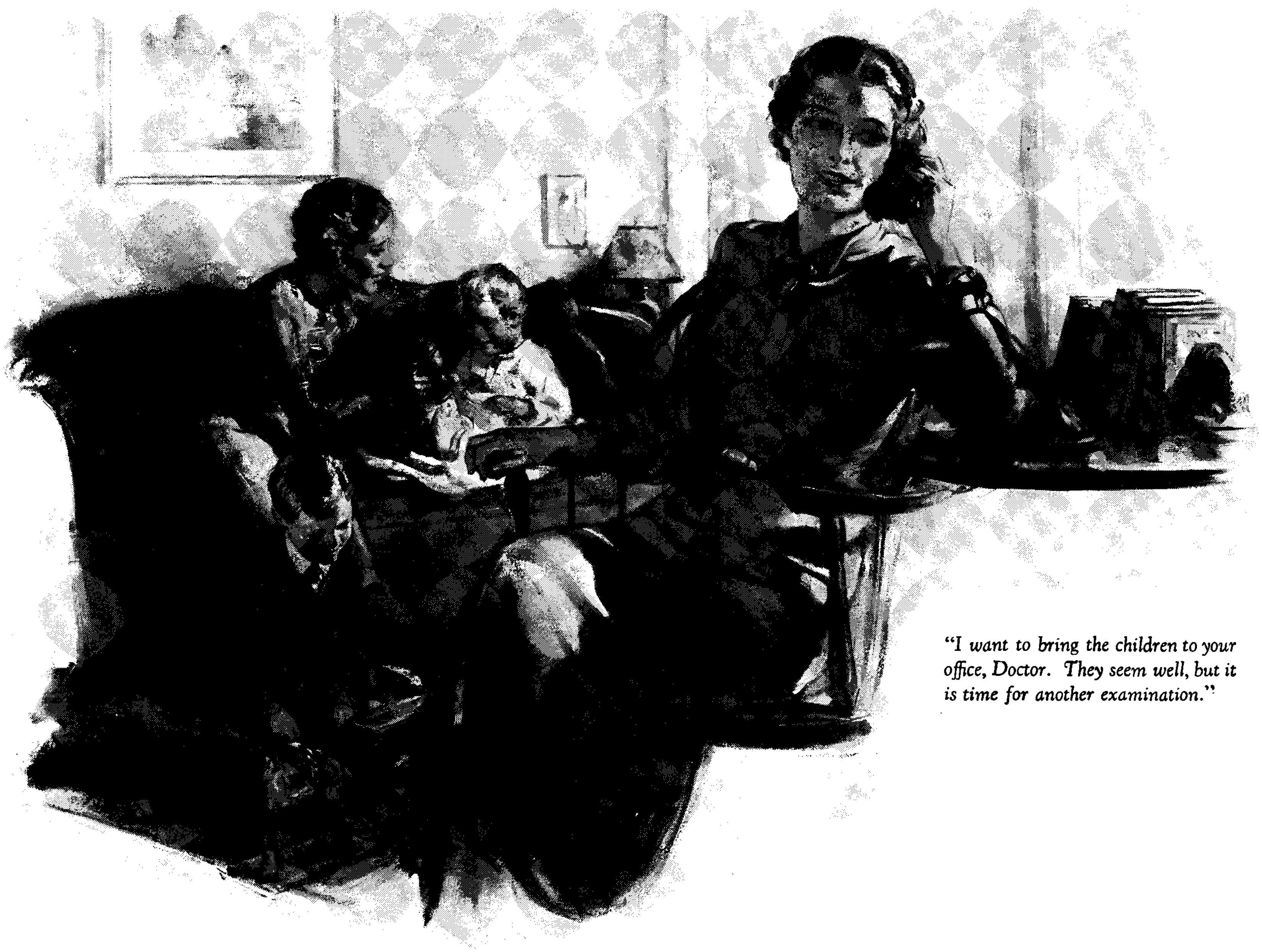

"I want to bring the children to your office, Doctor. They seem well, but it is time for another examination."

When do you see your Doctor?

IF YOU wait until sickness develops you are taking advantage of only part of your doctor's skill. Make him your Health Counsellor at all times—not only when you are ill, but when you are well. It is the modern way to take care of yourself.

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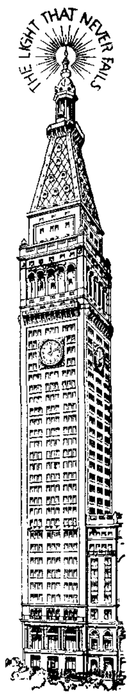
THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

You and the other members of your family should have a regular and complete physical checkup. Unsuspected impairments, abnormalities, deformities and bad health habits may be discovered and corrected. There are certain conditions which do not produce immediate symptoms, but which will do so in the future if left uncorrected. Let your doctor advise you on matters of diet, rest and exercise.

The Metropolitan from time to time reports how physicians help people to prevent many diseases and ailments which afflict different age groups—Babyhood; Childhood; Adolescence; the Age of Maturity; the Prime of Life; and the Sunset Years.

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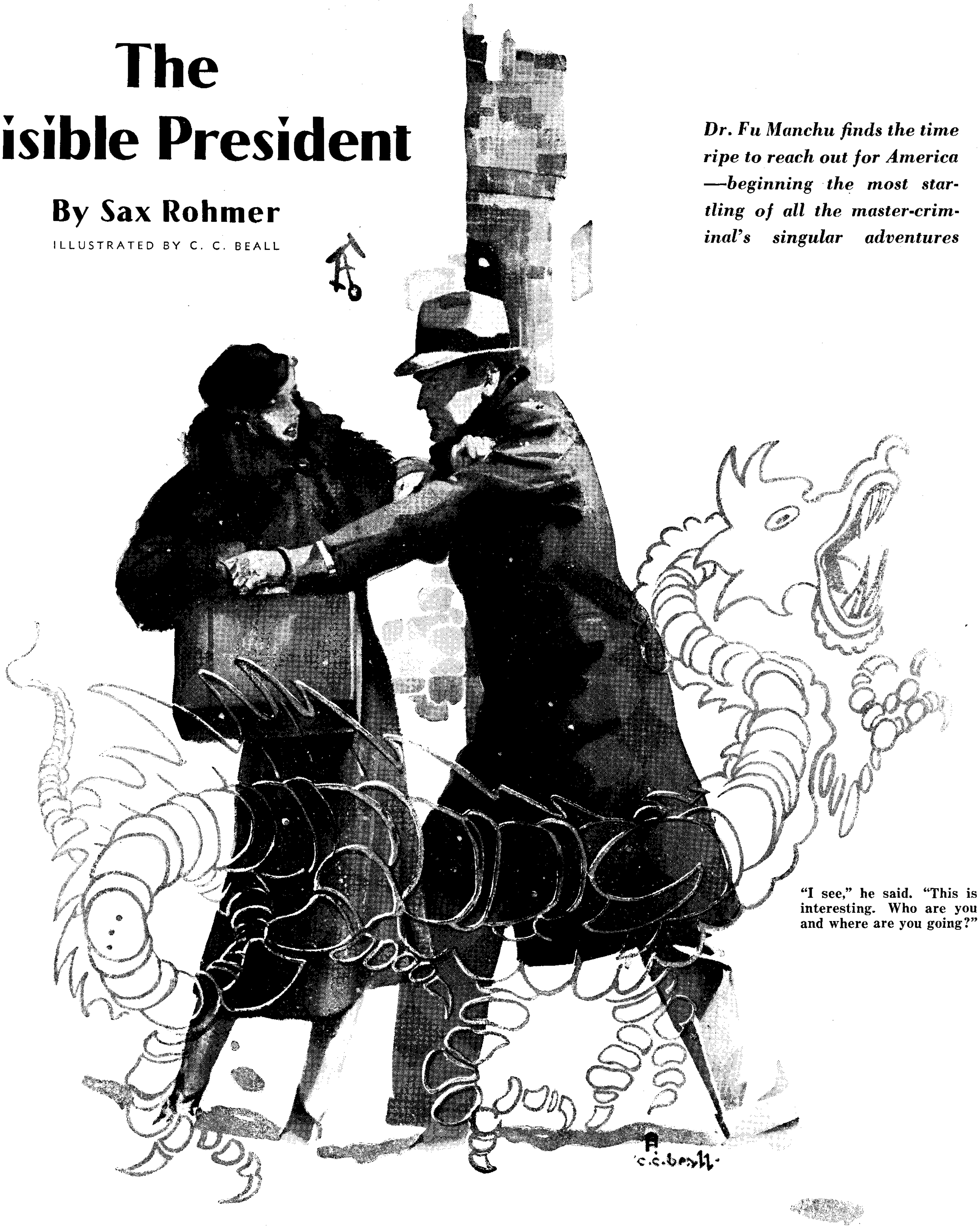
The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Dr. Fu Manchu finds the time ripe to reach out for America—beginning the most startling of all the master-criminal's singular adventures



"I see," he said. "This is interesting. Who are you and where are you going?"

THREE cars drew up, the leading car abreast of a great bronze door bearing a design representing the beautiful, agonized face of the Savior, a crown of thorns crushed down upon His brow. A man jumped out and ran to this door. Ten men alighted behind him. The wind howled around the tall tower and a carpet of snow was beginning to form upon the ground. Four guards, appearing as if by magic out of white shadows, lined up before the door.

"Stayton!" someone called sharply.

One of the guards stepped forward—peered. A tall, lightly built man who had been in the leading car was the speaker. He had a mass of black, untidy hair, and his face, though that of one not yet west of thirty, was grim and square-jawed. He was immediately recognized.

"All right, Captain."

The man addressed as captain turned to the party and issued rapid orders in a low tone. The leader, muffled up in a leather, fur-collared topcoat, his face indistinguishable beneath the brim of a soft felt hat already dusted with snow, rang a bell beside the bronze door.

It opened so suddenly that one might have supposed the opener to have been waiting inside for this purpose; a short, elegant young man, almost feminine in the nicety of his attire.

The new arrival stepped in and quickly shut out the storm, closing the bronze door behind him. In a little lobby communicating with a large square room equipped as an up-to-date office, but at this late hour deserted, he stood staring at the person who had admitted him.

A churchlike lamp, hung from a bracket on the wall, now cast its golden light upon the face of the man wearing the leather coat. He had removed his hat, revealing a head of crisp, graying hair. His features were angular to the point of gauntness and his eyes had a penetrating quality, and his complexion seemed strangely out of keeping with the climate, being sun-baked to a sort of coffee color.

"Are you James Richet?" he snapped.

The elegant young man inclined his glossy head.

"At your service."

"Lead me to Abbot Donegal. I am expected."

Richet perceptibly hesitated; whereupon, plunging his hand with an irritable, nervous movement into some pocket beneath the leather topcoat, the visitor produced a card and handed it to Richet. One glance he gave at it, bowed again in a manner that was almost Oriental and indicated the open gate of an elevator.

A few moments later:

"Federal Agent 56," Richet announced in his silky tones.

THE visitor entered a softly lighted study, the view from its windows indicating that it was situated at the very top of the tall tower. From a chair beside a book-laden desk the sole occupant of the room—who had apparently been staring out at the wintry prospect far below—stood up, turned. Mr. Richet, making his queer bow, retired and closed the door.

Federal Agent 56 unceremoniously cast his wet topcoat upon the floor, dropping his hat on top of it. He was now revealed as a tall, lean man, dressed in a tweed suit which had seen long service. He advanced with outstretched hand to meet the occupant of the study—a slender priest, with the keen, ascetic features sometimes met with in men from the south of Ireland and thick, graying hair, a man normally actuated by a healthy sense of humor, but tonight with an oddly haunted expression in his clear eyes.

"Thank God, Abbot Donegal, I see you well."

"Thank God, indeed." He glanced at the card which Richet had laid upon his desk, even as he grasped the extended hand. "I am naturally prepared for interference with my work, but this thing . . ."

The newcomer, still holding the priest's hand, stared fixedly, searchingly, into his eyes.

"You don't know it all," he said rapidly.

"This imprisonment—"

"A necessity, believe me. I have covered seven hundred miles by air since you broke off in the middle of your radio address this evening."

He turned abruptly and began to pace up and down that book-lined room with its sacred pictures and ornaments, these seeming strangely at variance with the large and orderly office below. Pulling a very charred brier pipe from the pocket of his tweed jacket, he began to load it from a pouch at least as venerable as the pipe. The Abbot Donegal dropped back into his chair, running his fingers through his hair, and:

"THERE is one favor I would ask," he said, "before we proceed any further. It is difficult to talk to an anonymous man."

He stared down at the card upon his desk. This card bore the printed words:

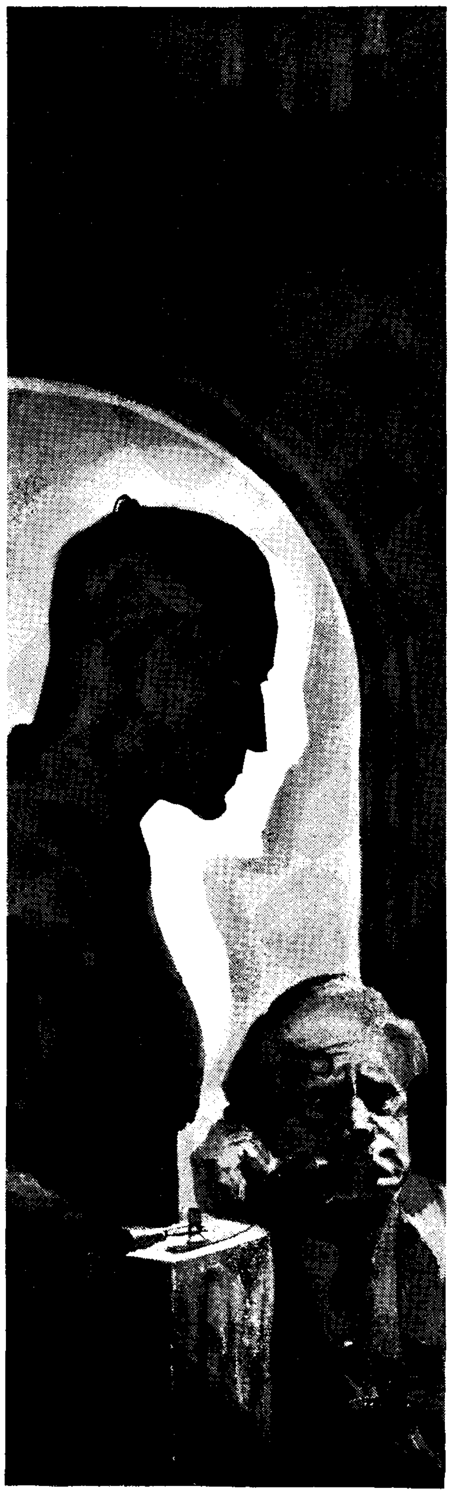
Federal Agent 56

But across the bottom right-hand corner was the signature of the President of the United States.

Federal Agent 56 smiled, a quick, revealing smile which lifted a burden of years from the man.

"I agree," he said in his rapid, staccato fashion. "Smith is a not uncommon name. Suppose we say Smith."

The rising blizzard began to howl around the tower as though many wailing demons clamored for admittance. A veil of snow swept across uncurtained windows, dimming distant lights. Dom Patrick Donegal lighted a cigarette; his hands were not entirely steady.



"Agent 56 arrived at broadcasting station twenty minutes after midnight"

"If you know what really happened to me tonight, Mr. Smith," he said, his rich, orator's voice lowered almost to a murmur, "for heaven's sake, tell me. I have been deluged with telephone messages and telegrams, but in accordance with your instructions, or" (he glanced at the restlessly promenading figure) "should I say orders—I have answered none of them."

Smith, pipe alight, paused, staring down at the priest.

"You were brought straight back after your collapse?"

"I was. They would have taken me home, but mysterious instructions from Washington resulted in my being brought here. I came to my senses in the small bedroom which adjoins this study."

"Your last memory being?"

"Of standing before the microphone, my notes in my hand."

"Quite," said Smith, beginning to walk up and down again. "Your words, as I recollect them, were—'But if the Constitution is to be preserved, if even a hollow shell of liberty is to remain to us, there is one evil in this country which must be eradicated, torn up by its evil roots, utterly destroyed . . .' Then came silence, a confusion of voices, and an announcement that you had been seized with sudden illness. Does your memory, Father, go as far as these words?"

"Not quite," the priest answered, wearily, resting his head upon his hand and making a palpable effort to concentrate. "I began to lose my grip of the situation some time earlier in the address. I experienced most singular sensations. I could not coördinate my ideas and the studio in which I was speaking alternately contracted and enlarged. At one moment the ceiling appeared to become black and to be descending upon me. At another, I thought that I stood in the base of an immeasurably lofty tower." His voice grew in power as he spoke; his Irish brogue became more pronounced. "Following these dreadful sensations came an overpowering numbness of mind and body. I remember no more."

"Who attended you?" snapped Smith.

"My own physician, Dr. Reilly."

"No one but Dr. Reilly, your secretary, Mr. Richet, and I suppose the driver of the car in which you returned, came up here?"

"No one, Mr. Smith. Such, I am given to understand, were the explicit and authoritative orders given a few minutes after the occurrence."

Smith stopped on the other side of the desk, staring down at the abbot.

"Your manuscript has not been recovered?" he asked slowly.

"I regret to say, no. Definitely, it was left behind in the studio."

"On the contrary," snapped Smith angrily—"definitely it was not! The place has been searched from wall to wall by those who know their business. No, Father Abbot, your manuscript is not there. I *must* know what it contained—and from what source this missing information came to you."

THE ever-rising wind in its fury shook the Tower of the Holy Thorn, shrieking angrily around that lofty room in which two men faced a problem destined in its outcome to affect the whole nation. The priest, a rapid, heavy smoker, lighted another cigarette.

"I cannot make out," he said, and now a natural habit of authority began to assert itself in his voice—"I cannot make out why you attach such importance to my notes for this speech, nor why my sudden illness, naturally disturbing to myself, should result in this sensational federal action. Really, my friend—" he leaned back in his chair, staring up at the tanned, eager face of his visitor—"in effect, I am a prisoner here. This, I may say, is intolerable. I await your explanation, Mr. Smith."

Smith bent forward, resting nervous brown hands on the priest's desk, and staring intently into those upturned, observant eyes.

"What was the nature of the warning you were about to give to the nation?" he demanded. "What is this evil growth which must be uprooted and destroyed?"

These words produced a marked change in the bearing of the Abbot Donegal. They seemed to bring recognition of something he would willingly have forgotten. Again he ran his fingers through his hair, now almost distractedly.

"God help me," he said, in a very low voice, "I don't know!"

He suddenly stood up, his glance was wild.

"I cannot remember. My mind is a complete blank upon this subject—upon everything relating to it. I think some lesion must have occurred in my brain. Dr. Reilly, although reticent, holds, I believe, the same opinion."

"Nothing of the kind," snapped Smith . . . "but that manuscript has to be found! There's life or death in it."

He ceased speaking abruptly and seemed to be listening to the voice of the storm. Then he suddenly sprang across the room and threw the door wide open. Mr. Richet, the Abbot Donegal's elegant secretary, stood bowing on the threshold.

In an apartment having a curiously pointed ceiling (one might have imagined it to be situated in the crest of a minaret) a strange figure was seated at a long, narrow table. Light, amber light, came through four near-Gothic windows set so high that only a giant could have looked out of them. The man, whose age might have been anything from sixty to seventy—he had a luxurious growth of snow-white hair—was heavily built, wearing a frayed woolen dressing gown; and his long, sensitive fingers were nicotine-stained, since he continuously smoked Egyptian cigarettes. An open tin of these stood near his hand, and he lighted one from the stump of another—smoking, smoking, incessantly smoking.

Upon the table before him were seven telephones, one or another of them almost always in action. When two purred into life simultaneously, the smoker would place one to his right ear, the other to his left. He never replied to incoming messages, nor did he make notes.

IN THE brief intervals he pursued what one might have supposed to be his real calling. Upon a large wooden pedestal was set a block of modeling clay, and beside the pedestal lay implements of the modeler's art. This singular old man, the amazing frontal development of his splendid skull indicating great mathematical powers, worked patiently upon a life-sized head of an imposing but sinister Chinese.

In one of those rare intervals, he was working delicately upon the high, imperious nose of the clay head, when a muffled bell sounded and the amber light disappeared from the four Gothic windows, plunging the room into complete darkness.

For a moment there was no sound; the tip of a burning cigarette glowed in the darkness. Then a voice spoke, an unforgettable voice, by which gutturals were oddly stressed but every word was given its precise syllabic value.

"Have you a later report," said this voice, "from Base 8?"

The man at the long table replied, speaking with German intonations:

"The man known as Federal Agent 56 arrived at broadcasting station twenty minutes after midnight. Police still searching there. Report just to hand from Number 38 states that this agent, accompanied by Captain Mark Hepburn, U. S. Army Medical Corps, assigned to Detached Officers' List, and a party of nine men arrived Tower of the Holy Thorn at twelve thirty-two, relieving federals already on duty. Agent 56 last reported in conference with Abbot Donegal. The whole area closely covered. No further news in this report."

"The number responsible for the manuscript?"

"Has not yet reported."

"The last report from numbers covering Weaver's Farm?"

"Received at 11:07. Dr. Orwin Prescott is still in retirement there. No change has been made in his plans regarding the debate at Carnegie Hall."

The muffled bell rang. Amber light appeared again in the windows; and the sculptor returned lovingly to his task of modeling a Chinaman's head.

IN DOM PATRICK DONEGAL'S study at the top of the Tower of the Holy Thorn, James Richet faced Federal Officer 56. Some of his silky suavity seemed to have deserted him.

"I quite understand your—unexpected—appearance, Mr. Richet," said Smith, staring coldly at the secretary. "You have greatly assisted us. Let me check what you have told me. You believe (the abbot unfortunately having no memory of the episode) that certain material for the latter part of his address was provided early on Saturday morning during a private interview in this room between the Father and Dr. Orwin Prescott?"

"I believe so."

There was something furtive in Richet's manner; a nervous tremor in his voice.

"Dr. Prescott, as a candidate for the presidency, no doubt had political reasons for not divulging these facts himself." Smith turned to Abbot Donegal. "It has always been your custom, Father, to prepare your sermons and speeches in this room, the material being looked up by Mr. Richet?"

"That is so."

"The situation becomes plainer." He turned to Richet. "I think we may assume," he went on, "that the latter part of the address, the part which was never delivered, was in Dom Patrick's own handwriting. You, yourself, I understand, typed out the earlier pages."

"I did. I have shown you a duplicate."

"Quite," said Smith, "the final paragraph ends with the words 'torn up by its evil roots, utterly destroyed.'"

"There was no more. The abbot informed me that he intended to finish the notes later. In fact, he did so. For when I accompanied him to the broadcasting station he said that his notes were complete."

"And after his—seizure?"

"I returned almost immediately to the studio. But the manuscript was not on the desk."

"Thank you. That is perfectly clear. We need detain you no longer."

THE secretary, whose forehead glistened with nervous perspiration, went out, closing the door silently behind him. Abbot Donegal looked up almost pathetically at Smith.

"I never thought," said he, "I should live to find myself so helpless. Can you imagine that I remember nothing whatever of Dr. Prescott's calling upon me? Except for that vague, awful moment when I faced the microphone and realized that my mental powers were deserting me, I have no recollection of anything that happened for some forty-eight hours before! Yet it seems that Prescott was here and that he gave me vital information. What can it have been? Great heavens!—" he stood up, agitatedly—"*what* can it have been? Do you really believe that I am a victim, not of a failure in my health, but of an attempt to suppress this information?"

"Not an attempt, Father," said Smith—"a success! You are lucky to be alive!"

"But who can have done this thing, and how did he do it?"

"The first question I can answer; the second I might answer if I could recover the missing manuscript. Probably it's destroyed. We have a thousand-to-one chance. We are indebted to a phone call, which fortunately came through direct to you, for knowledge of Dr. Prescott's whereabouts."

"Why do you say 'which fortunately came through'? You surely have no doubts about Richet?"

"How long with you?" asked Smith.

"Nearly a year."

"Nationality?"

"American."

"I mean pedigree."

"That I cannot tell you."

"There's color somewhere. I can't place its exact shade. But one thing is clear. Dr. Prescott is in great danger. So are you."

The abbot arrested Smith's restless promenade, laying a hand upon his shoulder.

"There is only one other candidate in the running for dictatorship, Mr. Smith. . . . Harvey Bragg. Yet I find it hard to believe that he . . . You are not accusing *Harvey Bragg?*"

"Harvey Bragg!" Smith laughed shortly. "Popularly known as 'Bluebeard,' I believe? My dear Dom Patrick, Harvey Bragg is a small pawn in a big game."

"Yet, he *may* be President, or Dictator."

Smith turned, staring in his piercing way into the priest's eyes.

"He almost certainly *will* be Dictator!"

Only the mad howling of the blizzard disturbed a silence which fell upon those words—"he almost certainly *will* be Dictator."

THEN the priest, whose burning rhetoric like that of Peter the Hermit had roused a nation, found voice; he spoke in very low tones:

"Why do you say he certainly will be Dictator?"

"I said *almost* certainly. His war cry 'America for every man—every man for America' is flashing like a fiery cross through the country. Do you realize that in office Harvey Bragg has made remarkable promises?"

"He has carried them out! He controls enormous funds."

"He does! Have you any suspicion, Father, of the source of those funds?"

For one fleeting moment a haunted look came into the abbot's eyes. A furtive memory had presented itself, only to elude him.

"None," he replied wearily; "but his following today is greater than mine. Just as a priest with no personal pretensions, I have tried—God knows I have tried—to keep the people sane, and clean. Machinery has made men mad. As machines reach nearer and nearer to the province of miracles, as Science mounts higher and higher—so man sinks lower and lower. On the day that machinery reaches up to the stars, man, spiritually, will have sunk to the primeval jungle."

He dropped into his chair.

Smith, resting a lean, nervous hand upon the desk, leaned across it, staring into the speaker's face.

"Harvey Bragg is a true product of his age," he said tensely—"and he is backed by *one man!* I have followed this man from Europe to Asia, from Asia to South America, from South to North. The resources of three European powers and of the United States have been employed to head that man off. But he is here! In the political disruption of this country he sees his supreme opportunity."

"His name, Mr. Smith?"

"In your own interests, Father, I suggest it might be better that you don't know—yet."

ABBOT DONEGAL challenged the steely eyes, read sincerity there, and nodded.

"I accept your suggestion, Mr. Smith. In the Church we are trained to recognize tacit understandings. You are not a private investigator instructed by the President, nor is 'Mr. Smith' your proper title. But I think we understand one another. . . . And you tell me that this man, whoever he may be, is backing Harvey Bragg?"

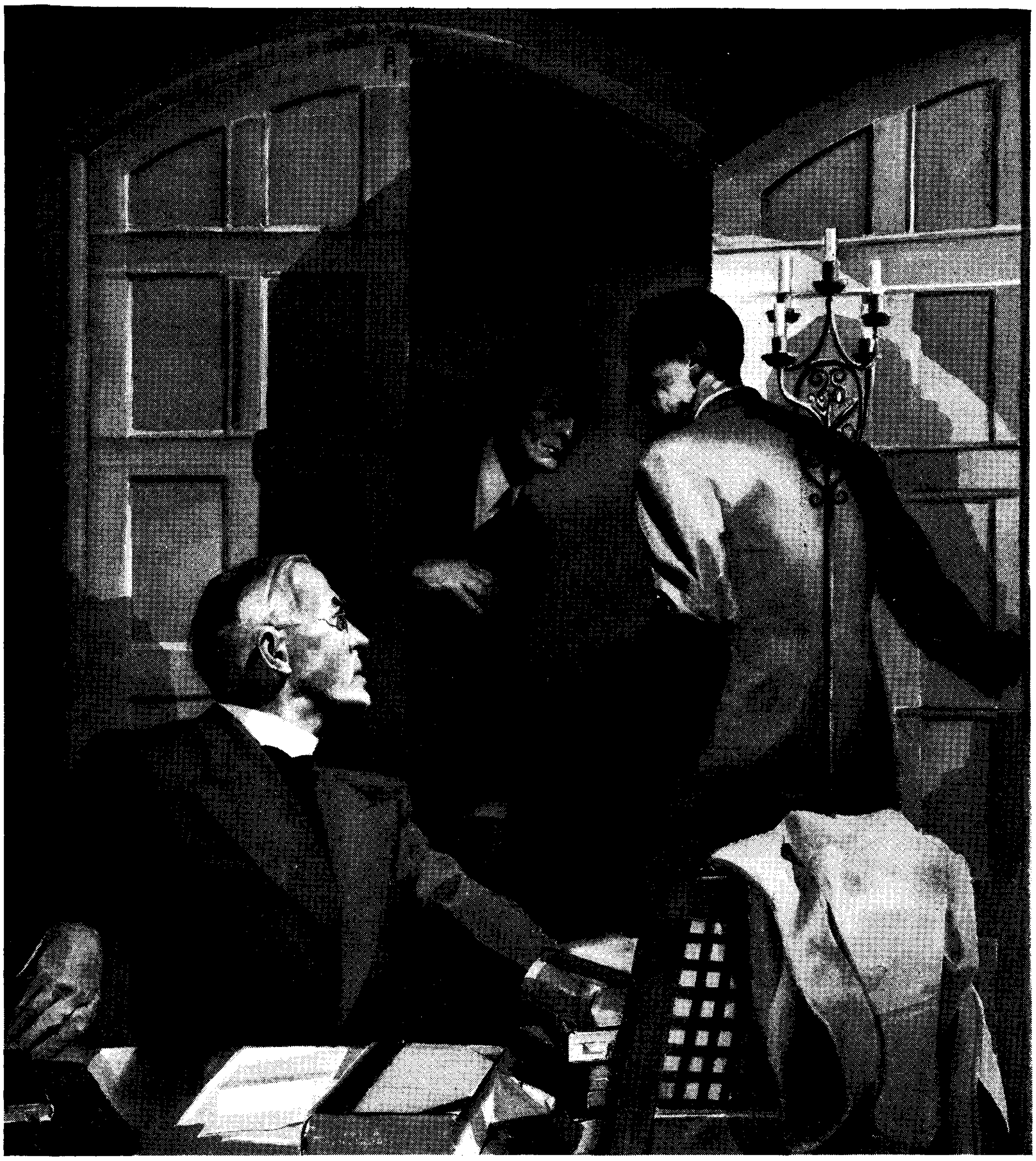
"I have only one thing to tell you—stay up here at the top of your tower until you hear from *me!*"

"Remain a prisoner?" Patrick Donegal stood up, suddenly aggressive, truculent.

"A prisoner, yes. I speak, Father, with respect and authority."

"You may speak, Mr. Smith, with the authority of Congress, of the President in person, but my first duty is to God; my second to the State. I take the eight o'clock Mass in the morning."

For a moment their glances met and challenged; then:



He suddenly sprang across the room and threw the door wide open

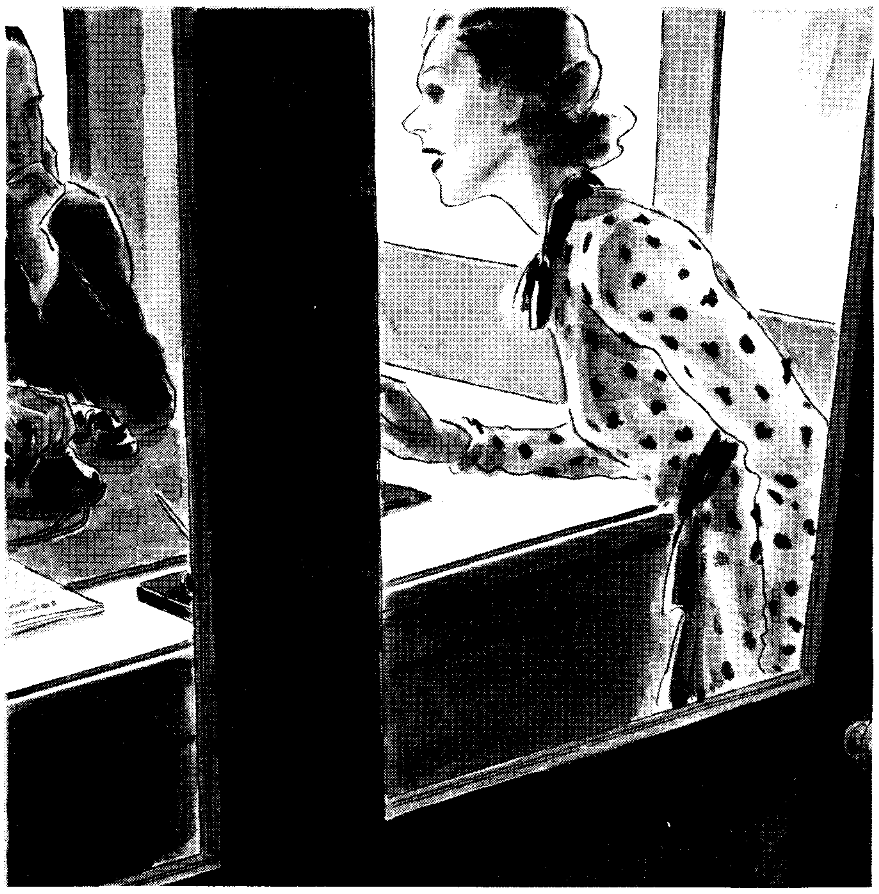
(Continued on page 33)

The Wrong Job

Once in a blue moon a man has a job his wife can handle better than he can. And then what?

By Laura Z. Hobson

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



"Farley isn't going after all," she said. "Just Jerry and I"

"LET'S go on a bender, Ginny." Eric threw his hat down on the slip-covered chair. "I've just been fired."

"Oh, darling, *no*."

"Oh, but yes," he said. "Your fine, smart husband was laid off, chucked out, canned. The firm of Rawson, Royce seem to think this architect's business is still miles away from that corner."

Eric sat down and stretched long and satisfactorily. He sounded calm and indifferent. But in the eleven months since she had been Mrs. Eric Dellers, Virginia had never seen so grimly tight a line where his nice, pleasant mouth should have been.

"Don't you care, darling. You'll get a better job in a week."

"Maybe two weeks," he said in a hard voice. "There hasn't been less going on in the way of building since the day before Noah drew working plans for the ark."

"Pooh. Anyway, what am I the white-haired girl copywriter at Daiken, Parker for? Nobody can starve on my sixty."

Eric nodded. But he thought of the new lease they had just signed so gayly—a hundred and ten dollars had seemed only a little extravagant. He thought of all the young architects who had left New Haven with him four years ago with soaring skyscrapers and delicate church steeples in their pencils—who were now only too glad to be writing sales slips or shipping memos. He thought of others, whose pencils merely went over endless application-for-employment blanks.

He jumped up, and pulled her to him. "Let's get going on that bender, Gin," he said quickly. "We can tear our hair over a couple of tall ones."

Automatically, they went to Francois', the small, red-plushed French restaurant they both loved. Here it was, on a sultry night the preceding August, that Eric had suddenly put his hand over hers, and said, without preamble, "Look, missy, here we both have a two-weeks vacation, and me, I've got an honorable intention."

THE next day they had packed four of their friends into a taxi and had gone down to City Hall, had started off two days later in Eric's old car for two weeks' camping on Long Lake in Maine. Swimming, sailing, fishing had crowded their sunny days; their nights were filled with plans, daydreams, and the uncomplicated loveliness of being young and in love. They would keep their jobs for two or three years, Virginia with her advertising that she had so warm and bright a flair for, Eric with his draughtsman-into-architect career. They would save and then they would go to France, to Spain, to Italy.

When they got back, Eric's salary or his six-to-eight per cent commission on plushy houses would be enough for them both, for two children, for a small house on a hill somewhere in the country. Life was good, it was easy, it was fun. If they had any trouble, the pain that they supposed they, too, would have some share of, they would know how to meet it and beat it down together. . . .

"Okay, Eric," Ginny said after their two long ones. "So here's the first smack in the eye. So what? Who's scared?"

"Me." Eric smiled at her.

Ginny smiled back at him, and then past him, into the corner of the smoke-clouded room.

From across the restaurant, Jerry Benson was bowing to them, and Eric was cheerful enough to beckon him over, though he had a little secret distaste for this too-clever young man. But Benson was one of Ginny's bosses, and Eric made a fairly good stab at being polite to him.

"Come on over," he heard himself calling.

"My goodness, you're well-behaved," Ginny said approvingly under her breath. "I'm going to fire you every other week. . . . Hello, boss."

Benson grinned.

"Hello, ball of fire. Hi, Eric."

The third long one appeared from under Francois' knowing hand.

"I've just been fired," Eric said pleasantly. "Somebody please dig back to Political Econ. I, and tell me why the capital industries and the building trades are so darned bashful about recovering when the rest of the stuff is practically out of the plaster cast. Or is it?"

"Couldn't be better," Benson said, possessively, as if the rest of the stuff—cotton, hogs, carloadings, steel—was all peculiarly his. "Best sign is advertising, you know. They're just wowing us with new business. Old Man Daiken is building himself another mansion in Greenwich, and everything."

"Maybe I get another raise," Ginny said boldly. "I haven't had one for two months."

They all laughed.

"Why, we're even taking on new copywriters," Benson said, "at least we're trying out flocks of them on a new soap account. I've talked to a bunch of smart boys, but it's the copy they turn up that counts, not their football records or big blue eyes."

"Soap's hard," Ginny put in.

"That's the catch. It sure is."

"Just like an architect's life," said Eric, "only a lot less getting into a lather over."

When Benson left them, Eric and Ginny were full of a rare contentment. Life was sweet even when it wasn't easy.

"BUT, darling, it's only been three weeks. That's not so long."

"The landlord thinks it is. And it's plenty long enough to have every architect's office boy get bored at the sight of you."

He looked tired. Ginny had never seen him look tired. He looked low. Ginny had never seen him look low.

"I ran into Chris Tomkins today," he

said musingly. "He's got the heebies too, about getting a job."

"Well, he shouldn't have been so darn' confident about Daiken," she said coldly. "You should see the copy he turned in for his trial piece—it was too dull for words. He must have tossed it off while he was shaving or riding a carousel or something."

"Idiot," Eric said listlessly. "If I were in that bird's shoes, with that chance, I'd have dug it out of the rocks with my fingernails."

Ginny jumped up.

"Eric!" She half whispered it.

He looked up, startled. Her face was a grimace of excitement, like one of those stills from a movie sequence, where the before and after expressions are lopped off, and you catch the middle one on the fly, with nothing to explain it.

"What? Hey, Gin, what's up?"

"Eric, honestly, I've got it." She began to chortle deep in her throat.

"*You've* got it. Well, that's fine. Does it hurt?"

"Shut up, darling. I mean it. Oh, Eric, I mean it—*you* write it."

"Write what? Say, Gin, no fooling, what's hit you?"

"Oh, darling, look. I know you could. You write the gayest, brightest letters. You try the soap campaign. Benson's going nuts because he can't find anybody. You do it. . . ."

"Me? Gin, you're mad. I wouldn't know how to begin. . . ."

"Oh, it's so easy, sweet. You try it. Tonight. We'll call up the Taylors, and tell them we've got some sort of an ache and can't go. You try it, I'll fix it up a little and you take it to Benson—he doesn't care about background or experience or anything except what's down on the paper."

Eric stood up and faced her. His eyes were burning with the same excitement that lit hers.

"Gin! You don't mean it? You don't think I could pull that fast one off?"

"Get a pencil and paper. Of course you could. I'll outline the selling points in two minutes. It's so *easy*. You could do this for a year or so, and then when the architects get up out of the gutter, you can crack down on that again. . . ."

"Sweet Pete, what an idea!"

He was suddenly electrified into action. He dragged out the bridge table, yanked electric cords out of base plugs to move two lamps over, whipped out pencils and paper. He had heard Ginny talk about the new Soap Splinters that had to be put over on an unsuspecting and indifferent world of dishwashing women, and he felt that in an hour he would have a piece of advertising copy that would have them pouring all the old chips, flakes and powder down the drain.

But in three hours he felt humbler. Soap was hard, Ginny had said, and soap was hard indeed. What new slant, what new phrase, what challenging slogan? Where to begin, what order to present the arguments, in fact what arguments?

GINNY tried to stay away from the table and read, but every few minutes she would come over and stand silently behind him, and read what he had written.

Once, without meaning to, he had turned to her sharply.

"*Don't!* You get me nervous, watching."

She caught her breath. This was the first time Eric had ever spoken to her in quick irritation.

"I'm so sorry, darling. Don't be mad at me."

He jumped up and kissed her, called himself a crank.

"I've been sort of tense for three weeks," he apologized, "and this soap gets in my hair. Who said it was easy?"

And then, by eleven thirty, he was done. He turned to her with a scribbled sheet at last, offered it uncertainly. She had no idea what was on this final effort; she had kept herself resolutely across the room.

"Don't be too hopeful, Gin, but here's the great American novel."

He watched her anxiously as she read it:

> SOAP SPLINTERS
> Make Dishwashing Easy
>
> Women who wash their own dishes will find this new kind of soap makes the daily chore less of a chore.
>
> SOAP SPLINTERS dissolve faster because . . .

Her face wore a little puzzled frown, and he could see her eyes go back again to the beginning when she had finished it.

"Oh, Eric, it's good—it's going to be good. You're going to be a swell copywriter—"

"But what—?"

"But nothing much. I don't think the headline's so hot—ought to have some news in it, or maybe some homely phrase that's on everybody's tongue— Wait a minute, let me think."

Eric let her think.

She began making a few corrections on the first paragraph, crossed out his headline, wrote another in. Then she hitched up her chair and reached for a fresh sheet of paper. Slowly at first, with long stares across the room, then faster, more surely, she wrote on. He stayed away from her shoulder, though he was hounded by his curiosity and impatience. At last she handed him the new sheet:

> *Let's do the dishes—*
> But in the new, fast, gentle way
> that prevents "dishy hands"
> SOAP SPLINTERS
>
> *Nothing* makes dishwashing a lark; it's a chore and always will be. But . . .

"Oh, Gin, it's wonderful. Aren't you smart? I'll never be able to equal that!"

"Sure, you will. You'll catch on in a month. You have to try not ever to be sort of wooden, that's all. Let yourself go, be colloquial, not slangy, you know, and get 'new' in the headline, and think up a word here and there they don't expect, like 'whoosh' and 'benign'—listen to me lecture, will you?"

She broke off in confusion, and Eric kissed her and tousled her dark curly hair.

"It's cheating, I guess, but I'd do murder to get a job," he said cheerily, "and I'll catch on to it before too long."

"It isn't cheating—it's just coolheaded and maybe Nietzschean—you know, be hard, that idea."

"I get it—let's go!"

ERIC found it harder to be hard than he had guessed.

Four months of Jerry Benson as a boss had coagulated his vague distaste for that charming young man into a cold, firm animosity that he daily found it more trying to keep in hand.

And four months of dealing with the written word of advertising had got him to a point where he tangled himself up in literary snarls over a simple declarative sentence. Indeed, he felt there were no simple declarative sentences.

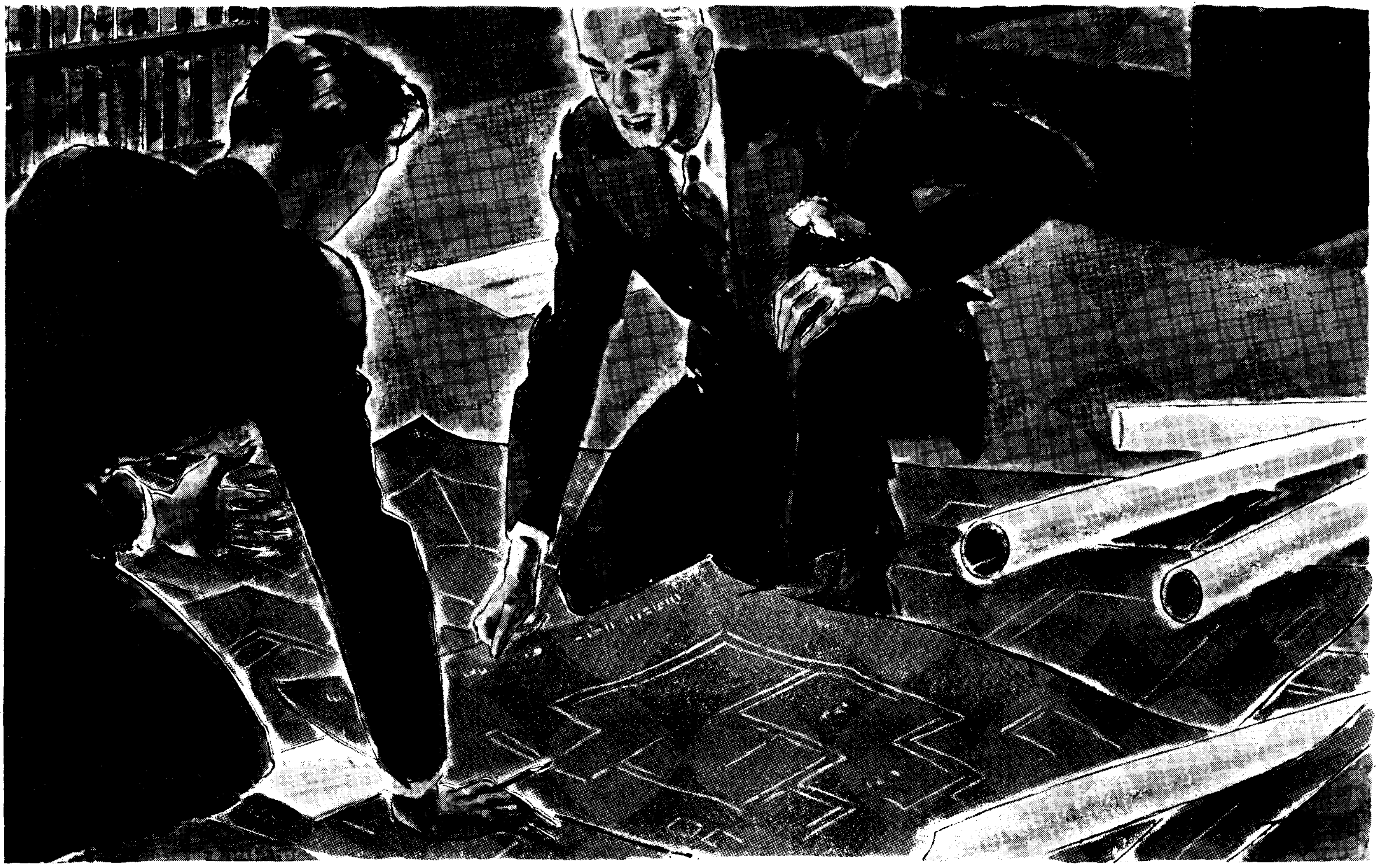
"My lord, Gin," he said one evening when she was going over some copy he had labored on all day, extolling men's wool socks, "*everything* can't be new. I've got so I can't say, 'I see the cat.' Got to say, 'I see the new cat.'"

Ginny smiled abstractedly. She crossed out a whole paragraph.

"I'm not being so bright about this tonight," she only said. "Kind of tired."

"I'm sorry. It's my fault again."

(*Continued on page 40*)

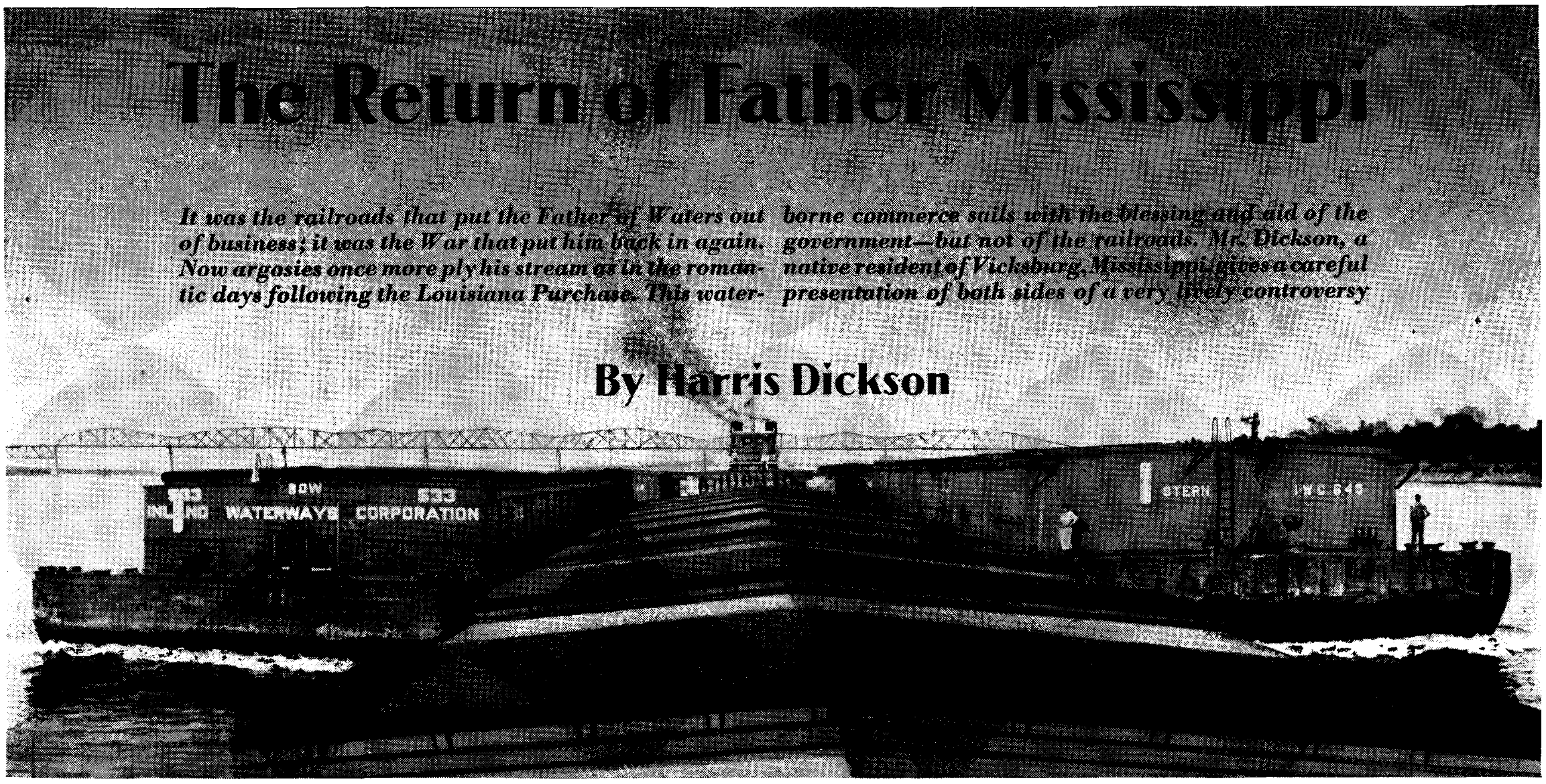


She had seen Old Man Daiken, the millionaire, down on his knees with Eric in a sea of blueprints

The Return of Father Mississippi

It was the railroads that put the Father of Waters out of business; it was the War that put him back in again. Now argosies once more ply his stream as in the romantic days following the Louisiana Purchase. This water-borne commerce sails with the blessing and aid of the government—but not of the railroads. Mr. Dickson, a native resident of Vicksburg, Mississippi, gives a careful presentation of both sides of a very lively controversy

By Harris Dickson



A federal line towboat and its barges on the Mississippi at New Orleans

THOSE who tinker with our English tongue have made it cut fantastic capers. For instance, a merchant loads his goods on a ship and calls it a "cargo"; but if he sends the same stuff by rail in a car, it becomes a "shipment." A shipment goes in a car, a cargo travels in a ship.

For nearly twenty-five years prior to 1917 Father Mississippi had become a less and less important factor in transportation. The great packets had disappeared; fewer and fewer cargoes floated upon his broad yellow bosom that once had borne the entire commerce of our valley. Shipments had almost wholly supplanted cargoes, and transferred river traffic to the land. As this shall be a story of boats and waterways for the future, it is well to glance backward and remind ourselves of what they were in the past.

The pioneering paths of commerce were always laid upon the oceans and the rivers; and civilization uniformly developed beside big waters. When prehistoric men first began to barter their excess products for what they didn't have, larger exchanges took place in some safe harbor on the sea, or on the banks of a navigable river. Phoenician galleys with sails of royal purple spread the merchandise of King Hiram among all the nations of this ancient earth. In seaports and river cities the original merchants throve, until with accumulated wealth came law and order; courts were set up, and palaces, and famous seats of learning. Dynasties rose when trade routes grew, and fell as Babylon fell.

The primitive instincts of mankind led American explorers to follow the waters in laying the foundations of this republic. Colonists settled at landlocked harbors where adventurous ships furled their sails and swapped gewgaws for pelts that European ladies craved.

They had no roads, and penetration of the interior must of necessity be along the streams until mountains barred their progress. Restless spirits climbed those rocky summits and saw another empire, the vast green valley of the Mississippi, richer far than that fabled Valley of the Nile where golden Pharaohs reigned.

Early commerce of our valley was carried on exclusively by water. One hundred and fifty years ago, bold Kentuckians, half alligator, half horse, were already launching their clumsy craft. The Mississippi was their only outlet to the sea, their only door to the world, and in spite of the Spanish emperor they navigated the river. By canoe and flatboat and "broadhorn," brawny arms propelled their produce to New Orleans, grounding on sandbars, sinking on snags, and battling with pirates who infested the river islands. As the Midwest settled, as population increased and our young republic acquired Louisiana, this trade grew so prodigious that New Orleans leaped at once to second place in the rank of American ports, passing Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston. By 1820 it was asserted that her water-borne commerce exceeded that of the Great Lakes added to that of the Atlantic seaboard, and more than half the exports of our nation threatened to leave America through the Gulf of Mexico. Eastern merchants got scared and as part of their answer to this midcontinental menace they built the Erie Canal in 1825, hoping to divert a portion of the traffic—again by water.

The Heyday of the Flatboat

Flatboat trade on the Mississippi expanded, becoming bigger and bigger until every small town along the river bought northern provisions from barges that tied up at their landings. Illinois and Ohio farmers sent wheat, potatoes, corn and hogs. Mules came from Missouri, coal from Pennsylvania. Prime red liquor out of old Kentucky hills. Men now living can remember rosy apples selling at twenty-five cents a barrel on the streets of Vicksburg because West Virginia had glutted our market.

Barges floated in such numbers on the current that we had a "Flatboatman's War" at Vicksburg when city fathers attempted to impose a tax for the privilege of doing business at our landing. Sturdy boatmen resisted the tax, and it is not recalled how the squabble ended. This incident is mentioned here to show the extent of river trade.

In the wake of canoe and keelboat came the steamer Orleans in 1811, sponsored by Robert Fulton, Nicholas Roosevelt and Edward Livingstone. In passing, Fulton's Clermont was not the first steamboat but the eleventh, ten others having preceded her in more or less successful navigation.

The Orleans, built on a deep-sea hull that was suitable to the Hudson River, proved utterly impossible on the shallow, shifting, treacherous Mississippi. She came down all right, but could never force her way upstream, and lay stranded at New Orleans. It was Captain Henry M. Shreve who devised a light-draft boat that, as pilots say, "could run on a heavy dew and turn around on a dime," placing his machinery on deck instead of in the hull. With this model, Mississippi River navigation was practicable.

In the heyday of our packets, because of a rivalry for passengers and freight, speed became the great essential, and masters boasted the swiftness of their craft. The celebrated race between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez was run in 1872, the Lee reaching St. Louis from New Orleans in 3 days, 12 hours and 14 minutes, a record that remains unbroken. As a further inducement to passengers, the packets served sumptuous meals that modern hotels cannot excel. It is possibly true that the cost of a single dinner at any high-priced restaurant in New York would be more than the fare paid by a passenger from Vicksburg to New Orleans. Masters were fastidious even about their whistles, insisting that they be musical and melodious.

The old-time packet was far more than a common carrier. A steamboat was the helpful friend of country people, and like any other neighbor who went to town, did chores for the neighborhood. Master and clerks served as purchasing agents in New Orleans to buy supplies for the planter, or match a yard of ribbon for his wife. I have seen a magnificent steamboat ease her way into a difficult landing and tie up for an hour while the master presented his bouquet of flowers to a little sick girl. Then on the down trip the father of that child would hold a hundred bales of cotton, and no other boat could touch it.

All that is gone; the packet is gone; the gallant Robert E. Lee, the red-chimneyed Natchez, the gorgeous Grand Republic; and merely to mention their names in the hearing of a river-born lad is like calling the roll of heroes.

Steamboats flourished through the splendid idle forties and made romance on our river until federal fleets swept them away in the battling sixties. After the restoration of peace they came back with a bang. Shipyards along the Ohio turned them out by the hundreds; again old Father Mississippi glittered with floating palaces of white and gold for a brilliant decade of renaissance.

The Fight for Freight

Meantime, the depression of 1873 was followed by a frenzied era of railroad construction in the eighties, and locomotives snorted along both banks of the Mississippi, competing with the startled packets. Iron rails entered the ring in a free-for-all dogfight—no rules, no referees, no governmental interference. Every fellow for himself and devil-take-the-hindmost, both forms of transportation made such charges as they pleased; and in spite of traffic agreements they often gave secret rebates to shippers. All the combatants sometimes hit below the belt, so that wildcat practices brought about the first crude attempts at federal regulation in 1887.

From river points the roads carried freight at figures that soon smothered the packets. By the end of the century our steamboats had vanished, and railroads enjoyed an unchallenged monopoly. This, briefly, is the saga of waterway transportation before the Federal Barge Lines began to experiment in 1918.

Uncle Sam is now engaged as a common carrier, transporting goods for hire on the Mississippi River in rivalry with railroads, and thousands of American citizens want to know how he's getting along. To answer their question involves us in a hotly controversial argument for and against the government dabbling in private business and whether federal authorities should divert a single penny of revenue from railroads that are already dangling on the brink of disintegration and collapse.

Here is one specimen of opposing claims: The Traffic World, a "Journal of Transportation," prints this plank in "Our Platform" on its front page: "Private ownership and operation of railroad and motor transport, and take the government out of ocean and inland waterway transportation business."

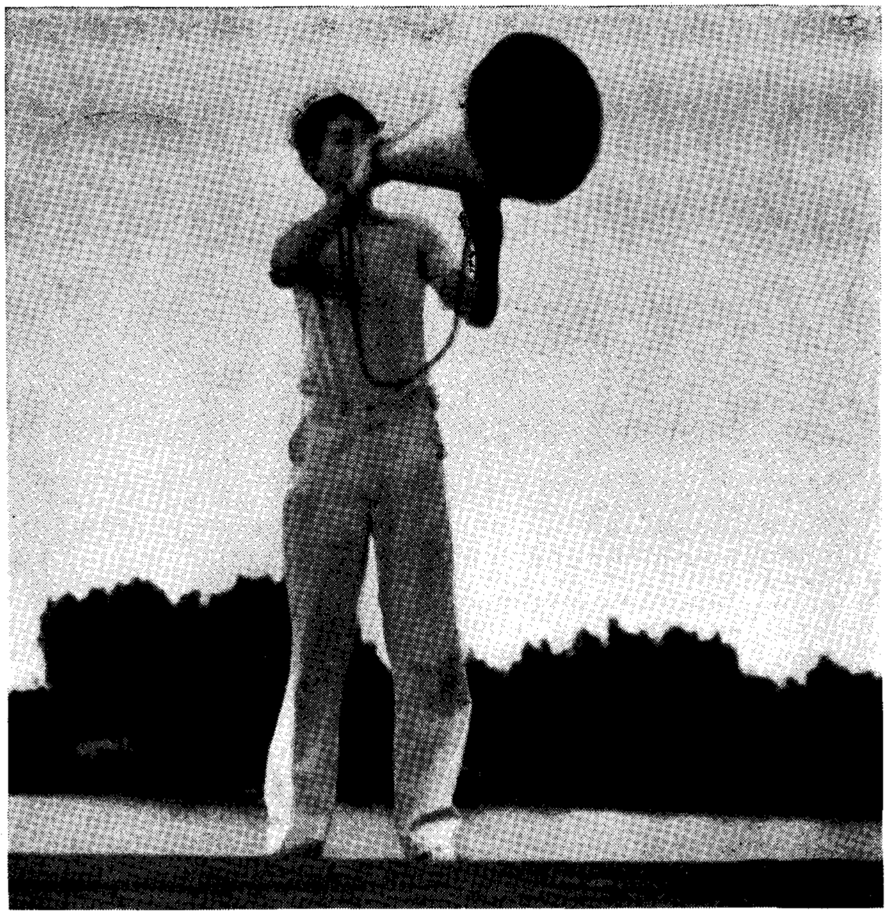
From the frank standpoint of hostility to Federal Barge Lines, it publishes in its issue of May 12, 1934, an article entitled "Waterway 'Profit'," giving figures, revenues and expenses which led the author of that article to conclude that the barge line is "a mixture of piracy, propaganda, humbug and extravagance carried on by the government."

That's that. Compare it with this statement made late in 1935 by a Federal Barge Lines official:

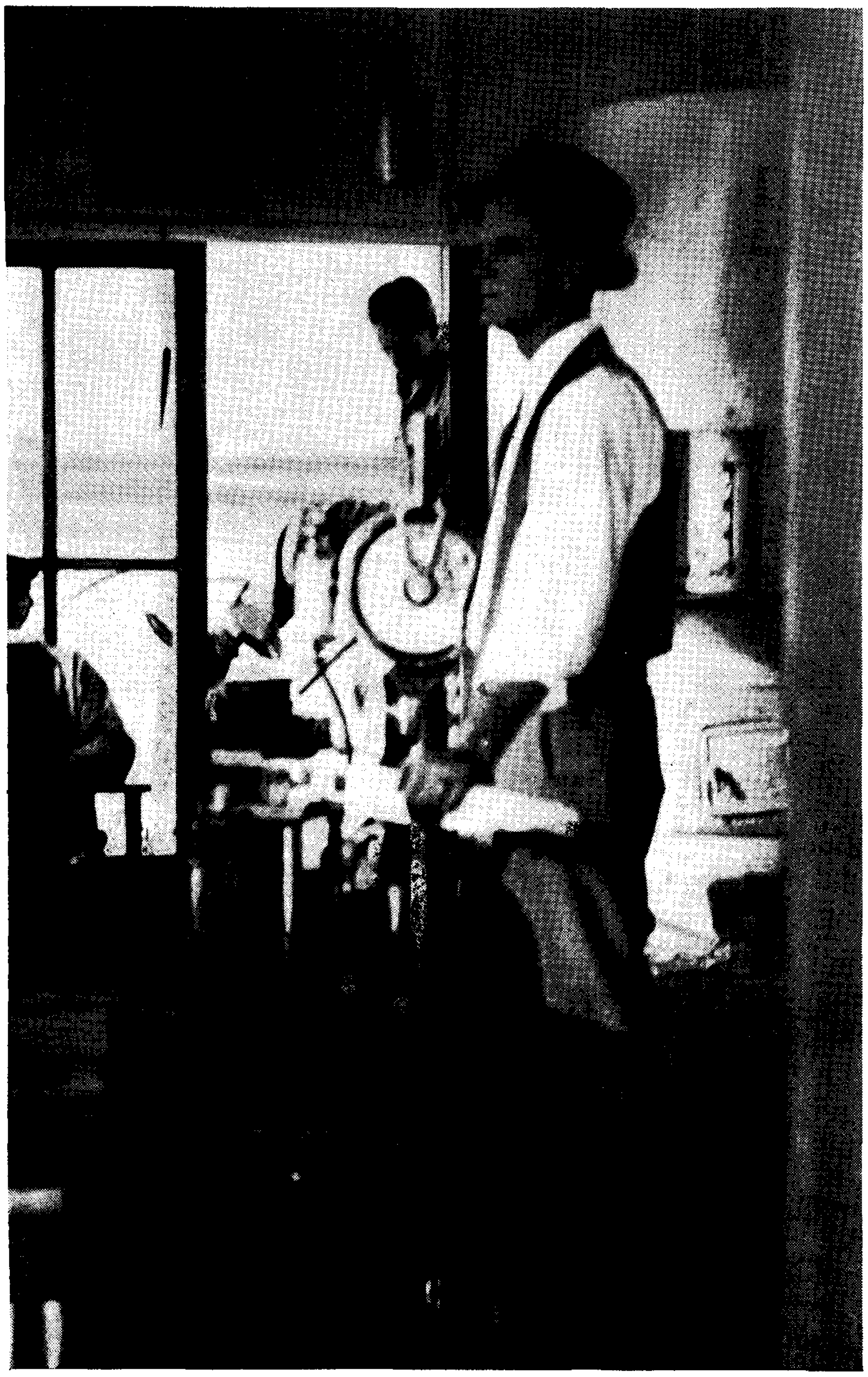
"After *seventeen years* of operation on partially improved streams the Federal Barge Lines have proven beyond doubt the feasibility and *economy* of such transportation. This year will be the best in its history. The Upper Mississippi Division, formerly operated at a loss, will this year be in the 'black.' Traffic on the Illinois will show an increase of seventy-five per cent over last year. The Missouri Division, opened in June of this year, contrary to expectations has practically paid its own way from the start. Right now both the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri are jammed with freight, and it has been necessary to add additional tows on the latter."

A Look at the Facts

One set of calculations proves that the barge lines are "a pirate and a humbug," while another pencil shows them as a sound and firmly established success. It is impossible for the innocent bystander to pass judgment upon these claims, and say who is right or who is wrong. I shall not attempt to build up a case for or against the barge lines. Such is not the purpose of this article. It seems fairer to assemble the outstanding facts of river transportation so that Americans who read may gain some idea of what the dispute is about.



"Mark Twain!" The leadsman's cry is still heard on the River



The pilot house of a towboat—no place for romance

The original reason for our Inland Waterways Corporation dates back to 1917, when the United States was embroiled in the World War. Urgent demands arose for prompt transportation of men and materials, and railroad systems cracked under the strain. Without blaming anybody, this is true. The railroad yards of America were congested with freight cars, even with passenger trains that could not be moved. At that crisis Hon. Wm. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, as a war measure, assumed charge of our railroads. Under his broad powers as Railroad Administrator he also took over the practically abandoned fragments of traffic which yet remained on the rivers. For the purpose of supplementing transportation, and relieving a rail paralysis, all sorts of nondescript floating equipment was commandeered as the nucleus for a fleet, and licked into a makeshift barge line which had scarcely begun its service when the war ended. In 1920 the roads were turned back to private ownership, while the barge line continued to function under control of the War Department. By the Transportation Act of that year, 1920, Congress declared its policy "to promote, encourage and develop water transportation service and facilities in connection with the commerce of the United States, and to foster and preserve in full vigor both rail and water transportation."

During the next four years the result of federal barge operations proved unsatisfactory, and in 1924 Congress decided to create an independent corporation under Major General T. O. Ashburn, who in that year was relieved of all other duties and gave his full time to the project. Five million dollars was set aside to finance it, together with property appraised at ten million. Barge officials say that most of this equipment was obsolete and soon had to be junked, their corporation absorbing the loss.

After four more years of experimental operations, Congress gave the lines an additional ten millions, making fifteen million dollars total, of which three millions have not yet been withdrawn from the United States Treasury. So the Inland Waterways Corporation has been subsidized to the extent of twelve million dollars in cash actually used. In one way or another the United States has subsidized and encouraged every form of transportation, but the railroads insist that their subsidies are wholly different from those of the water.

One of the chief factors that caused our government to improve the river and run barges on it was the Panama Canal. Uncle Sam had dug that ditch for his commerce in peace and protection in war, perhaps without foreseeing that it would have a destructive effect upon the Middle West. Sometimes our dear Uncle's hindsights are better than his foresights. Anyhow here's what immediately happened: New freight rates by sea from coast to coast were so cheap that sections without water transportation labored under crushing disadvantages. Industries and population moved from the interior to more favored localities on our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, the Great Lakes or the Gulf; such a serious migration that the Middle West lost sixteen seats in Congress after the census of 1920.

Uncle Sam Takes a Hand

Midwesterners are not sheep to lie down meekly and take the count. Every man jack of them rose up on his hind legs and howled for fair play. "Look here, Uncle Sam," they protested, "you built that Panama Canal, built it on our taxes. And now it's playing the very devil with our trade. Water rates from coast to coast are so much less that inland merchants have no chance."

The harm had been done by one governmental agency, and the Mid-West demanded that another agency be set up to correct it—namely, that Uncle Sam improve the rivers, restore the traffic on inland waterways, and see that rates were justly coördinated.

"You fix the rivers," they pledged in coöperation, "and build the boats. We'll supply the freights."

It was a man-size job and Uncle Sam had to start from taw, because water transportation had been *practically destroyed,* as river advocates contend, by hostility of the railroads. Water-minded amphibians assert that during the fight between rail and river the roads made such rates at river points as drove out the packets, at the same time compensating themselves by excessive charges to interior towns. In other words, that

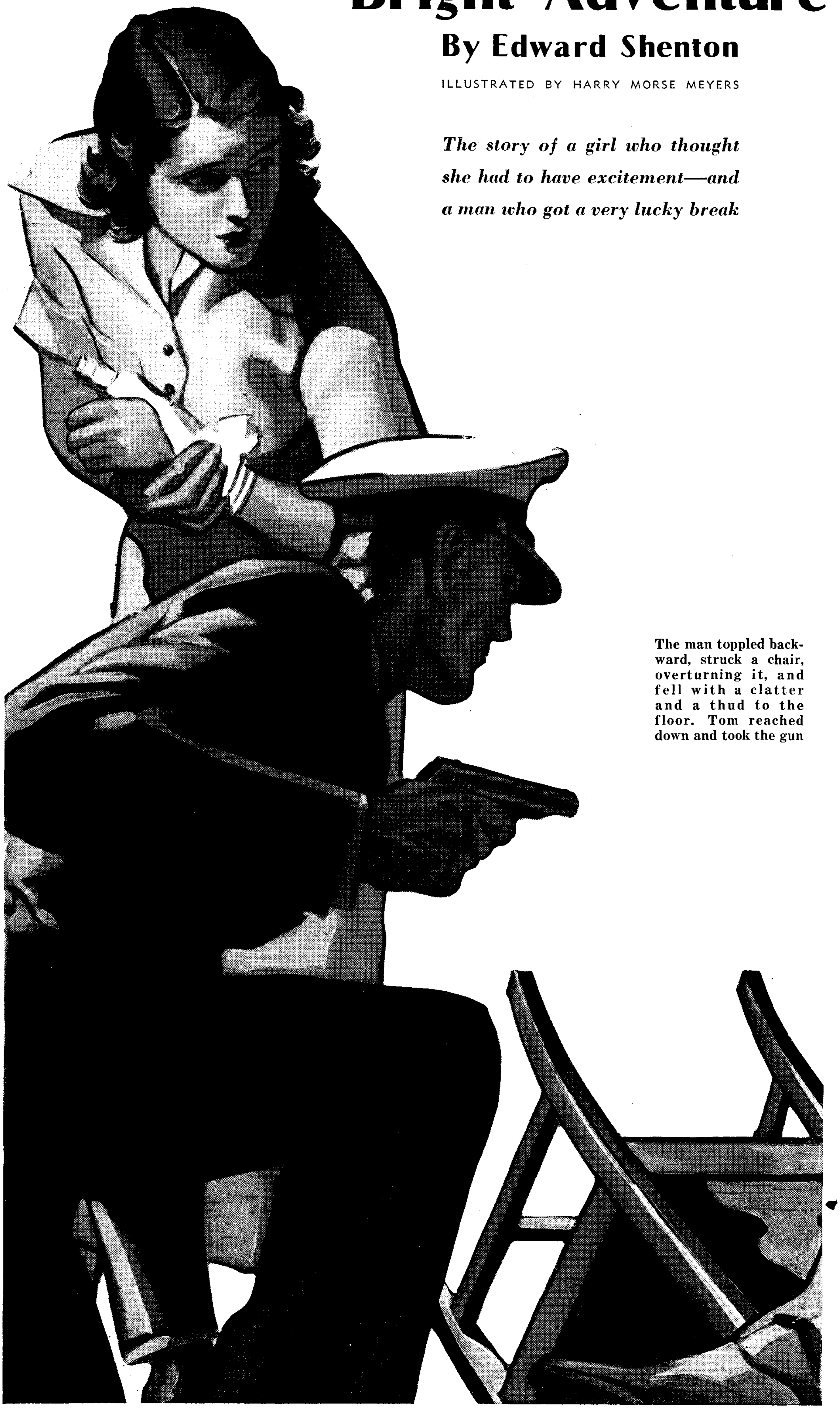
(Continued on page 52)

Bright Adventure

By Edward Shenton

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The story of a girl who thought she had to have excitement—and a man who got a very lucky break



The man toppled backward, struck a chair, overturning it, and fell with a clatter and a thud to the floor. Tom reached down and took the gun

THE young girl standing before the kitchen sink straightened, lifted her slender, tanned, dripping hands out of the dishpan, tore the apron from her waist, opened the door and flung herself into the clear spring sunlight of the outside world.

Mrs. Brooks, her mother, called: "Where are you going, Amelia?"

Amelia did not answer.

She was already halfway to the dunes bordering the sea, running like a deer, the long, dark, unbound hair streaming back from her little pointed face, her black eyes fixed upon some intangible distance, her red mouth opened to gather in as much as possible of the cool air, her fists clenched in fury and revolt. Behind her trailed a thin, diminishing wail.

"Ah-me-lia . . . the lunch dish-uzz. . . ."

Drat the dishes, thought Amelia.

She ran to the top of a dune and cast herself down, panting and disheveled. Before her lay the sea, behind her the pale water of the bay; north and south stretched the narrow strip of sandy island, with the town of Beach Crest at one end and the huddled shacks of the pound fisheries at the other. Across the bay were the twin dark lines of motor road and railway tracks, the only connection with the mainland. Amelia glanced wildly in every direction, buried her head in her arms and gave herself up to anger and despair.

Dishes, she thought, three times a day. Meals to cook, beds to make, carpets to sweep, stockings to mend, clothes to wash; day after day, week after week, month after . . . year after . . . I won't stand it. I'm nineteen. I'm pretty. I'm going to—the phrase fell ready-made into her mind and she smiled wearily—go places and do things.

She lifted her head and glared at the indifferent sea.

"I hate you," she said.

She turned her somber gaze upon the shore and dunes.

"I hate *you*, too."

She stood up and faced the house where she lived and the village of Bayberry Cove, straggling along the one macadam road.

"I hate *you* most of all."

SHE sat down again, feeling exhausted but undefeated. A few minutes later she was sound asleep, warm in the warm sand and sunlight. Lying there, peaceful as a kitten, her head pillowed on her tranquil folded arms, her lips a little open, half-smiling, the black fans of her lashes spread upon her cheeks, all her slim young body relaxed, she was more than pretty; she was incredibly lovely, and Tom Farley, coming in the late afternoon from town back to the Coast Guard station, paused at the sight of her, stricken with adoration, embarrassed and delighted by catching her off guard. He crawled stealthily up the dune and stopped on hands and knees, admiring her in breathless ecstasy, a lot of words he never dared say aloud tumbling about in his mind, preventing any coherent thought.

Amelia, waking, saw him ludicrously kneeling, saw the blended love and timidity on his square, ruddy face, and felt the full tide of anger returning.

"I *hate you*," she said drowsily.

"Oh," said Tom, and scrambled to his feet, poised between the desire to retreat and the equally strong urges to kiss and then spank her. But these three impulses had warred in him a long time and he had never been able to execute any but the first. So he stammered and said:

"But . . . Well . . . What's wrong?"

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong. What could be?"

SHE began to arrange her hair with violent gestures that added to Tom's feeling of intrusion. He said:

"I was just passing. I saw you and you looked so . . . so . . . so . . ."

Amelia's hands were absorbed with the dark puzzle of hair; her eyes focused on the far horizon.

"Yes? I looked . . . ?"

"Asleep," said Tom.

"Isn't that queer?" Amelia said meditatively. "So you came and spied on me."

"I didn't. . . . I wasn't. . . ."

"You lost something, perhaps?"

"No . . . I . . . I . . ."

"If it had been Tick Wertzell, he'd have tried to kiss me, probably." Her voice was muffled in remote speculation.

A flare of sudden jealousy lit in Tom's heart.

"Oh, he would, would he?"

"I don't know for sure," said Amelia. "I guess he wouldn't, although he'd want to. No, Tick's afraid of me. He wouldn't have the nerve."

"If I thought he'd try, I'd smack his jaw," Tom said gloomily.

"Would you? Really?"

"Sure."

"I don't think so," said Amelia. She turned and looked directly at him. "I've lived in Bayberry Cove all my life. I've heard Tick Wertzell say he was going to punch Buddy Applegate's jaw; I've heard Buddy say he'd punch Lem Turner's jaw; I've heard Lem Turner say he'd punch Sam Nickerson's jaw. And nobody's ever punched anybody's jaw."

"Well," said Tom uncomfortably, "you can't go around punching people."

"Why can't you?" asked Amelia.

"Well . . . because . . ."

"If you can say you're going to, you can."

"That's different."

"No," said Amelia slowly, "it's just the same old thing. You're all worms. You don't want to go places and . . . I mean, you haven't any spirit. You don't want to go adventuring." She waved her hand in a gesture of contempt. "You're content to live in Bayberry Cove and marry mushy girls like Hildegarde Rosen and have a pack of kids. You're satisfied to make a little money and play poker at the fire-house and get fat and die. . . ."

"Bayberry Cove is a pretty good place," said Tom.

"It's a hole," cried Amelia. "It's . . . it's nothing. What ever happens here? Nothing! Who ever does anything? Nobody! Why, there's a whole world waiting for you: New York, London, Paris, Russia, Africa, China . . ."

"Who wants to live in China?" asked Tom.

"That's not it," said Amelia. She stood up and wrung her hands. She felt as though she were struggling with some vague, bodiless enemy for some prize she could not name.

"You don't want to *go* to China. There aren't any adventurers any more. Only worms. I hate them! I hate you! . . . Go away! Go away from me!"

"All right," said Tom. "Only don't cry."

"Cry? I'm not going to cry. I never thought of crying."

TOM walked down the beach, settling his Coast Guard cap to a jauntier angle. Amelia burst into tears. She stood weeping, twisting her hands in the pockets of her old sweater while she watched the blurred outline of Tom's sturdy figure going away from her. Let him go! He was like all the others. Once she had thought him different. She remembered when he had become one of the crew at the Bayberry Cove station. She had been thrilled. The dark blue uniform, the visored cap rakishly a-swagger on his crisp red hair, had set her heart bounding at its sheer magnificence. She had thought it romantic to belong to the Coast Guard. Emergencies arose, there was danger, a chance for heroism. She was sixteen then, and she used to wait for him, walk beside him, asking questions.

"If a big ship was wrecked, Tom, you'd have to launch the lifeboat no matter how bad a storm, wouldn't you?"

"Sure," said Tom.

"Even in the middle of the night?"

"Oh, sure."

"Would you go in the boat?"

"Sure. I pull Number Two oar."

"Gracious. . . ."

But three years had passed and no ships had been driven ashore near Bayberry Cove station. The lifeboat lay upon its wheeled carriage in the shed and never came out except for practice. Tom tramped the beach on his shift, took his turn in the watch-tower, washed his clothes, painted and scrubbed, drew his sixty dollars a month and took her to the movies on his off nights. He never dreamed of strange cities, remote lands, unfamiliar people as she did, or felt the urge to adventure, to risk, to dare. And what were men for, if not for that? Amelia thought savagely. How could they spend their lives grubbing a few dollars from fish stores, or carpentering or garages, when there were fortunes to be won in great cities? How *could* they marry the lazy, dull Hildegarde Rosens, when there were enigmatic women, beautiful women. . . ? No, Amelia decided, they're timid and slothful. They like to sit and talk and smoke. So does Tom. . . .

"Well," said Tom, "are you through crying?"

Amelia turned, startled to see him again. He had returned unnoticed and was standing at the foot of the dune.

"I wasn't crying."

"Weren't you?"

"The sun was in my eyes."

"You're standing with your back to the sun."

"That's all you know," Amelia said at random. "Why did you come back? I don't want to see you again. Never!"

"Okay," said Tom. "I only wanted to tell you that I'll stop by about seven to go to the movies tonight."

Amelia did not answer. Tom waved his hand cheerfully and went down the beach toward the station. Amelia was scarcely conscious of his going. Her imagination raced unconfined beyond the darkening sea-line.

THAT evening, at supper, she ate silently, oblivious to her mother's gossip and her father's retelling of the day's trivial events. The bright pictures of adventure continued to pass across her mind.

"Mother and I are going over to Bascombs'," her father said. "We may be late."

"All right," said Amelia. "Tom's coming to take me to the movies."

Her parents had scarcely gone when the telephone rang. It was Tom. Amelia did not recognize his voice at first. It was husky and quick with excitement.

"Listen," he said, "I can't come tonight. Some gunmen held up the bank at Beach Crest just at closing time. Four of them. The First National. They shot old Dutton, the watchman, and took twenty thousand dollars."

"Oh, Tom," Amelia said, "was Mr. Dutton badly hurt?"

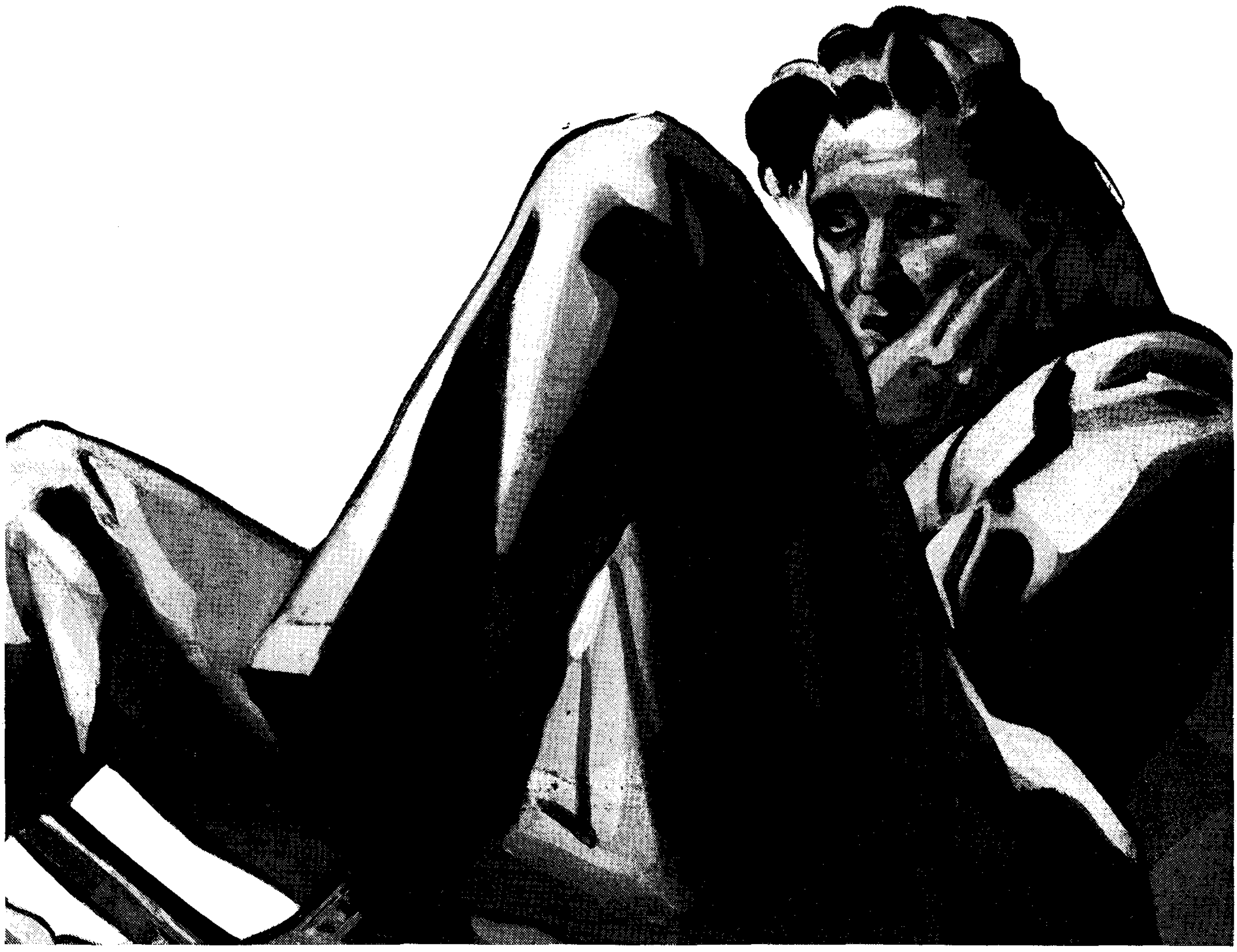
"I don't know. . . . But this is what I want to say: The troopers have shut off the bridge and the railroad. They think the four of them are trapped here on the island. All us Coast Guards have been made special deputies to patrol the bay shore and see they don't swipe a boat and get away."

"How thrilling!" cried Amelia. "Tom, you might capture them. Everybody would say . . ."

"Don't he look natural?" finished Tom. He laughed grimly. "I've got to do this but I don't like it. And I want you to stay inside and lock the doors and windows."

"That's silly," Amelia said angrily. "This is exactly what I was saying. . . ."

"Do as I say," said Tom, and hung up.



AMELIA took a magazine and lay down on the couch but she could not read. She kept seeing the shadowy forms of men, running, crouching, hiding, seeking to find some way of escape from that strip of land, ten miles long and not more than a mile wide, where they were trapped. Unable to stay still, she wandered to the window, but only her reflection stared back from the dark glass. At ten o'clock, she decided to drink a glass of milk and go to bed.

Halfway to the kitchen, she heard the first shot.

She paused, her heart beating violently. Then there were two more, three, followed by a single report. She waited, irresolute. The gunmen had been sighted. Perhaps someone was hurt, killed. Suddenly she felt she must know. All her apprehension vanished. She felt alert, excited, eager. The last shot had seemed quite near. She went into the livingroom and put out the light. Returning to the kitchen, she reached for the latch and lifted it. The door swung open and a rush of chill wind struck upon her.

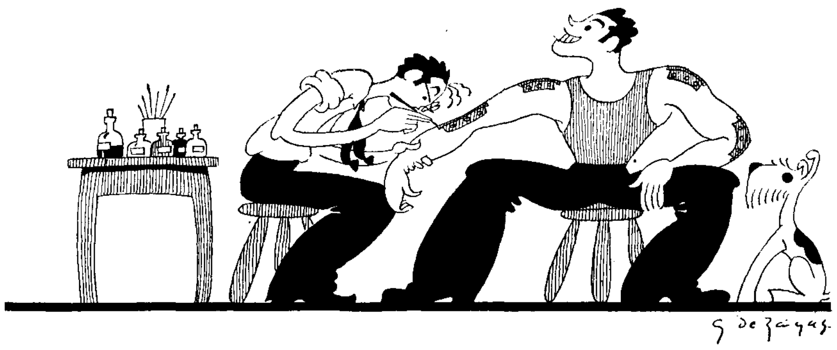
She stood in the doorway waiting for her eyes to become used to the thick darkness. Then the night near at hand moved and a tall man slid along the wall of the house, thrust her back into the kitchen and came in, closing the door and leaning against it.

"You alone?"

Amelia nodded.

"Is there any way of getting off this island?"

"Only the bridge," Amelia said, "or a boat." She was surprised that her voice was so steady.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The strangest tattooing job on record was that which was done on a perfectly sober gentleman in London a few years ago when he had a hinge with screws tattooed on every major joint of his body.

The greatest single explosion in the World War took place on Messines Ridge in Belgium at 3:10 A. M. on June 7, 1917, when 19 British mines, containing more than a million pounds of ammonal, were fired simultaneously under German trenches, blowing high in the air a long line of concrete emplacements, guns and soldiers.—*By H. D. Trounce, San Diego, California.*

Machine parts of great cost, because their purpose requires that they be made of a precious metal, are becoming increasingly necessary in modern industry. Recently, a large chemical plant in this country was obliged to install, for a special process, a heavy piece of apparatus that is made of solid gold.—*By A. L. Hildebrand, Enfield, Massachusetts.*

The glove is believed to be the only article of clothing that has been in use since the days of the cave dwellers. Of its many different uses up through the ages, an important one was at the dinner table where, before the advent of knives and forks, they were worn to protect the fingers from being burned by hot food.—*By Mary Margaret Shea, Salem, Massachusetts.*

One of the world's most peculiar plants is the "half mense," which is found only in the Namaqua and Namib deserts of South Africa. It reaches a height of seven feet, has a large flower at the top which invariably grows with its face toward the north.

Seeking food, sea animals have invaded the land as man has invaded the sea. The Mediterranean seals, which used to raid the vineyards of Sardinia and Sicily and eat their fill of grapes, are a good example.—*By Marcella Brown, Palo Alto, Calif.*

The Chapel of St. Paul near Sacramento, California, has a choir of 400 singing birds in separate cages arranged in rows along the altar. The first few notes of each hymn are whistled and the birds take it up in obedience to the movement of their instructor's hand, their accompaniment adding greatly to the musical service.

Burton-on-Trent, England, is one city whose water is too precious to drink—as water. Its special properties make it invaluable in the brewing of ale and beer, which is the chief industry of the city. So all of it goes to the breweries while the citizens use water that is pumped into the city from an outside source.

A perfect package is the woven fiber netlike crate in which hogs are shipped in the Orient. In it they can travel under their own power as their legs extend through its bottom; they can be made to "stay put," as they cannot get up when lying on their sides; they can be stacked like logs and they are easily picked up and moved by stevedores and ships' winches.—*By Paul W. De Vore, Meadville, Pennsylvania.*

When the divining-rod racket was at its height in the Middle Ages, the dowsers not only claimed that they could locate underground water, minerals and treasure, but also stolen property, missing persons, dead bodies and criminals. Furthermore, they not only used twigs and metal rods but also knives and forks, scissors, candle snuffers and even the sausage known as knackwurst.

Since 1890 the United States has increased its population about 100 per cent and its number of public high schools about 800 per cent, having constructed schools at the rate of one every day during these 45 years.—*By H. W. Cramer, La Crosse, Kansas.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting *or unusual fact accepted for this column.* Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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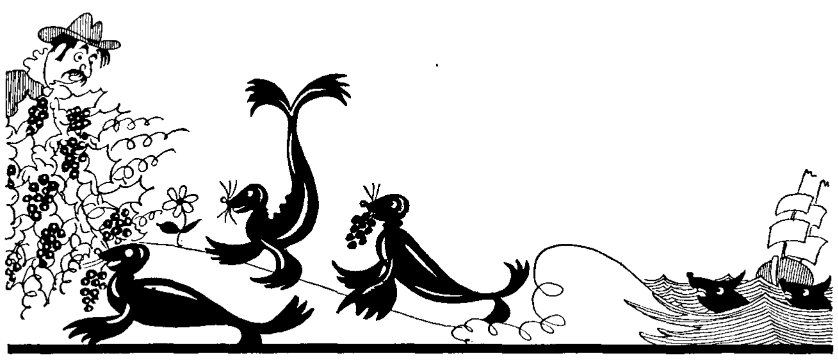


The man considered her reply. He leaned forward, resting his free arm on the table. He had a harsh, impassive face and a square jaw. He looked a little foreign. Romantic, Amelia thought incoherently, and . . . and pagan. And big. He was a half head taller than Tom. He moved his shoulders impatiently and she saw his wrist and forearm bright with blood.

"You're hurt," she cried.

He laughed.

"You're telling me?" he said.

So he *was* a gangster. One of the state troopers or a Coast Guard had shot him; possibly Tom. Wounded and pursued, alone in a strange place, facing odds, he had laughed. The stuff of adventurers. And she had a part in it. Adventure had rapped upon her door. She must not be found wanting; she must not tremble like a flabby Hildegarde Rosen. Now was her chance to prove what she believed. The man tilted his head and listened.

"I got to get away from here," he said. "Find a doc."

Amelia smiled. All at once she was calm, collected.

"I'll bandage it," she said.

THE man hesitated, suspicious, uncertain. She could see him weighing the matter. Presently he seemed to make up his mind. He came farther into the kitchen. Amelia went to the door and turned the key. He leaped around at the click in one motion, like a great cat pouncing, and caught her arm.

"What's the idea?"

"So no one can come in suddenly," Amelia said.

He released her and stepped back.

Amelia pulled down the window shades, lit a kerosene lamp and turned the wick low.

"Now," she said, "take off your coat."

The man grinned.

"Say, you're some . . . I mean, I don't get it, lady."

She helped him ease his arm from the coat. The sleeve of his silk shirt was sodden with blood. At the sight of the torn hole across his shoulder, she gave a little cry. The bullet had gone through the muscle and come out, ripping the flesh.

"Doesn't it hurt?" she asked.

"Yeah, some."

She soaked a pad of cloth in antiseptic and bound it over the wound.

"That ought to stop the bleeding," she said.

"Thanks. You're sure . . ." He paused, drew in his breath with a thin sound. His face set, bleak with sudden alarm. Only his black eyes moved toward the door. Amelia turned slowly. Voices sounded outside; feet on the walk approached the house. The man's right hand swept swiftly toward his hip pocket. Amelia shook her head desperately.

"Here," she whispered. "Down here. Trust me."

He looked at her, undecided; the flicker of suspicion went out of his eyes. He nodded and descended the cellar steps. Amelia caught up his coat and handed it to him. She shut the door and locked it; glanced about. . . .

Someone rapped on the kitchen door.

"Amelia! Hey, Amelia!"

Tom's voice!

Cold apprehension numbed her mind. There was blood on the table, on the wads of cloth; the washbasin was full of ruddy water.

"Amelia, what's wrong?"

She struggled for time.

"In a minute. I . . . I . . ." The inspiration came. "I cut my hand. It's bleeding. I'm bandaging it."

She grasped at a tin of preserved peaches, seized the can-opener and drew the sharp blade ruthlessly across the fleshy part of her thumb. An agony of pain stopped her breath. She dropped the opener and stared fascinated at the red, spurting blood. All the time another part of her was watching the performance, chuckling and praising, "Marvelous. This is a *real* adventure."

"Amelia! Let us in!"

"Coming."

She turned the key and opened the door. Tom and two other men from the station came in. Their eyes widened in astonishment at the sight of the bloody table top.

"I cut my hand," explained Amelia.

"I'll say you did," exclaimed Sayre Biggs.

Tom took her hand and examined the wound.

"That's a nasty cut. Here, put it under the cold spigot."

He took some clean strips of linen and tied them tightly about her wrist and over the cut.

"The opener slipped," Amelia said plaintively. "It . . . it was when I heard a shot. I was startled. What happened?"

"Oh, boy," said Sayre, his lean face brightening. "We come on two of them gunmen making off in a rowboat. They started shooting. So we did some, too. One come up this way."

"Bill thought he was headed toward this house," Tom said. "See anyone, Amelia?"

"I was too busy with this," Amelia said, holding up her hand.

"He probably ducked down in the dunes," Bill said.

"Let's go," said Tom impatiently.

He stepped back and glanced about the kitchen, his hands jammed in the pockets of his pea jacket, his eyes moody. Amelia could not help smiling at him. He looked so baffled and angry. If only he knew. She felt jubilant at the ease with which she had fooled him, and at the same time contemptuous of him for being so readily deceived.

"Didn't you shoot anybody, Tom?" she asked sweetly.

"No," he answered harshly. "You better let Doc Saunders see that cut."

"It's nothing," Amelia said.

"It sure bled plenty."

He paused with his hand on the door, debating something, decided, opened the door and, followed by Sayre and Bill, went out.

THE cellar door swung back. The man was crouching on the top step. She caught a glimpse of dull metal as he shoved an automatic into his pocket and came into the room. His manner had altered. He looked wary, almost frightened. His dark eyes glanced everywhere except at Amelia's bandaged hand.

"Well," he said, "thanks a lot. I'll scram now."

"All right," said Amelia. "Only I'm going with you."

The man's mouth fell open. He gasped, choked, tried to speak.

"Say, lissen. Lissen, lady . . ."

"You heard them," Amelia said, her contemptuous gesture indicating the departed trio. "That's the kind they are. They're all like that here. I'm leaving tonight. With you."

"Not with me, lady. Not a chance."

Amelia turned and looked at him steadily. He shrank toward the door.

"Are you afraid?" she asked, astonished.

"Afraid?" The man swallowed convulsively and reached for the knob. "I sure am. I ain't afraid of no man. But I don't get mixed up with no dames, see? Not me."

"Why," Amelia said slowly, "you're a worm too."

"I don't know about that. Only I ain't no mug."

Amelia gazed at him meditatively. He no longer appeared bold, romantic,

(Continued on page 55)

Jane Froman, who started out to be an opera singer and ended up in a more popular field, the movies

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Singing Girl

By Kyle Crichton

Song was enough for Miss Jane Froman—until she went to Hollywood. They told her there she'd have to learn to talk. And so she did

THE one certain thing about talking pictures is that if you act in them you have to talk. Historians report that in the old silent days an actress could attain great fame without being able either to talk or act, but this really has nothing to do with the matter. Unless you are a specialist in snores like Mr. Wildhack or a genius like Harpo Marx or Charlie Chaplin, you will either talk or you will leave the set and never put foot in Los Angeles again.

What this all leads up to is the case of Jane Froman, who could sing very elegantly but could not talk. That is not to say that Miss Froman was a deaf mute or that she was anything other than a good-looking young woman who started out to be an opera singer and ended up by making good money in a more popular field. It refers merely to the fact that she had stuttered since childhood. It would be possible for a comedian to stutter and become famous for it but the manhood of America would rise in a body to protest the spectacle of a lady as handsome as Jane Froman uttering one syllable which was not perfectly articulated.

The upshot of the matter was that when Miss Froman appeared recently in Stars Over Broadway, she was talking at a great rate and perfectly.

"You may consider it," said her press agent, reverently, "as another triumph for Hollywood. There is nothing—literally nothing—that Hollywood cannot do."

Hitherto the matter had not been important in Miss Froman's career, although it had been a minor tragedy in her life.

"It's all right when you sing," she says. "But I went through a terrible time in school and later when I thought I wanted to be a reporter. I had some idea that because I couldn't speak without trouble I might be able to write. I still shudder when I think what I'd have gone through if I had got a job and had been sent out to interview somebody. The interviewee would be waiting yet for the questions. I wouldn't have been able to say a word."

The dilemma arose first in Miss Froman's professional career when her agent signed with Warner Brothers for a short, to be made at the old Biograph plant in Brooklyn. The lady thought she would sing her few songs and perhaps even go so far as to sit on a piano. She found when she got the script that she had hundreds of lines to say. What she did then was stall. When the phone rang, Miss Froman was in the bath, Miss Froman was out, Miss Froman was at the bedside of an uncle living in Minnesota. When scouts came to track her down, they found that she had just left for Nova Scotia.

"Scared to death," she says.

She only got the courage to go over to Brooklyn when she received a formal and ponderous legal message saying that either Miss Froman would appear at 10 o'clock on a certain Monday morning or she would be sued by the entire collection of Warner Brothers, a fate worse than death.

"We made the picture in four days and I never stuttered once," she says. "It was a marvelous production called Kissing Time and when I saw it I knew that Froman was through in the movies. I had always been taught to sing from right down here, the diaphragm. . . . Also to open the mouth and give the voice a chance to come out. Well, the Froman mouth was all over that screen, looking like Will Mahoney giving an imitation of Al Jolson doing a mammy song. I've learned since that you have to be refined and dainty when you're singing for the screen; the audience having no interest whatever in your inner workings."

A Girl from Missouri

The Froman girl is from Missouri; Columbia, to be exact. Her father died when she was five and her mother put her into a convent at Clinton, Missouri. She was there until she was twelve years old and doesn't remember it with too great joy.

"It was a boarding school and probably all right as schools went, but my mother had to work to make a living for us and I hardly ever saw her."

Mrs. Froman was an organist who had studied both in this country and in Germany before her marriage. She had studied for two years in Berlin and had played at the American Church in Dresden before returning home. After Mr. Froman's death, she began to give lessons and later became director of the musical department of Christian College in Missouri. Jane attended Christian College in due course, staying there six years and getting a firm grounding in music. For the last two years of her college life, she went down to the University of Missouri at her old home in Columbia and entered the journalism department.

But all this time she was singing, with the idea that she would eventually be an opera singer. She appeared with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and with the Cincinnati Symphony and had an offer from the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

"Just barely an offer," says Miss Froman. "Thirty-five a week and a chance to sing in some of the small soprano roles. The old-timers warned me against it. If you go into an American opera company like that, you'll never get anywhere, they said. You either have to come in as somebody important or you're never important."

So she looked around for something else and found it at a party given by her friends, the Hodges of Cincinnati, where she met Powell Crosley, the radio man. Naturally, when a singer goes to a party attended by a radio man, she sings. It

(Continued on page 64)

Life Begins So Soon

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

The Story Thus Far:

CAROLINE FANNING and Helen Herrick are roommates at Morrison University when, in their senior year, Caroline breaks her engagement with Tommy Pierce, also a senior, who at once switches his attentions to Helen—the wealthiest girl at Morrison!

As Caroline has learned, Tommy is merely a charming weakling; known to only a few, he is on probation, after having been caught embezzling student funds. Certain that he will only bring Helen unhappiness, Caroline warns her; but, believing in Tommy, Helen ignores the warning, which she attributes to jealousy.

Among Caroline's friends at Morrison are Emery Smith, managing editor of the Daily; Steve Abbott, most prominent of all the seniors; and David Bingham, a chemistry teacher. With them, she watches a strange drama unfold—a wild, romantic drama wherein Paula Traggas, the gay young wife of Professor Maurice Traggas, and Dr. Eugene Fifield, faculty member and campus Don Juan, afford the gossips at Morrison much food for serious discussion.

Maurice Traggas, too, watches it. And, having observed enough, he administers a severe thrashing to Fifield; after which he *leaves the careless Paula. Acting on the* advice of David Bingham, his closest friend, he does not sue for a divorce, however.

Not in love with Fifield, Paula presently directs the battery of her charms on *Tommy Pierce!* And presently (as Caroline learns, but Helen does not), she has him hopelessly involved.

During the days which follow, Helen is aware that something is wrong with the man she loves. Once, in a moment of despair, Tommy is on the verge of telling her the truth, confessing; but, conscious that he does not love Paula Traggas, that he is a victim of the woman's extraordinary fascination, he weakens—and does not mention the "other woman."

Meanwhile, Fifield is frantic—Paula has informed him that she is through with him. Divining the real situation, he tries to force Caroline to tell him what she knows of Tommy—and Professor Traggas' wife. Caroline will tell him nothing. Then (he is the campus Don Juan, remember) he tries to kiss her. Caroline, incensed, slaps him, hurries from his office and tells David Bingham the whole story. Bingham listens. Then: "Fifield must be kept from going to Maurice. *Maurice will kill him.*"

V

ON THE second Saturday in May special trains jammed the Webster yards, discharging their crowds into a blue, cool morning. Heavy traffic clogged the roads and already cars were beginning to park in long, military lines on the drill field and the baseball diamonds. The Conference track meet would fill the stadium almost as full as a climactic football game, and the same excitement charged the campus. This was also the day on which several thousand high school seniors came on excursion from the various parts of the state, to be conducted round the university by persuasive guides, served a basket lunch on the lawn above Shagbark Creek and finally ushered to the stadium as guests of Morrison. It was hoped that a fraction of them would be enough impressed to prefer Morrison to the State University.

At the Daily the telegraph company had set up a small switchboard supplementary to the one at the stadium and various metropolitan correspondents had established themselves in corners and closets. It had taken a week to organize the Daily's own service and to prepare this courtesy to the profession, but by mid-morning everything was running on ball bearings and Emery could feel like a field marshal. But Steve had been growing increasingly restless and at last scandalized his colleague by announcing that he was walking out. Horse Walters, the Deke, came to the Daily with one more plea for him to join some honest drinkers in a beer party on Lake Maitland and, although the preparations for it had only bored Steve, he suddenly agreed.

Emery's face expressed sacrilege and shock. "Send in your regrets and hang this sheet round my neck on a day when every nut in the world will be askin' me my catechism? With everything that can go wrong, goin' wrong? Look, dear, who said you could be a big shot in the newspaper world?"

Steve muttered something sulphurous. "Go ahead, Horatio Alger. Go fry your tail making sure the pride of Siwash hurled the discus to a new all-time standing broad mark of nine and three-tenth seconds. Wear an eyeshade when they grab you for the newsreel."

Horse Walters pleaded poignantly. "Aw, you come along, Emery. We got two eight-gallon kegs and only nine Elks. Jake McGee gets to borrow the freshman crew-coach launch. Let your up-and-coming sophomores put out the Peach."

"Yeah, you'd want to kiss those sophomores. She'll be bad enough with Steve gone—if I left she'd look like a county-seat gazette set up in boiler plate by the occupational therapy class at the booby hatch." He glared at Steve and shouted, "I don't get you, Geraldine—what's happened to you?"

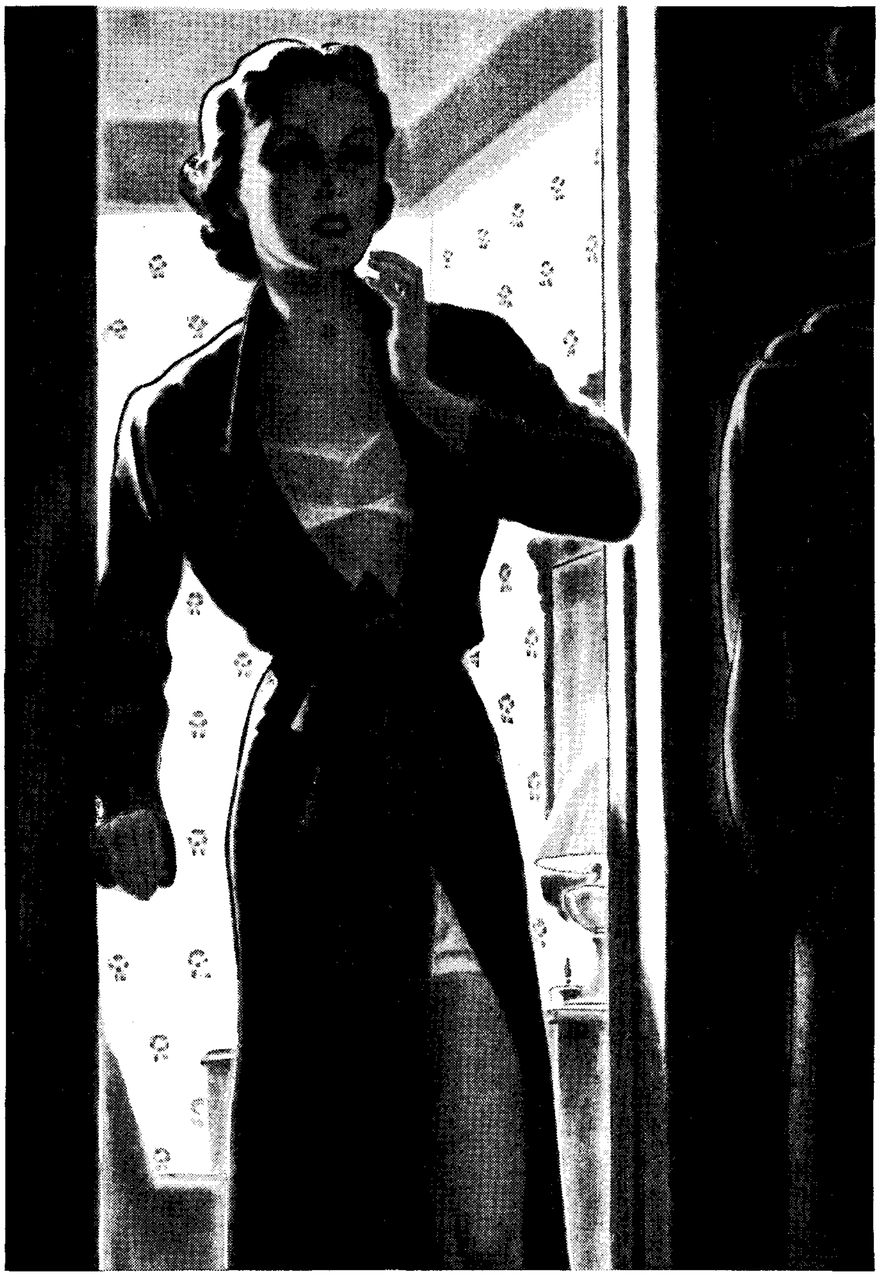
"Whispering, whispering, always whispering," Steve said. "It's the eternal grayness. And looking out at the little grave under the juniper. How could you understand?"

HE WENT out with Horse Walters, feeling even sourer. "Your adolescent lushes won't soothe me much more than checking tenth-seconds in the four-forty," he said.

"Your friends wonder if it can be anemia. Look, we've got sixteen gallons. If that don't register, you certainly ought to get medical advice."

It wasn't a doctor Steve wanted to see. "Okay," he said heavily. "I might as well spend an afternoon with the retarded as go round knowing how superior I am. But I promise you my soul will be off at one side feeling sad."

At the Tau Omicron house Tommy Pierce woke too late for breakfast. He sat at an open window overlooking Shagbark Pond, smoking and shivering. Blurred images of what must have been a nightmare lingered in his mind, and ever since the afternoon when Paula's apprehensions had sent him rushing blindly across the campus there had been a feeling of sinister pressure in his forehead. Sudden impulses of panic overtook him in the most unexpected places; he had a continuous sense that some implacable enemy was closing in on him. He wondered now whether a stiff shot of whisky might not be the best thing. No, not on an empty stomach. He saw groups of people wandering beside the pond and remembered the track meet. He would take Paula to it—sit there in sunlight and soft breeze, Paula and he, forgetting the world's malignity. No! He shuddered. Remember Fifield! Till the world straightened out, never again with Paula in the public view—they must meet only by stealth. With all Morrison concentrated at the stadium, he would phone her to go somewhere away from the town and wait for him.



Gasping, Caroline stepped back from the open door

He changed his tie, picked up his hat and went downstairs. There was a letter for him on the hall table and alarm tightened his muscles when he saw the address printed in the corner. He ripped it open. A printed form, the blanks filled with typing:

Mr. Thomas Pierce,
Tau Omicron House.

Please present yourself at my office on Monday, May 14, at 4 P. M. to appear before a regular meeting of the Faculty Committee on Student Discipline.

OLIVER HANNAN,
Dean of the College of Liberal Arts.

The Dean had returned to the attack—after promising Tommy his chance. The treachery gave him a bitter nausea. His courses would be passed, the debts would be paid—all he needed was time and a square deal. There was no time, no one would give him a square deal! Monday! . . . Oh, be calm! This was the crisis. Thank God it came from the Dean, not from Fifield.

Tommy's muscles ceased to quiver. A vast elation ballooned in him. The time to act had come; he was ready for it; he was equal to anything. He went into the phone closet and called the Gamma house. He laid the notice on the bench, his fingers drumming a martial rhythm. Some vacuous person answered the telephone. He asked for Helen.

CAROLINE sat in Dave's car in front of the Faculty Club. Could it be possible that only twenty-four hours had passed since she had fled to Dave from that ominous meeting with Gene Fifield? She had lived those hours at an extremity of distress, made the sharper by Dave's decision that she must say nothing to Tommy or Helen till he had talked to Maurice. It was probably fortunate that yesterday had been Maurice's monthly visit to Brookfield for the meeting of the Insanity Commission. That, at any rate, had kept him out of Fifield's way. But the delay, fretting uselessly, having to think of Helen, ignorantly imagining the most dreadful things about everyone—it had been terrible. She shivered. Something must happen soon.

Dave came down the walk. His face wore the severity it had had for twenty-four hours. "Not back," he said. He got in, started the engine, and took the car off down the street. "I don't get it. When he takes his car, he drives back the same night. Why didn't he take it yesterday?"

Suddenly Maurice was blotted out by a resurgence of her dread. "Dave," she said, "I've got to tell Tommy what's happening. We're making a terrible mistake."

He nosed the car through sluggish traffic and turned off the boulevard down one of the campus drives. Stopping it, he turned to her, troubled but positive. "Maybe we are. We're certain to blunder like fools. Bystanders always do. But Maurice is the explosive element, Carol, he comes first. We've got to let Fifield play out his hand without interference till Maurice can be roped and tied."

He touched her hand. "Heads up, Carol," he said gently. She took his hand and squeezed it hard. Tennis and much walking with Maurice—with her, too!—had deepened his customary tan. He looked rugged and indomitable. He'd better be!

They edged back into the shrilling cars. "Wind's changed," Dave said absently, "it will be hot for athletics." He was darting quick glances at the crowds. "There'll be a dozen special trains. No hope of guessing which one he'll come in on."

Another special must have come in as they drove downtown, for hundreds of people were surging up the street. Maurice must be there! He was. She saw him picking his way through groups, scowling, and called to him. He waved and dashed out into traffic. He put his bag in the rumble and climbed in beside her.

"Where the devil have you been?" Dave said.

"Brookfield — Commission meeting." Maurice was still scowling. "What a day to come back! I wouldn't have come, but I'm supposed to keep the laboratory open to show to high school kids. High schools!"

THE last words were an explosion and his voice had the combative pitch that Caroline knew too well. She shot a glance at him. Yes, the tide was running high in Maurice, the surcharged violence that she had seen before, the mood that she and Dave were afraid of. They had found him after agonized suspense, but he was in a state that would require watching every minute. At least she could be glad that Dave was with him—Dave would not let him go. She noted an expression of bland inattention on Dave's face, but his eyes were vigilant.

"I'm supposed to, too," Dave said. "To lure a possible chemist from State U. I'm not going to. I've delegated an assistant to hold open house."

"Why should I?" It was a new idea to Maurice. "Parker, Reynolds, Bergstein—they can do it. Does Morrison think a professor is an auctioneer?"

His eyes blazed with contempt. He launched into a rhapsodic denunciation of Morrison University. Educational rolling-mill, self-service filling station, gadgeted radio-hour publicity bureau, slot-machine vending standardized education irradiated with violet rays and wrapped in cellophane! Caroline understood the seizure. What he said meant nothing; it was only flotsam on the dark current while the old energies were boiling underneath, the old unassuageable wounds were throbbing. . . . Dave kept his eyes on the traffic. His elbow pressed Caroline's arm reassuringly. Dave was on the job.

"What are we doing?" Maurice demanded. "Let's go somewhere. Anywhere. Let's get out of sound and sight and smell of this academic garbage heap."

"It's time to take Caroline home," Dave said.

Protest rose in her but Dave's elbow pressed her again. "But you'll pick me up again this afternoon, won't you?" she said as casually as possible.

She smiled at them, getting out in front of the Gamma house, and tried to let no concern show in her face. Halfway up the walk, Dave called "Caroline!" and she turned round. He leaped out of the car. They stood in the noon sun, looking at each other.

"You'll wait here?" he whispered. "You'll be on hand so I can find you?"

"I'll stay here. I wish you didn't have to leave me. Why do you have to?"

"You see the mood he's in. Too much by himself at Brookfield. Brooding in a hotel room. Simmering and fermenting in a strange town and on the train coming home. I want to see if he can talk himself out of it. I want to stay with him."

"You've got to," she agreed miserably. "But I hate to be alone."

"I know." Warmth and urgency in his eyes. He said "Caroline!" unevenly, then, as Maurice vigorously blew the horn, "We'll come back for you sometime this afternoon. We'll go somewhere for dinner. Don't be impatient, my dear."

LESS than half the chapter was at lunch. They would be eating at one-arm lunchrooms or at Keller's Cellar with their young men, or laughing over messy hot dogs on the way to the stadium. They would be jabbering about the cocktail parties and the dinner dances that Fraternity Row was to hold after the track meet. The giddiness and nonsense, the general air of excited idiocy offended Caroline.

Betty Stevens, looking like an ad for summer linens, saw her frown and inquired derisively, "Why, darling, won't your chemist blow you to a track meet?"

Caroline asked curtly, "Didn't Helen come to lunch?"

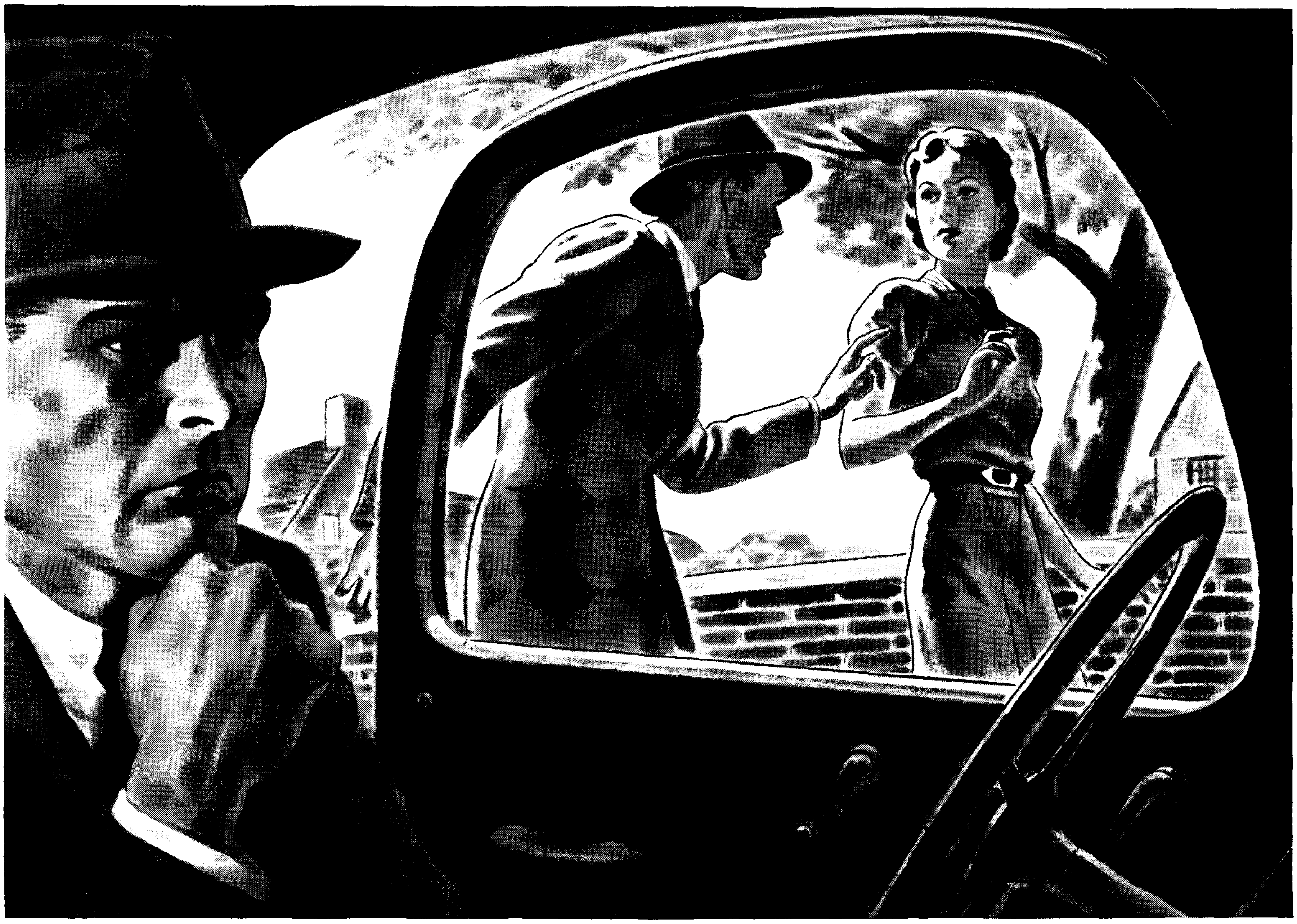
"Tommy called her about half past ten," Georgine Roberts said. "I saw her floating to the telephone in a rose mist. She went out right after that."

"Front page news." Betty made clucks of incredulity. "Tommy calls our blond beauty and she goes out."

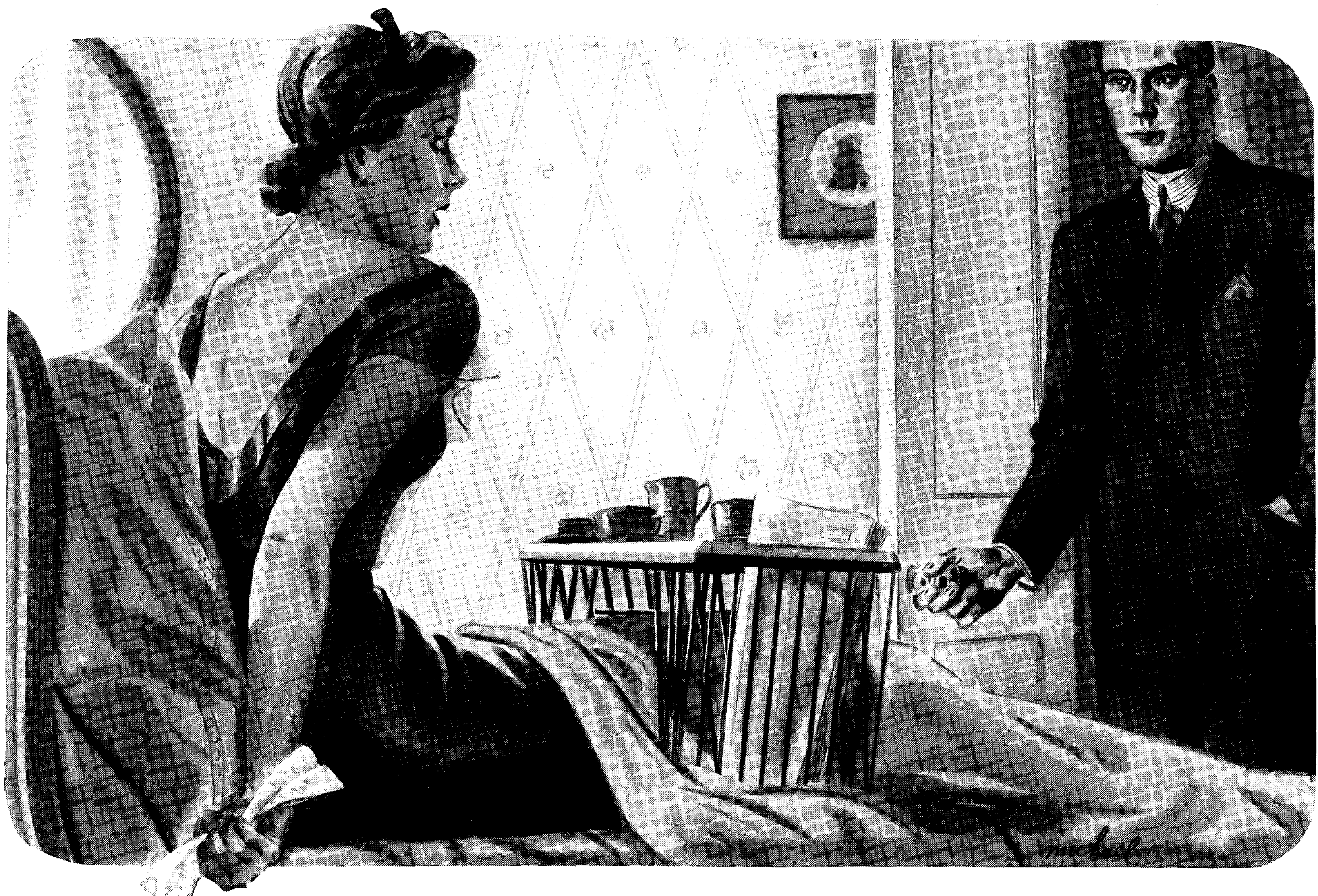
"She came back later. She must have gone out again."

"Look for them in the top row," Betty said. "You won't see the wings on the track suits, but they'll be there. They'll be munching peanuts. You know the perfume of peanuts? Like the flower garden in paradise. I want to be in love—I want to be ineffable and think a long cheer is the voice from Eden."

(Continued on page 26)



"You'll wait here?" Dave whispered. "You'll be on hand so I can find you?"



A slow wave of red flowed up from her breast to her forehead. Then, at last, he knew

The Hit that Missed

"The proof of any successful crime, especially murder, is that it is not discovered," said the thin man. Consider the statement carefully, then read the story — and consider it again

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

THEY do things better in England," said Colonel Hepplethwaite. "Of ninety murders committed in the metropolitan area of London last year the perpetrators were brought to trial in sixty-seven cases and there was only one acquittal. Forty-three of the murderers were hanged, twenty were sentenced to penal servitude for life, three were judged insane, and, as I say, there was one acquittal. In fifteen of the remaining twenty-three cases the police were practically certain who had committed the crime but there was insufficient evidence to secure a conviction, which leaves only eight murders in a huge city like London that were unsolved mysteries, so to speak."

Dr. Peabody clicked his fingers at the steward. "Bring me a champagne cocktail . . .this infernal boat's rolling again . . . if I'm going to enjoy my lunch . . . yes, Colonel, you're right. But in England you haven't known the delights of Prohibition that gave the gangster business such a boost with us, and there's our big alien population as well. In Boston last year there were two hundred and fifty killings. There were not more than a score of convictions, I'm sure of that, although I've forgotten the exact figures. I know, too, that only three of the murderers went to the chair."

"But there is a distinction," said the Frenchman, Dubois. "You speak of killings, and the Colonel referred to murders. Surely I am right in supposing that gang killings in your country are not really murder in the usual sense of the word but the results of a guerrilla, a little war, between different groups. They are—"

"But they're murders just the same," Hepplethwaite interrupted, "just as your *crimes passionnels* in France are murders, although the murderer is often acquitted, especially if she is a young and pretty woman."

"Oh, that happens at home too," said the American, laughing. "We not only acquit women murderers but give them a fat contract in the movies or vaudeville. But for all that the French police are pretty good, aren't they, Dubois?"

The Frenchman nodded. "Yes," he said, "we catch murderers all right in France, even if sometimes the young and pretty ones escape. In the long run, few of them go unpunished."

"That's what I say," resumed Hepplethwaite. "'Murder will out'—that's an old English proverb and it's true. Take these ninety cases in London—"

"JUST wait a minute, Colonel," said the fourth member of the party in the liner's smoking room, a tall thin man who had hitherto taken no part in the discussion. "You are confusing the issue entirely; you speak of ninety murders in London, but what you really mean is ninety open, flagrant murders, ninety murders known to the police. You forget the other ones, the undiscovered crimes." He smoothed his gray hair reflectively with his hand.

The Colonel snorted. "Do you mean to say that our London police don't know when a murder's committed?" he asked indignantly.

The other smiled. "Of course I mean that. I'll go further and say that the fact that the police do know is a proof that the murder is a failure—from an artistic point of view." He waved his hand negligently. "Surely, sir, you must admit that the proof of any successful crime, especially murder, is that it is not discovered."

"I don't understand," said Dr. Peabody. "If nobody knows about it, how can you say it's a murder?"

"You can't say; that's just my point. Nobody can say, and nobody knows, except one person, the murderer himself . . . or herself. Let me give you an instance to explain what I mean, which in a nutshell is simply this: that the perfect murder, the artistic murder, is one that no one believes to be murder at all, in which the murderer has the best of motives for killing his enemy, but naturally does not wish to pay the penalty for his crime, and succeeds in killing him in such a way that not only does he not pay the penalty, is not even suspected, but that no one for a moment has the slightest idea that a crime has been committed, unless perhaps one might call suicide a crime."

He gulped down his whisky-and-soda,

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Buying at a Profit

By Bertram B. Fowler

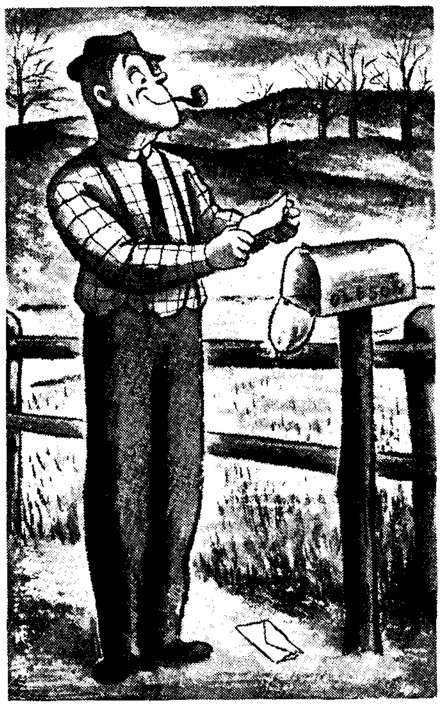
It's very simple—you own a share in the grocery or gas pump or laundry you trade with and you get a share of its earnings. That's the principle of the co-op and it's spreading rapidly in this country. Here's the story

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

OLE OLESON, who farms six hundred acres in Minnesota, received a check for twenty-five dollars last Christmas. John Helvaa, who works in a Massachusetts factory, received one for fifteen dollars. Professor Phineas Carruthers, Ph.D. of a western university, has a check for twenty dollars at the end of the year. Behind those checks is a story, the story of the development of one of the most interesting movements in American industrial history.

Ole Oleson belongs to a gas and oil co-operative. There are several hundred of them in Minnesota, part of the network of co-operative filling stations that begins in Ohio and sweeps fanwise toward the Pacific Coast. In Minnesota the first gas and oil co-op was formed in 1921. From that one station the movement has grown till now some two thousand of them dot the country. In Minnesota the co-ops have taken second place as distributors of gas and oil.

The belt of co-op filling stations in the Northwest begins in Wisconsin and stretches across Minnesota and North Dakota into Montana. With over two hundred stations in North Dakota the co-ops have jumped into second place as distributors in this state also. In other states the co-ops are climbing the distributive ladder with their eyes fixed on the top.



Ole Oleson's check made for growth

John Helvaa does his trading through co-operatives that dominate the retail situation in his factory town. The milk left on his doorstep in the morning comes from his own co-operative dairy. He buys his groceries at the co-op store. His bread comes from the co-op bakery, his coal from the co-op coal yard. His car is lubricated with co-op oil and runs on co-op gas. Because of all this he got his check for fifteen dollars.

Professor Carruthers belongs to an oil and fuel co-op. He buys his gas and oil, his fuel oil or coal from his own organization. He helped to set it up and he buys what he can from it. In 1934 that particular co-op did a business of eighteen thousand dollars. In 1935 business picked up and the co-op was turning over three thousand dollars a week. The secret of the whole thing is that, paradoxically, all three of these men believe that they found the way to run a profitless business and make it pay. You try to tell them anything different and they'll show you their checks, and checks are hard things to argue down.

Co-operatives are not new to America. But the appearance of small consumers' co-operative business enterprises in communities scattered through many states is new. For the first time co-operation is taking on the proportions of a definite factor in the economic field.

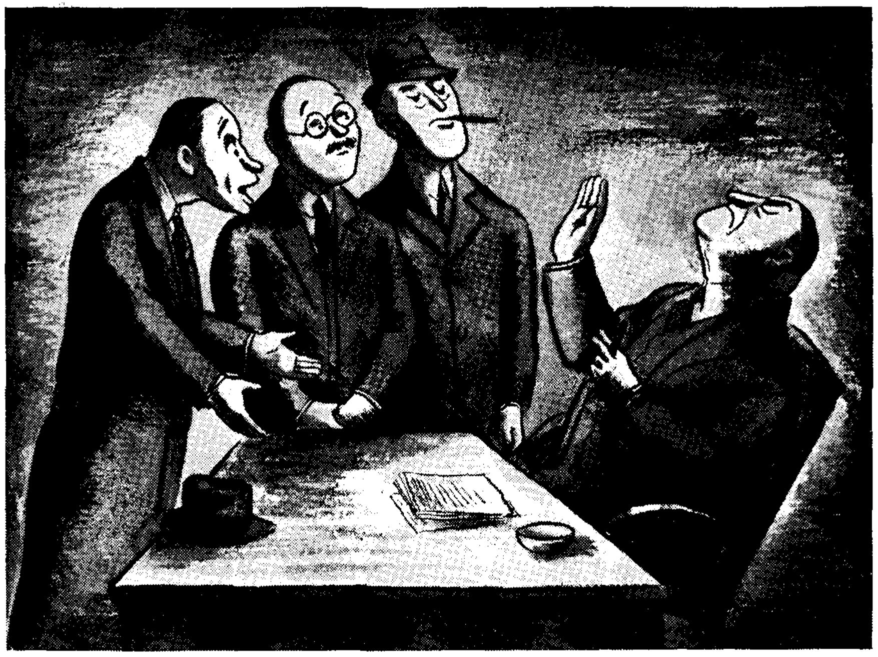
In Ohio and Indiana, sponsored by the Farm Bureau Federation, it is a rural movement. Negro workers in steel mills have taken it up and are making some interesting experiments. In towns of Northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan is a chain of 133 co-operative grocery stores with a central wholesale. The largest retail society in this group is doing a business that ran close to a million in 1935 in a town of seven thousand population. It did $750,000 in 1934. And it is the checks to Ole Olesons that have made for the growth.

A Sound British Idea

To understand what it is all about we must go back ninety years to Rochdale, England. There, twenty-eight weavers, weary of the promises of the politicians, raised the sum of $140 and proceeded to launch something new in the way of an economic system. They used orthodox business methods when they sold shares of stock to members to raise capital. But they decked out the stock in rules that were far from orthodox. To begin with, a member was to have but one vote, regardless of the number of shares of stock he held. They called that putting democratic principles into business. With each member having equal voting power the election of the board of directors became much like a New England town meeting.

Secondly, they ruled that the shares of stock should have no share in profits. The shares should draw a fixed interest and always sell at par. The profits, they ruled, should go back to the consumers in ratio to their purchases for the year. They called this division a patronage dividend. Which explains Ole Oleson's check.

With only $140 invested, their early progress was naturally slow. But this year there were over two thousand retail co-ops in Great Britain. Their membership had increased a quarter of a million during the year to reach a total of 7,202,000, over one half of the families of England and Scotland. Their business jumped nearly fifty million dollars over the previous year. The English Co-operative Wholesale Society is England's largest domestic business concern, owning and operating over one hundred factories. They have their own tea plantations in Ceylon. They are the largest single purchasers of wheat in Canada. They handle this wheat through their own elevators, mills and bakeries, delivering the loaf of bread to the English tea table in a co-op wrapper. They are running one of the biggest insurance companies in the country, and their banking business has a daily turnover of $12,000,000.



The co-op business was too small to fool around with

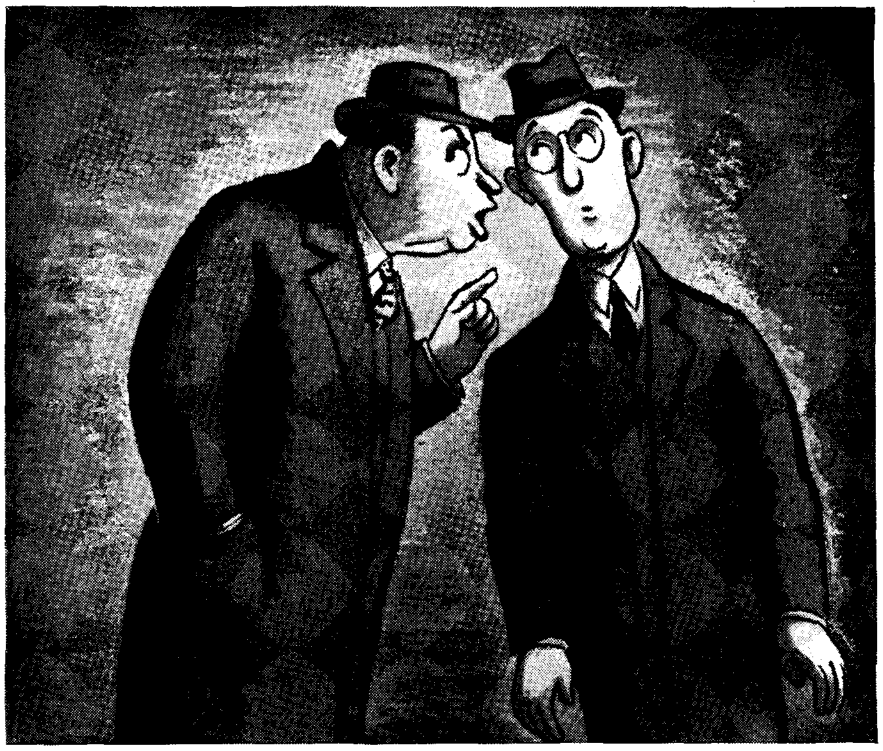
From England the idea went on the march. Finland took it up, organized and fostered co-operatives, until today consumer co-operative comes close to being the national economic system. Denmark took it over and remade her agricultural system through co-operative action.

Sweden's War on Monopolies

In 1918 trusts and monopolies controlled the prices of practically all commodities in Sweden. At that time the Swedes were experimenting with co-operation. Since 1918 the Swedish Co-operative Wholesale Society has been working on the trusts, with the result that today those left on the scene are very much under control. Organized consumers in Sweden control the price level.

And now co-operation seems to have come to America. In today's development there is present something that was lacking in some earlier experiments: a growing realization that there must be a strict system of accounting and an educational program to spread an

(Continued on page 58)



The organized opposition came out with a campaign of abuse

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Arthur Donovan. Boxing is his business and it's in his blood. That's why his appearance as referee at the big fights means that the boys are going to do their best, and no fooling

THE rumor started on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange the day before the fight. There are no more rabid fight fans anywhere in the world than the members of the Stock Exchange. All they did the day before the fight was to argue the relative merits of Louis and Baer and the arguments continued throughout the week of the fight. I'll prove it. During the week of September 16th there were 9,578,610 shares of stock traded on the floor. During the next week, the week of the fight, there were only 5,843,570 shares of stock traded. The brokers were too busy talking fight that week to worry about copper and steel. The fight was on Tuesday, September 24th. It was on Monday that the rumor started. I know because a broker called me and he said, "I hear the fight is in the bag for Baer and that he can't lose."

"You're crazy," I told him, but he said that everyone on the floor was hearing the same rumor.

The day of the fight the rumor traveled gayly up town and that night as you dined at the Tavern or at Dempsey's or at Lindy's you heard worried whispers.

"The Greek has gone overboard on Baer. . . . Hoffman himself made a big bet on Max. . . . The mob is all down on Baer. . . . A ton of Baer money just hit town. . . . One of Schultz's men is grabbing all the Louis dough in sight. . . . What do you hear? . . . What do you hear?" . . .

You walked into the Yankee Stadium and on the outer fringe of the infield you were accosted by furtive figures in tightly buttoned coats, tipsters, gamblers. "What do you hear?" they mumbled. "What do you hear?"

All on the Up and Up

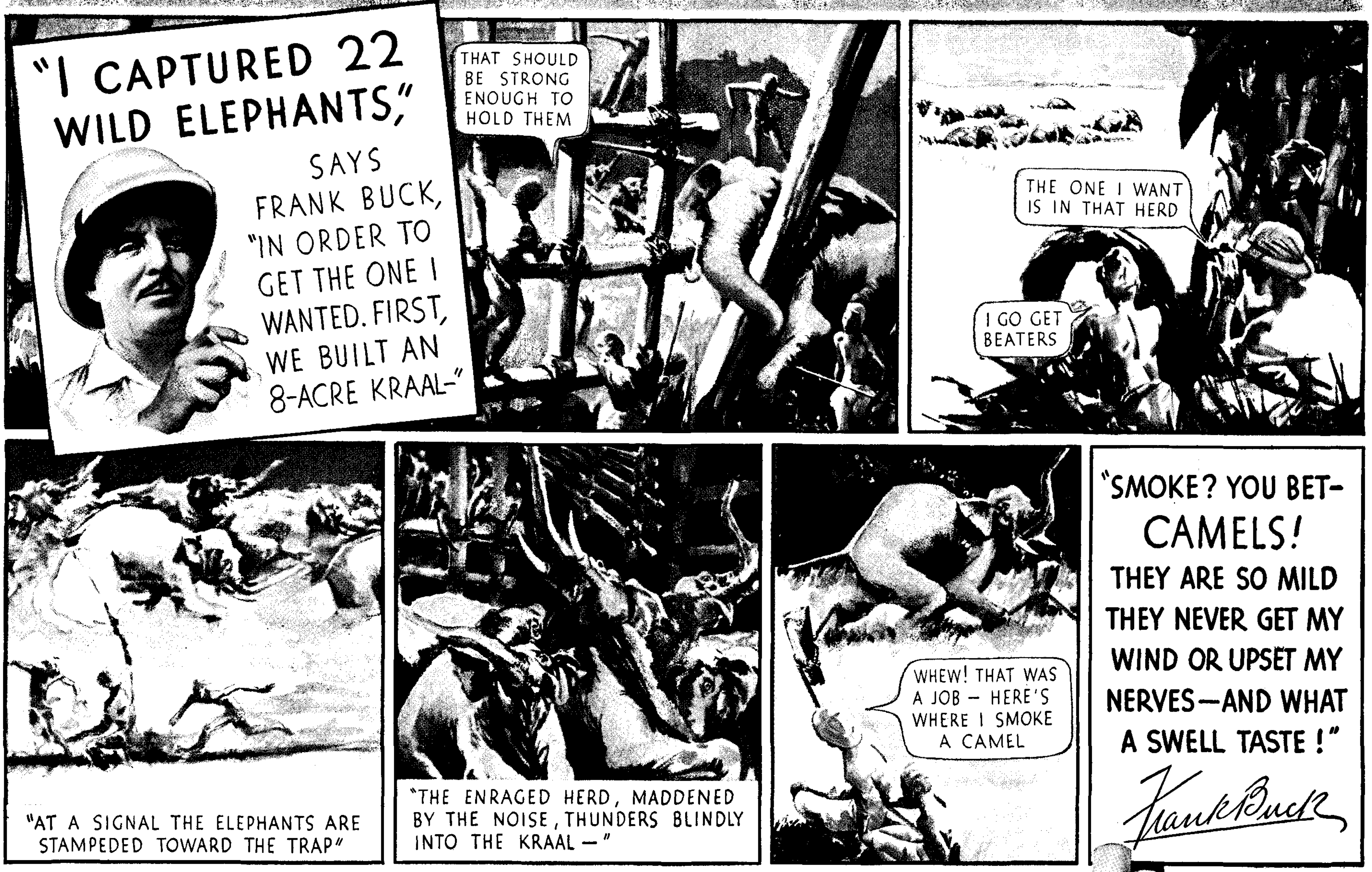
Now we were at the ringside, and those of us who had bet maybe a buck or two on Louis were a bit worried. We knew that Louis was the class of the fight. We knew that he should make short work of the inept fumbler whom circumstances, chance and a dearth of good opponents had raised to the heavyweight heights. And you still heard the whispers at the ringside.

Then a gray-clad figure climbed between the ropes and we all breathed a sigh of relief. The rumors flew away. Up front the fight writers nodded with satisfaction. Everything was okay now. This fight would be no Barney. The gray-clad man was Arthur Donovan and everyone in the Yankee Stadium that night knew that we were now going to see an honest fight. Of course, we shouldn't have paid any attention to those rumors. They appear like ugly storm clouds before every big fight. In justice to both Louis and Baer we should have considered the fact that scandal had never touched either of them. But it was nice to see Arthur Donovan—son of Mike—in there as the third man.

Arthur Donovan is one of the two best

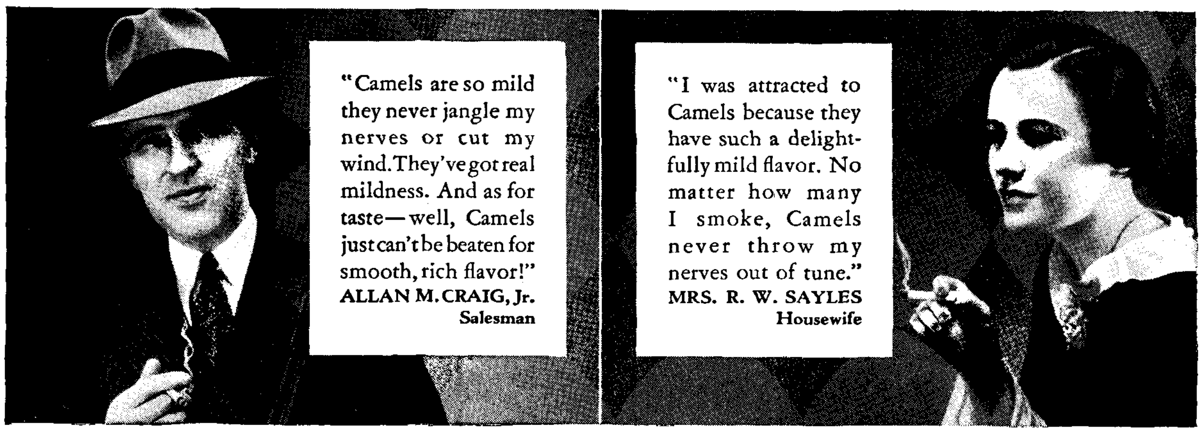
(Continued on page 60)

"Camels NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!"


"I CAPTURED 22 WILD ELEPHANTS," SAYS FRANK BUCK, "IN ORDER TO GET THE ONE I WANTED. FIRST, WE BUILT AN 8-ACRE KRAAL-"
THAT SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM
THE ONE I WANT IS IN THAT HERD
I GO GET BEATERS
"AT A SIGNAL THE ELEPHANTS ARE STAMPEDED TOWARD THE TRAP"
"THE ENRAGED HERD, MADDENED BY THE NOISE, THUNDERS BLINDLY INTO THE KRAAL -"
WHEW! THAT WAS A JOB - HERE'S WHERE I SMOKE A CAMEL
"SMOKE? YOU BET- CAMELS! THEY ARE SO MILD THEY NEVER GET MY WIND OR UPSET MY NERVES—AND WHAT A SWELL TASTE!"
Frank Buck

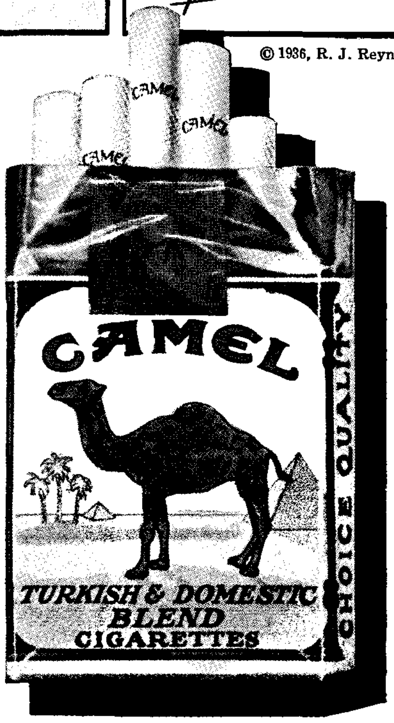
© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!



"Camels are so mild they never jangle my nerves or cut my wind. They've got real mildness. And as for taste—well, Camels just can't be beaten for smooth, rich flavor!"
ALLAN M. CRAIG, Jr.
Salesman

"I was attracted to Camels because they have such a delightfully mild flavor. No matter how many I smoke, Camels never throw my nerves out of tune."
MRS. R. W. SAYLES
Housewife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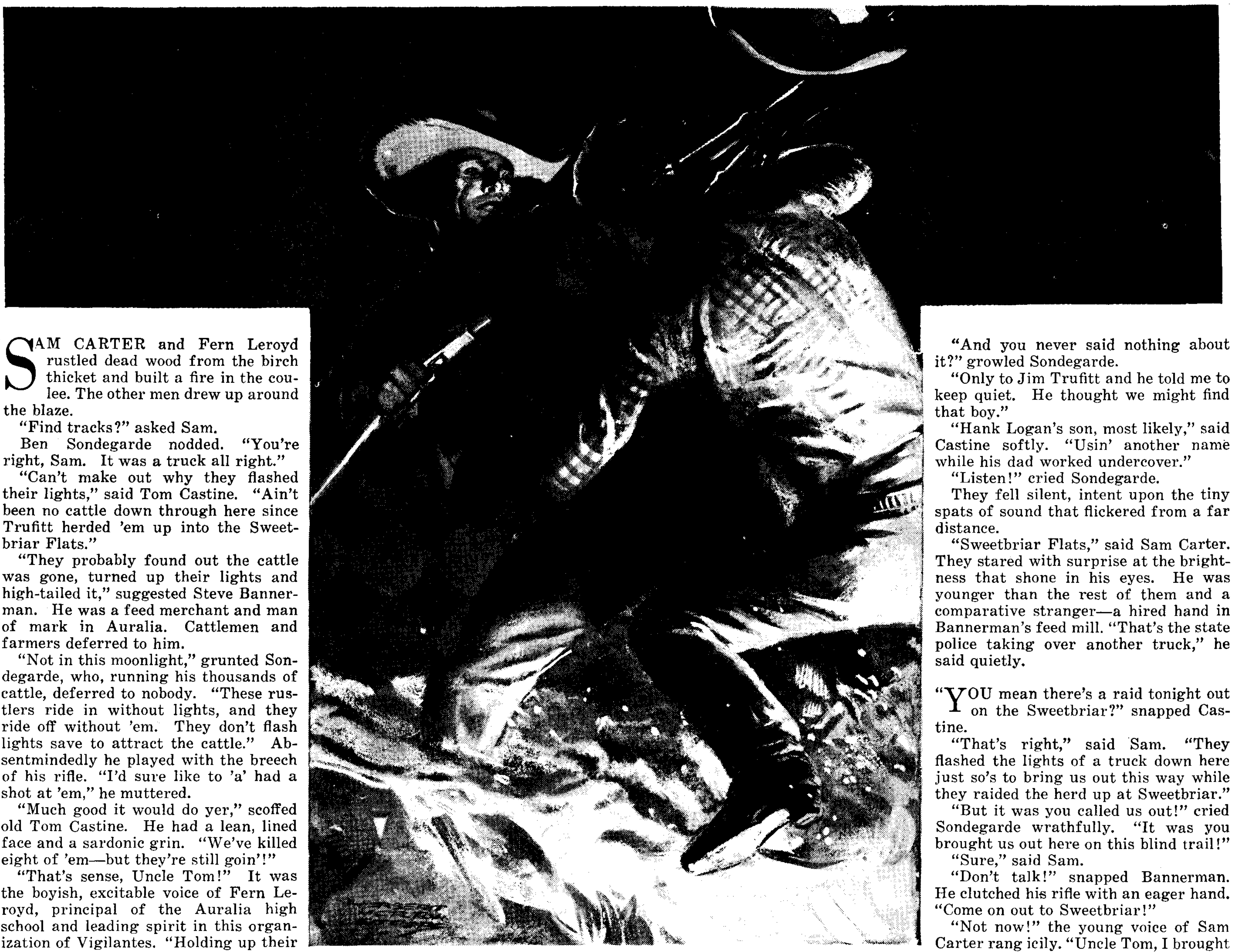
Costlier Tobaccos!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



"Working for Bannerman!" cried Sam, and hurdled the fire

Delayed Action

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Laurie York Erskine

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

SAM CARTER and Fern Leroyd rustled dead wood from the birch thicket and built a fire in the coulee. The other men drew up around the blaze.

"Find tracks?" asked Sam.

Ben Sondegarde nodded. "You're right, Sam. It was a truck all right."

"Can't make out why they flashed their lights," said Tom Castine. "Ain't been no cattle down through here since Trufitt herded 'em up into the Sweetbriar Flats."

"They probably found out the cattle was gone, turned up their lights and high-tailed it," suggested Steve Bannerman. He was a feed merchant and man of mark in Auralia. Cattlemen and farmers deferred to him.

"Not in this moonlight," grunted Sondegarde, who, running his thousands of cattle, deferred to nobody. "These rustlers ride in without lights, and they ride off without 'em. They don't flash lights save to attract the cattle." Absentmindedly he played with the breech of his rifle. "I'd sure like to 'a' had a shot at 'em," he muttered.

"Much good it would do yer," scoffed old Tom Castine. He had a lean, lined face and a sardonic grin. "We've killed eight of 'em—but they're still goin'!"

"That's sense, Uncle Tom!" It was the boyish, excitable voice of Fern Leroyd, principal of the Auralia high school and leading spirit in this organization of Vigilantes. "Holding up their trucks, jailing the raiders and killing them, don't make any more impression than a squaw track. It's the man higher up, we want! There's somebody right close to home that's bringing in these thugs and looting our herds and till we get him we're wasting thunder!"

"That's so, Fern," grinned Castine. "And we know who the party is, too."

"You know?" Ben Sondegarde turned on him sharply.

"Not by name" Uncle Tom grinned. "But the way I figger it, the man who runs this meat-stealin' ring is the man who killed Whisperin' Hank Logan."

"That don't tally!" cried Ben. "Hank Logan was took for a ride six years back!"

"I don't care," said Tom Castine. "The man we want is the man I spoke of. Hank Logan was killed six years back, but the night before he was killed we was tipped off that two trucks was to make a raid on the herd up at Blue Water Coulee, and we went up there with the state officers, and it was so. Four we killed, and three we took to the jug, but they never would talk."

"That's so," growled Bannerman. "I was there."

"So every last man that was concerned in that raid was killed or held," continued Uncle Tom. "An' yet the next afternoon Logan was shot out on the Auralia road. We found his body and later we found his wagon deserted, with all the gasoline used up. Now who else would 'a' done that but the man who bossed the raiders? A man who was right here, close to the range—who knew what was goin' on, and could act quick?"

"But why Logan?" demanded Sondegarde. "Hank Logan was mild as a yearlin' calf. He'd travel around in a little old light truck fixed up like a sheep wagon with livin' quarters, windows and stove. He hunted coyotes and herded sheep. Why'd they kill Logan?"

"Because Logan," grinned Tom Castine, "was one of the smartest stock detectives in the Dakotas. He worked for Jim Trufitt. It was him wrote Jim that the trucks was to make that raid at Blue Water Coulee, and he told him more, too: he said that he'd found out a local man was head of the mob and that he was going to send in his evidence from Fargo."

"Why from Fargo?" insisted Sondegarde.

"Because it wasn't healthy for him to stay round here any longer. He said he was lighting out for Fargo right off."

"But he was killed next day on the Auralia road!" cried Bannerman.

"Sure. He came back. He knew they was after his hide, but for some reason he came back. I'd give a lot to know why."

"HE CAME back," said Fern Leroyd thoughtfully, "to pick up a kid named Filer."

They stared at him.

"A kid?" demanded Bannerman. "You're crazy!"

"Tim Filer," said Leroyd. "He boarded out with the Daleys and came to the high school. He was fifteen years old. Logan stopped at the school that afternoon before he was killed and Tim Filer went off with him in his wagon."

"By crime!" cried Tom Castine. "Then the kid was with him!"

"That's right," said Leroyd. "That boy was inside the wagon when Logan was killed out on the Auralia road."

"And you never said nothing about it?" growled Sondegarde.

"Only to Jim Trufitt and he told me to keep quiet. He thought we might find that boy."

"Hank Logan's son, most likely," said Castine softly. "Usin' another name while his dad worked undercover."

"Listen!" cried Sondegarde.

They fell silent, intent upon the tiny spats of sound that flickered from a far distance.

"Sweetbriar Flats," said Sam Carter. They stared with surprise at the brightness that shone in his eyes. He was younger than the rest of them and a comparative stranger—a hired hand in Bannerman's feed mill. "That's the state police taking over another truck," he said quietly.

"YOU mean there's a raid tonight out on the Sweetbriar?" snapped Castine.

"That's right," said Sam. "They flashed the lights of a truck down here just so's to bring us out this way while they raided the herd up at Sweetbriar."

"But it was you called us out!" cried Sondegarde wrathfully. "It was you brought us out here on this blind trail!"

"Sure," said Sam.

"Don't talk!" snapped Bannerman. He clutched his rifle with an eager hand. "Come on out to Sweetbriar!"

"Not now!" the young voice of Sam Carter rang icily. "Uncle Tom, I brought you all out here so that one man would think the trick worked and would flash news to the raiders that everything was okay. But I'd already fixed it with the police."

"But how did you know?" Old Tom's eyes danced with excitement. "How did you find out?"

"Working for Bannerman!" cried Sam and hurdled the fire in a leap. Bannerman's rifle exploded as he went down under the younger man; then, disarmed, he stood glaring at his attacker.

"When you drove up in your red sedan, Mr. Bannerman, and called Hank Logan out of his wagon six years back, you talked too much," said Sam. "You told Hank things that even he didn't know. Then you laughed at him and shot him, and left him dead beside his wagon there in the road—and even if you'd shot straight, Mr. Bannerman, when you fired at me a minute ago, it wouldn't have helped, because I type all my reports and Jim Trufitt, who hires me, has got it all down in writing."

Bannerman burst into speech with a violence that brought the broad hand of Ben Sondegarde forcefully across his lips. He struggled and Leroyd closed in with Sondegarde to hold him.

"You're a detective?" snapped Uncle Tom. "You been trailing him?"

"For a while," said Sam. "But I didn't have to do much detecting. I just had to wait until I could use what I knew."

Leroyd was staring at him intently.

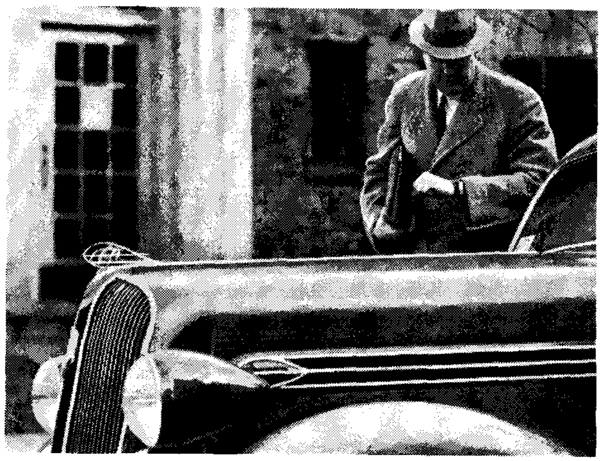
"Tim Filer," he said.

"Sure," said Sam. "I was the kid in the wagon."

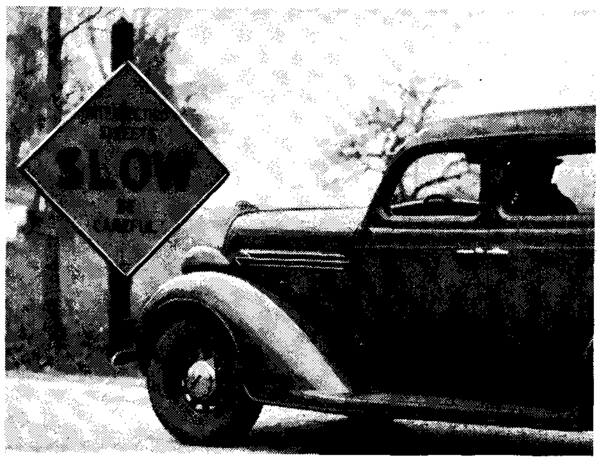
"I Count Costs to the Penny!

I *KNOW* PLYMOUTH COSTS LESS TO RUN."

"I CARRY A LOT OF SAMPLES and displays . . . that fine, big trunk of Plymouth's is a tremendous convenience."

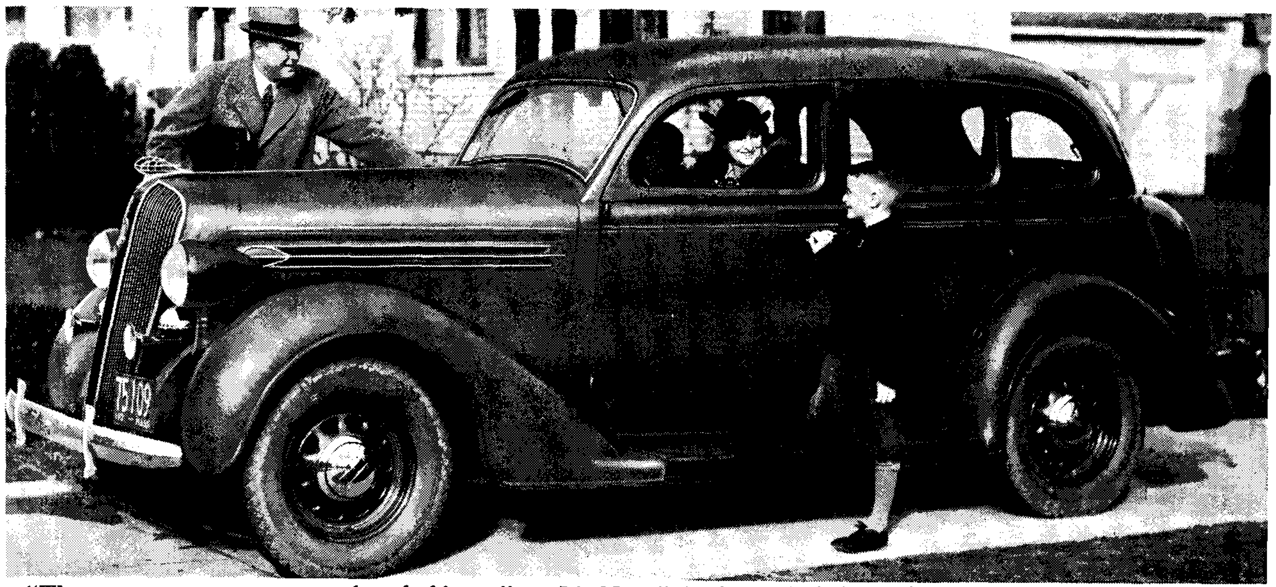


"DEPENDABLE AS A GOOD WATCH . . . and that's what my car must be. And that's exactly what my Plymouth is!"



"I'M THANKFUL FOR Plymouth's genuine hydraulic brakes. They make driving much easier—as well as safe."

"MY NEW PLYMOUTH averages 19.6 miles per gallon of gas and uses less oil than any car I've had."



"WE HAVE FOUR CHILDREN and need a big car," says Mr. Nowell, "and we picked Plymouth because it's so roomy and comfortable! We always feel so much safer in its Safety-Steel Body, too." Here are the Nowells with their beautiful 1936 Plymouth.

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH J. ROGER NOWELL, SALESMAN
207 MIDDLESEX STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"I'VE KEPT RECORDS of every cent spent on my cars. I *know* Plymouth costs less to run."

Roger Nowell, representative for a New England paper company, drives 35,000 miles a year.

"I make fifteen stops a day," says Mr. Nowell, "and my 1936 Plymouth is averaging exactly 19.6 miles to the gallon.

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"It's a reliable car," Mr. Nowell says, "and there's no strain or fatigue driving it."

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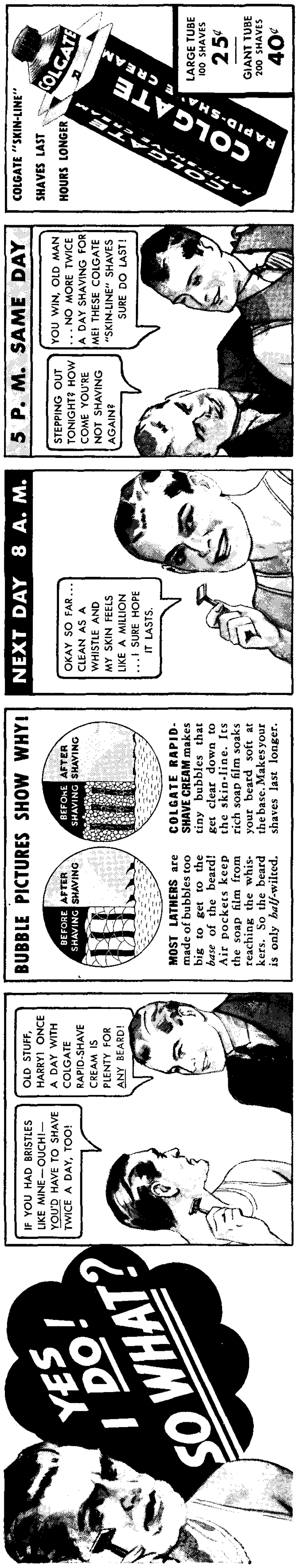
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS


YES! I DO! SO WHAT?
IF YOU HAD BRISTLES LIKE MINE—OUCH!—YOU'D HAVE TO SHAVE TWICE A DAY, TOO!
OLD STUFF, HARRY! ONCE A DAY WITH COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM IS PLENTY FOR ANY BEARD!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.
NEXT DAY 8 A. M.
OKAY SO FAR... CLEAN AS A WHISTLE AND MY SKIN FEELS LIKE A MILLION ... I SURE HOPE IT LASTS.
5 P. M. SAME DAY
STEPPING OUT TONIGHT? HOW COME YOU'RE NOT SHAVING AGAIN?
YOU WIN, OLD MAN ... NO MORE TWICE A DAY SHAVING FOR ME! THESE COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES SURE DO LAST!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 19

Caroline went upstairs. She tried to read but was much too jittery. She began to straighten her desk, her dresser. Suddenly the interview with Dr. Fifield returned with quadrupled force. She was seeing that bitter, vengeful little man, hearing those suggestive questions about Tommy. Dave was wrong. They had made a fatal mistake.

She ran downstairs and shut herself in the phone closet. She could not remember the number of the Tau Omicron house and had to fumble through the book, her fingers trembling. Oh, ring them! The line buzzed and buzzed. Just as she was about to hang up someone with an unsteady voice answered. An old grad, she decided, one who had preferred conviviality to athletics. She asked for Tommy Pierce and had to repeat the name. She heard it roared echoingly at the other end of the line. At last the unknown explained that there was no Tommy Pierce in the house.

She went out to the terrace. That showed how shaken she was. Of course Tommy wasn't there. He was with Helen and, as Betty had said, at the track meet. There was nothing to do but wait till Dave and Maurice came for her. But there was no waiting. Fifield's venomous purpose flooded back again. Helen! Helen, young and ecstatic while she was falling in love, then mystified and frightened by the developments which Caroline understood and Helen didn't, then finally that serene exaltation of two days ago.

Now! Helen could not stand it whenever it happened, but it had better happen now. They wouldn't be at the track meet—what an idea! Surround themselves with thousands of yelling strangers? No, if Helen had got him away from Paula for an afternoon, she would make sure of having him to herself. Somewhere away from the campus, somewhere in a countryside so brilliant with May, but where? How could she find them?

HATLESS and purposeless, she was off down the sidewalk, not knowing what to do, driven to do something. She seemed, pretty soon, to be going to the Daily, and that was as good an idea as any. The offices were thronged with strangers and she found the harassed Emery in a city room tricked out with temporary phones and hazy with the pipe smoke of professionals.

"I can't stand it if you're here to do some newspaper work," he said.

Caroline blinked. The Daily? It was something childish out of a forgotten past. "Isn't Steve here?" she asked.

"No," Emery grunted. "Steve's not here. Steve's collegiate. Steve's off in a crew launch to drink beer on the lake and carry the tenor in those jolly college songs. All the bum newspapermen in the world come down on the Daily and Steve decides that's the right day to be a frat boy."

Caroline sat on a table, feeling helpless, feeling doubtful and defeated. "Have you seen Tommy?" she asked.

Emery all but howled. "Tommy! No. I haven't seen Charlie Ross, either. Or Dean Hannan. Or the Marx Brothers. Or Mussolini."

"Emery," Caroline said on impulse, "you won't be wanting your car this afternoon. Can I take it?"

"Sure." He handed her his keys. "Parked out back." He looked at her and the glance became a searching scrutiny, as if the noisy city room fell away and he was seeing her for the first time. "Caroline, what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter," she said fiercely.

He was shrewd, skeptical—too wise. "No? You look as if you were clanging out to a fourth alarm." He led her to a far corner out of earshot of the wire men, doubtless to their amusement. "What's going on, Carol?" he demanded.

"Nothing. Can I take your car or can't I?"

"You can have any damn' thing of mine you want any time—and you know it," Emery exploded. "Look here, Carol," he said more quietly. "How dumb have I got to pretend to be? Something queer has been going on for a long time. Okay, I sit out, it's not my business. But it is when it scares you. You're scared now. Let's have it out."

"Oh," she cried, "why can't you leave me alone?"

She broke past him. At the door she flung a glance over her shoulder. Emery was looking at her with intent concentration, some kind of decision hardening his face. She ran downstairs. Well, she had succeeded in stirring up Emery, she thought witheringly—her hysterics had succeeded in adding one further vexation to this great day. It was a poor time to be reminded that Emery was in love with her. She started his roadster. What she seemed to be doing was trying to find Helen. Yes, and just why?

THE freshman crew launch was ready to start at two o'clock. The two kegs of beer were wedged in the stern, a box of buns and frankfurters bolstering them. Horse Walters and his seven loyal drinkers were all dressed in dungarees or grimy white ducks, except Jake McGee who wore only the shorts of a bathing suit. The afternoon had grown torrid, and that bothered Jake.

He pointed to the blue haze that all but blotted out the western shore of the lake. "You sots stand a good chance of getting your party dresses wet," he said.

"Boy," Horse said, "by the time it comes on to rain you'll just think that's more Wurzburger."

They were grinning, rapt in a juvenile excitement. Joe Moran was strumming a banjo and moaning some blues. The chords jangled in Steve's ear. Suddenly the whole expedition was insupportable. He couldn't be a college boy any longer.

He climbed over the kegs and leaped ashore. "Now what?" Horse demanded.

"Signing off," Steve said. He strode up the float, followed by Horse's protest, "I've stood enough from you—this means divorce." He roared, "Shove off, he-men. Get going! I'm taking a cut."

When he got inside the boathouse they were all yelling and blowing razzberries, but they were casting off when he came out on the far side and he paused to watch the launch back out and swing in a circle. He felt sheepish, but relieved. Yelling had begun at the stadium, half a mile away. Motionless air hung steamily above Shagbark Creek as he strolled toward Fraternity Row. He took off his coat—trust him not to be dressed indecorously even for a drunk party. He didn't want any of that party. What did he want? He knew. He knew what he wanted.

The Zeta Beta house was empty except for a morose freshman who had been detailed to answer the phone and keep track of alumni. Steve sent him on an errand and picked up the phone. He had called Caroline often enough to have Helen's number by heart. "I want to speak to Miss Helen Herrick," he said frostily when at last someone answered.

"She isn't here. Nobody's here but me and I won't be if my date can ever break himself loose from the old grads. This is Betty Stevens, Tommy."

"I'm not Tommy."

Betty Stevens laughed. "I know it. I just wondered who was innocent enough to think that Helen would be here."

Steve hung up. He had been a fool to suppose that he could get in touch with Helen today. His restlessness darkened. A month of college left—he'd see about Helen Herrick!

Why hadn't he asked if Caroline was there? Well, she wasn't there; no one was there except Betty Stevens. Caroline was out somewhere in this May afternoon with her chemist. Everyone but Steve Abbott! What to do with an afternoon in which he had already behaved like a schoolboy and gave every evidence of growing more idiotic still? Well, he might belatedly recover his sense of obligation and go help Emery with the Daily. He rolled down his sleeves, put on his coat, brushed the lapels carefully, and went out.

CAROLINE had cruised for an hour or more when she stopped the roadster and sat smoking a cigarette and deriding herself into control. It was quite impossible to find Helen—Helen would make sure of getting away from everyone. It was also probable, she repeated vehemently for the thousandth time, that this whole anxiety was absurd. Nothing would happen, today anyhow. Dave had said so. Dave had promised her.

At once another alarm overcame her. Maybe she had missed Dave! She had promised to wait at the Gamma house till he came for her. He and Maurice. Maybe they had been there! What would Dave think of her?

She drove back to town, intending to take Emery's car back and taxi to the house. But when she rushed upstairs to the Daily, Emery wasn't there. Guy Johnson, his understudy, was in charge of the paper.

"Emery gone at a time like this?" she said incredulously. "How long will he be away?"

"He said he might be gone till dinner time." Mr. Guy Johnson was enjoying his emergency authority. "For a couple of hours, anyway, he said. Steve came in and they got to arguing and pretty soon they went out. Don't worry, Caroline, I'll run the sheet."

"Steve's on a beer party on Lake Maitland."

"Must be in the spirit world, then. He left here ten minutes ago, dry as a bone and sober as a judge. Didn't look like ectoplasm to me."

She hurried out and drove home, parking the roadster at the curb. The Gamma house was altogether deserted. There was no way of telling whether Dave had phoned for her or come in person. She wandered through the house, then went out to sit in the breathless shade.

She thought of Dave. Life was getting simple, she thought: it had about come down just to waiting for Dave.

After an indefinite time she saw him driving up—alone. Hair and skirt flying, she ran across the lawn before he was out of the coupé.

"Isn't Maurice with you?" he asked.

"No. Why isn't he with you?" She now saw that he looked grayer, more anxious. "What happened?" she asked.

"I was eating lunch with him at the Faculty Club. I got summoned to the laboratory. One of our boyish visitors had succeeded in demolishing some apparatus and I had to salvage it at once. I made him take an oath he'd be there when I got back. He wasn't. I haven't been able to find him since."

If she had had moments of persuading

(Continued on page 28)

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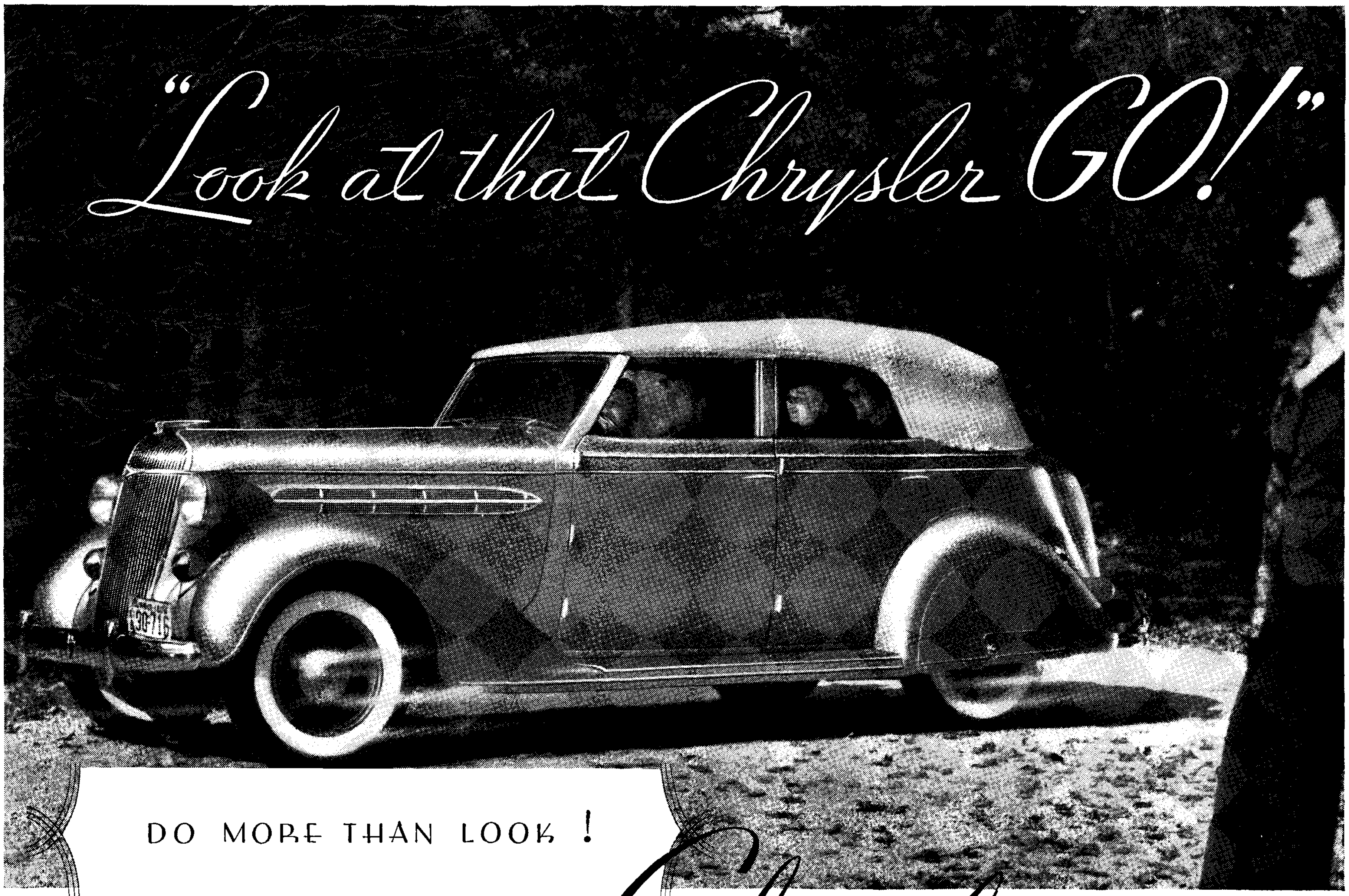

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Owners report amazing savings from the new 1936 Chryslers. Gas consumption less than smaller cars . . . less cost for oil . . . remarkably little need for attention.

There's no mystery about these things . . . they are designed right into the car. New carburetion and scientific manifolding keep down fuel consumption. And with Automatic Overdrive†, you get a 20% fuel saving in addition. The engine turns a third slower at cruising speeds with Overdrive . . . gives you a free mile in every five . . . saves on oil and wear and tear.

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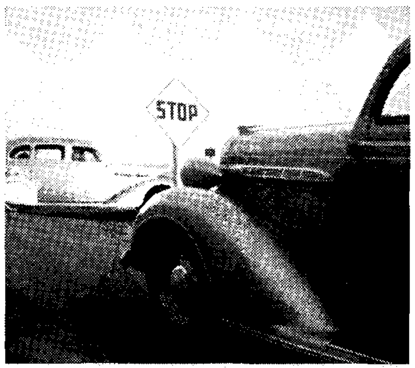

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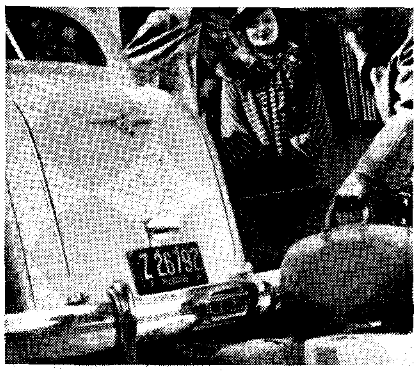

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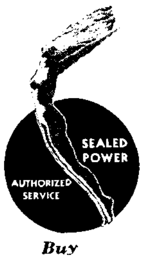

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Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 26

herself that her own alarm was as unreal as it was vague and that Dave wasn't scared, that wasn't possible now. "I wasn't here," she said accusingly. "Oh, Dave, maybe he called me up, maybe he came looking for me and I was gone. I tried to do what you told me not to. I tried to find Tommy and tell him. Or Helen."

Caroline felt lost—unutterably baffled and helpless, guilty of mistakes that could never be repaired. Her face seemed tight. Dave took her arm.

"We're acting like children," he said. "Let's sit down and find out just what it is we're afraid of, and whether it's worth being afraid of."

BY MUTUAL impulse they turned away from the house, crossing the drive to the campus. A path led through shrubbery, angling away from the Women's Quadrangle between the art gallery and the Ashton theater. At a curve the lawn sloped upward from it to a clump of dwarf spruce where the class of 1910 had set up a sundial and a semicircular marble bench. It was a private place, picturesquely enclosed, remote and quiet. They sat on the bench isolated in shade, a confused cheering from the distant stands the only reminder of college.

Dave took her hand. As he might comfort a child, she thought rebelliously; but she was grateful for it. He looked serious but confident, he looked—oh, considerate, intimate, understanding. Still another agitation set up in Caroline. But of course, she thought, we're afraid together; that brings us nearer.

"Let's put it into words," Dave said. "Get it out in the sunshine and it won't be so frightening. Just what is it you're scared of, Caroline?"

He was right—and wrong. It did sound trivial, more than a little ridiculous. But to realize that did not in the least diminish its terrible urgency.

"It's Helen," Caroline said. "What's happened to her in the last few days? What will happen when Tommy finds out that Dr. Fifield is after him? Maybe he knows now—he must, Dave! If Dr. Fifield called me in yesterday morning, he must have confronted Tommy by now. Where are they? What's happening?"

"Well," Dave said, "what could happen? To Helen?"

"You didn't see her the other night! You didn't hear her talk so—strangely. She was—oh, as if everything was settled and nothing could bother her any more. With all we know, Dave! And talking about going away. They could be eloping. Right this minute they could be getting married. Why not? That would be one way out for Tommy—to get away from here, leave everything, take to his heels."

Dave said nothing immediately. His tired face relaxed a little. Then he was smiling and his eyes were gentle. "You have the queerest little backwater eddies of innocence, Carol. With all this wisdom, there are still spots of you that are plain simple. Marry Helen? That's the last thing that could possibly be in the mind of a man who has a bright, shiny new love affair with Paula. And that's our whole point, that he has one, isn't it? That's what all the danger to everyone comes from."

"I can't help it!" she said vehemently. "You're right—everything looks that way. I can't argue about it. And still that's what I'm afraid of."

"It's a poor time for intuition," Dave said slowly. "Our only hope is to be logical. And right the first time." He dropped her hand, clasping his own together, and stared hard at the ground. "There's no question of that pair getting married—it's impossible," he said in a moment. "Get that out of your mind, Carol. We've got more pressing things. Look, there's no hope that you can shield Helen. She's bound to have the whole thing break over her—and pretty damned quick," he finished violently.

"I know!" She felt her eyes smarting.

"Well, tell her everything, if you want, as soon as you see her. That's all right, now. We've got two emergencies. Two! It was bad enough when there was only one."

Caroline's pulses began to throb as she saw his eyes harden and grow small and his face set. There was nothing imaginary about this. Dave was on fire!

"What's to be expected? What have we been afraid of from yesterday on?" he said furiously. "That Fifield would get hold of Maurice and tell him his wife had taken still another lover. The one thing was to reach him first and talk or bully or soothe him into good sense. I didn't. And that was—assuming that he was . . . normal."

"I know what you mean. Oh, Dave!"

"Of course you do! You haven't seen him in this seizure as often as I have—night after night. But you've seen it. Let's tell the truth. When his injuries begin to boil, the man goes blind crazy. He can't control himself—or else he doesn't try—it amounts to the same thing. A big, powerful man who feels himself affronted in the way no man can stand. Suppose Fifield has caught up with him since I saw him! Or suppose some crazy urge has come on him to confront Paula again—and he's found Fifield there. Or he's found Tommy Pierce there! Nobody can tell—and here we are, sitting here, doing nothing."

His voice had sharpened and quickened, every word increasing Caroline's own tumult. Giddiness assailed her, but a sharp realization pierced through it: Dave was blaming himself. She reached for his hand, to deny it, to convince him. But he stood up.

"It's my fault. I should have gone to Brookfield yesterday and told him the whole thing. Kept him away till I was sure of him. Taken the job on my own shoulders. I didn't—I muffed it. If anything happens, the whole responsibility is mine."

"Dave!" she cried, "It isn't! Oh, Dave!"

SHE couldn't see him very well, frantically suppressed tears blurring her vision, and she was tossed by these myriad terrors, and she had to stop that remorse in him, had to make him see that nothing was his fault. Her eyes cleared. She laid her head against his shoulder and sobbed.

He kissed her cheek, then her lips. It was a strange bitter kiss, intended as reassurance, as recognition of the tangle of events that had caught them fast. Then everything was different. He kissed her again and their lips clung and warmed. The world dropped altogether out of sight. . . . It came back again, changed fundamentally and forever, desperate still, but at last understandable.

Not shy, not abashed, they moved apart. He held both her hands and their eyes could not be separated. He said calmly, "Yes. Yes, Caroline dear." They nodded. He said even more calmly, "I'll go look for him at Paula's. He may be there. If he isn't, maybe I'll learn something from her."

Caroline was just as calm. And that was unbelievable, considering the now quite intelligible tumult. She said, "I've got Emery's car. I'll go look in places where he might be. Places we've been these last months."

"Good. He's got to be found. We'll look for him till he is found. Then . . ."

They smiled. Their hands tightened. As naturally as if it had always been that way, she gave him her lips. They went back arm in arm to his car. He drove away. She got into Emery's roadster.

SHE picked a blind route through traffic, skirting the campus, making northward, and not the desperate peril to Maurice, not Helen's imminent ordeal could have much reality. Dave, Dave! Her lips curved to that moment and the sudden revelation came surging back. Everything could be a reminder, even the road she was driving. It was the highway to Brookfield and she had traveled it with Emery the night of the Gamma Formal. And back again with Dave, Fifield unconscious and bloody in the rumble with him. This very road, this very car. Everything had begun that night. Dancing with Dave, that prophetic ten minutes when the evening came alive and the world was harmonious. "Black velvet is very canny for you, Caroline," he had said, and "you're beautiful." How could she have failed to feel a premonition then? And later, after that tense drive home, sitting with him in his car while the sky behind the Gamma house turned gray and the night's alarm faded out in weariness and the comfort of Dave. Dave darling.

She turned down the rutted, grass-grown road to the mountain and stopped where it ended at the shore of Lake Maitland. Surely, she thought, surely she was entitled to a pause above the blue lake to think and remember and realize. So it had happened, and none of the gay, ignorant imaginings she had had of it remotely resembled the fulfillment. Often enough during these weeks of deepening intimacy, of friendship under stress and concern for friends—often enough she had known she was falling in love. Often enough she had rebelliously wondered why he gave no expression to the emotions she knew he felt. She had tried in impulsive, exasperated ways to provoke him, to flirt with him, to get herself as at last she had, into his arms. How pale, how weak and uninformed and silly that expectation had been!—mere girlishness, mere young desire to be kissed. But now! She had gone to that marble bench amidst the blue spruce a college girl with her beau, infatuated and humorously ignorant of him and of the depths of herself. Now she was a woman head over heels in love, alive with knowledge of a man's passionate reciprocation, every moment of her life changed.

The afternoon was all but gone when at last the golden mist withdrew to the fringe of her mind and it was possible to remember that she was here on a serious errand. She got out of the car, growing intent and precise. The object was to see if she could intercept Maurice in any of his usual haunts. She had walked with him innumerable times down these winding, brush-hung paths—with him alone or with him and Dave. Here was a steep curve where she had stood with Dave one night and held to him while a fierce wind blew at them. In this cove the three of them had picnicked. But Maurice was nowhere on the mountain now. If that frenzy which Dave so feared had possessed him, he had not come here to struggle with it.

Her watch said six o'clock. In the west columns of black clouds had come together and were climbing toward the

(Continued on page 30)

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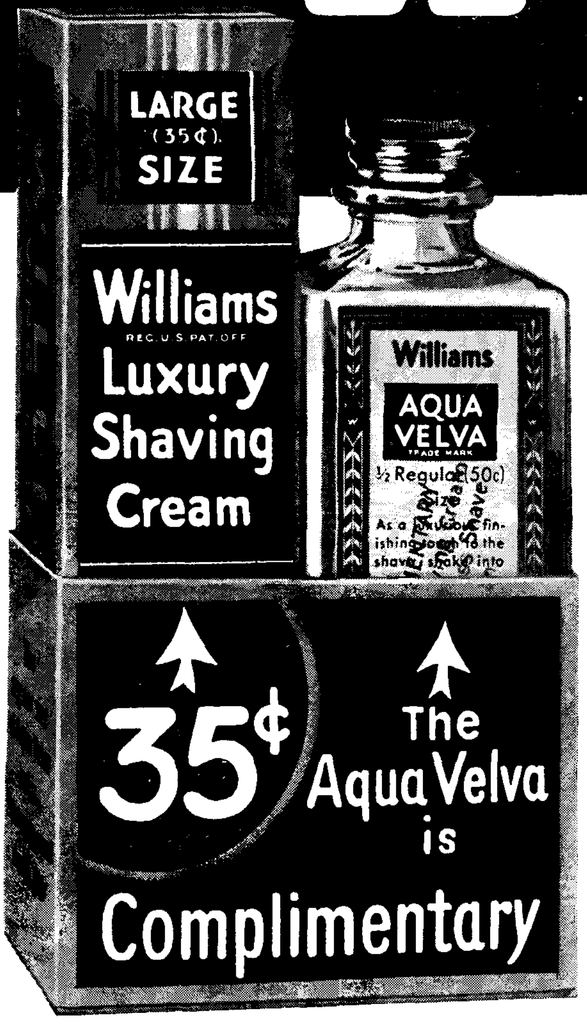
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Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 28

zenith. Yellow flashes ran along the horizon. The breathless heat, then, would end in a prairie storm. Caroline hurried back to the roadster. Since she was out this far she might as well go on to the roadhouse, ten miles farther on, where during a number of evenings the three of them had sat talking desultorily and drinking beer. What a reprieve, what a dazzling end to anxiety and what a release she could telephone to Dave if she entered it and found Maurice tranquilly smoking his pipe above a seidel of beer.

SHE had forgotten the track meet but was disagreeably reminded of it when, reaching the highway, she had to inch into a stream of cars alternately whizzing and crawling away from town. It seemed an endless time before she could pull up to the roadhouse. Maurice wasn't in the taproom. He wasn't in the dining-room. He wasn't here at all. Well, go back to town. Find Dave. Find Dave—again and always.

It was when she swung the car back toward Webster that panic descended on her, the terror that was to spread and deepen through this worst night of her life. Caroline drove against that endless line of headlights with a foreboding she could not stifle. A fear that had neither focus nor shape except that Helen and Maurice were two friends with whom destiny might even now have caught up.

Almost at once the storm broke with furious gusts of wind, crashes of thunder and solid sheets of rain. Movement was impossible. She pulled the car off the road under a wayside elm and had to sit there grappling with her alarm, smoking damp cigarettes while the enormous lightning flashed and rain splashed round the edges of the windshield wings. The center had rumbled past in twenty minutes and in ten minutes more the rain had thinned so that she could go on. It diminished to a drizzle and a cold wind came through it, but the evening now first acquired the nightmare quality that it was to keep till dawn. For, coming round a curve, she put on the brakes, the wheels locked, the car slid to the edge of the road and backed slowly down a six-foot slope to the ditch. The wheel struck her cruelly in the stomach but she got out at once. A tire blown. Someone was saying, "Have to get a wrecker," and she was sobbing, "Well, get one. Hurry!" Hurry! Get back, get home and find out!

THE stranger said, "You ain't hurt, I guess. I'll tell the first garage to come and pull you out." So once more time held still and ached till a couple of mechanics backed a wrecking car to the edge of the road and began to let out a chain. Then she seemed to be riding between them on the seat of the truck. They pulled up at a garage and the rain was over and it was nearly eight o'clock and she wasn't dizzy any more.

From the garage she phoned the house and asked if Dave had called her. "How should I know, dear?" Georgine Roberts said sweetly. "But he will. What shall I tell him?"

"Was Helen there for dinner?" Caroline asked.

"No. Hardly anybody was. What's the matter with you?"

Caroline hung up angrily and went out to buy a hot dog and fresh cigarettes. She strode up and down the road through pools of rain water till the tire was fixed. Eight thirty-five. She paid the bill and drove headlong to Webster. She pulled up at the curb before Dave's apartment. No light showed at the familiar windows. She stood in the lobby pressing the bell. She noticed now that her shoulders were wet, her skirt muddy, her shoes and stockings sodden. She hurried to the Gamma house and ran upstairs. Helen was not in, there was no evidence that she had been in since Caroline was last there—how many centuries ago? There was a note on her own desk: "Emery Smith called you at five-thirty." Frances Holly's writing. And below it, in Betty Stevens': "Give the boy a break. He called again at six forty-five."

Emery wanted his car—she didn't blame him. She put on dry shoes and stockings, brushed her skirt hurriedly, and rushed downstairs again without seeing anyone. She drove back to Dave's and again found the apartment dark and got no answer to the bell. Had he found Maurice? What had happened? Where was Dave? Suddenly she thought that she might still need the roadster, that Dave's search might not have ended even yet. When he at last got in touch with her he might want to send her somewhere or want her to meet him out of town.

She dashed to the drugstore on the corner and phoned Tau Omicron house. Emery wasn't there—he hadn't been there any time this evening. Caroline drove away, determining to keep the roadster. And now this was the worst of all. She couldn't think, couldn't see anything clearly, couldn't stop the dizzy circling of her mind. She left the car at the curb and went upstairs through the silent house. Her room was absolutely intolerable — garish, empty, alarming. But it had to be tolerated. She had to stay here till Dave phoned or came.

She tried to bring back the enchanted moment at the sundial but too much terror came between. Already it seemed distant, unreal, perhaps untrue. Nothing was true but Dave's anxiety and her own fear.

He shouldn't have left me alone! She told herself that he would have come for her if he had been able to, but that logic was harder still to bear. At last she admitted that he wasn't going to come or phone tonight. Eleven o'clock. She took off her shoes, stepped out of her dress and into a robe, went to the closet for her pajamas—and, gasping, stepped back from the open door. Had it been that way all day? For clothes were scarce in that closet. A lot of Helen's frocks were gone. The row of Helen's shoes had thinned and her two traveling bags were gone.

Right! She had been right—from the beginning, all along, in spite of Dave. She could have prevented this, but she had listened to Dave, she hadn't prevented it. This minute, Helen was Mrs. Pierce.

In the scantiest of clothing Caroline went downstairs once more, locked herself in the phone closet and called Dave's number. She sat there while the bell at the other end buzzed unheeded. No, of course not, he wasn't in, no one was in tonight. The monotonous buzzing went on and on. She put the phone back and fell forward on the table, sobbing.

Someone came across the porch and in the front door. Priscilla Farley. Caroline shrank into the corner. Priscilla was laughing, a hateful discordance as if people could be gay. It was Betty Stevens she was talking to and they had said good night to their dates and would now have a pretty, girlish time giggling about them. They didn't. They made some wisecracks and then their voices diminished up the stairs. College life at the Gamma house!

THE phone jingled. Caroline snatched it up at once. Dave, Dave at last, oh, Dave!. "Yes?" she breathed.

Out of a confused rumbling, "Barnaby calling Miss Caroline Fanning."

"This is Caroline Fanning." He was at Barnaby!

Then in a rush it wasn't Dave's voice at all. It was Helen's. Helen's, husky with tears, vibrant with excitement, shaking with something that could only be grief. "Caroline? Caroline, is that you? Caroline, come and get me. I'm in Barnaby. At the railroad station. I want you to take me home. The last train is gone and there aren't any more buses. I can't find a taxicab. I'm afraid to. You've got to come and get me."

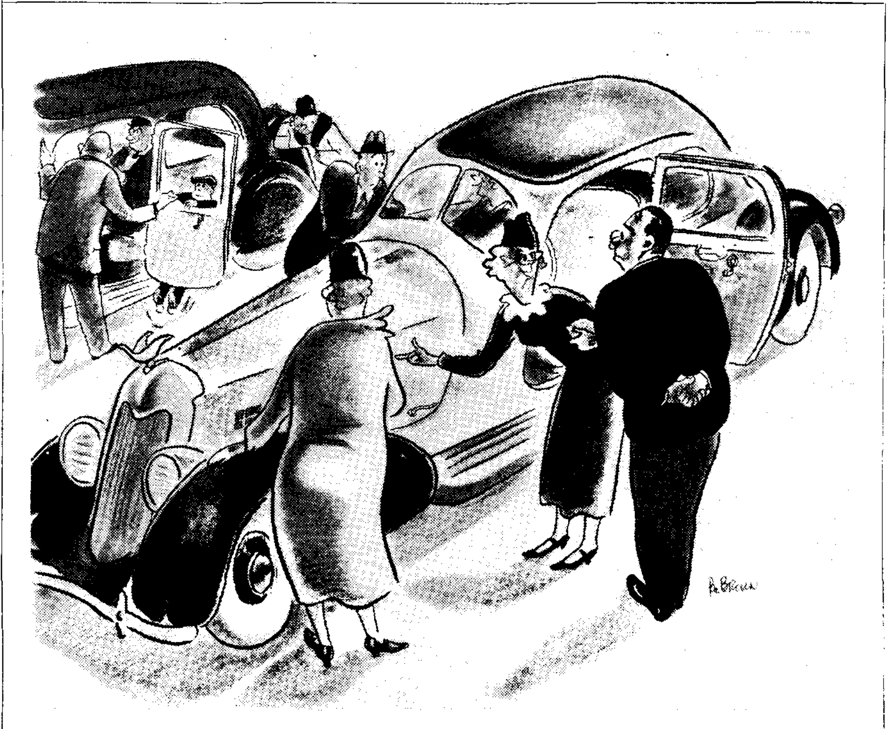
"Are you married?" Caroline cried.

"No."

"What?"

"I was going to be. At four o'clock. Tommy didn't come. He hasn't come at all." Helen's sobs carried over fifty miles of wire. "Come and get me, Caroline. I'm going crazy."

(To be continued next week)



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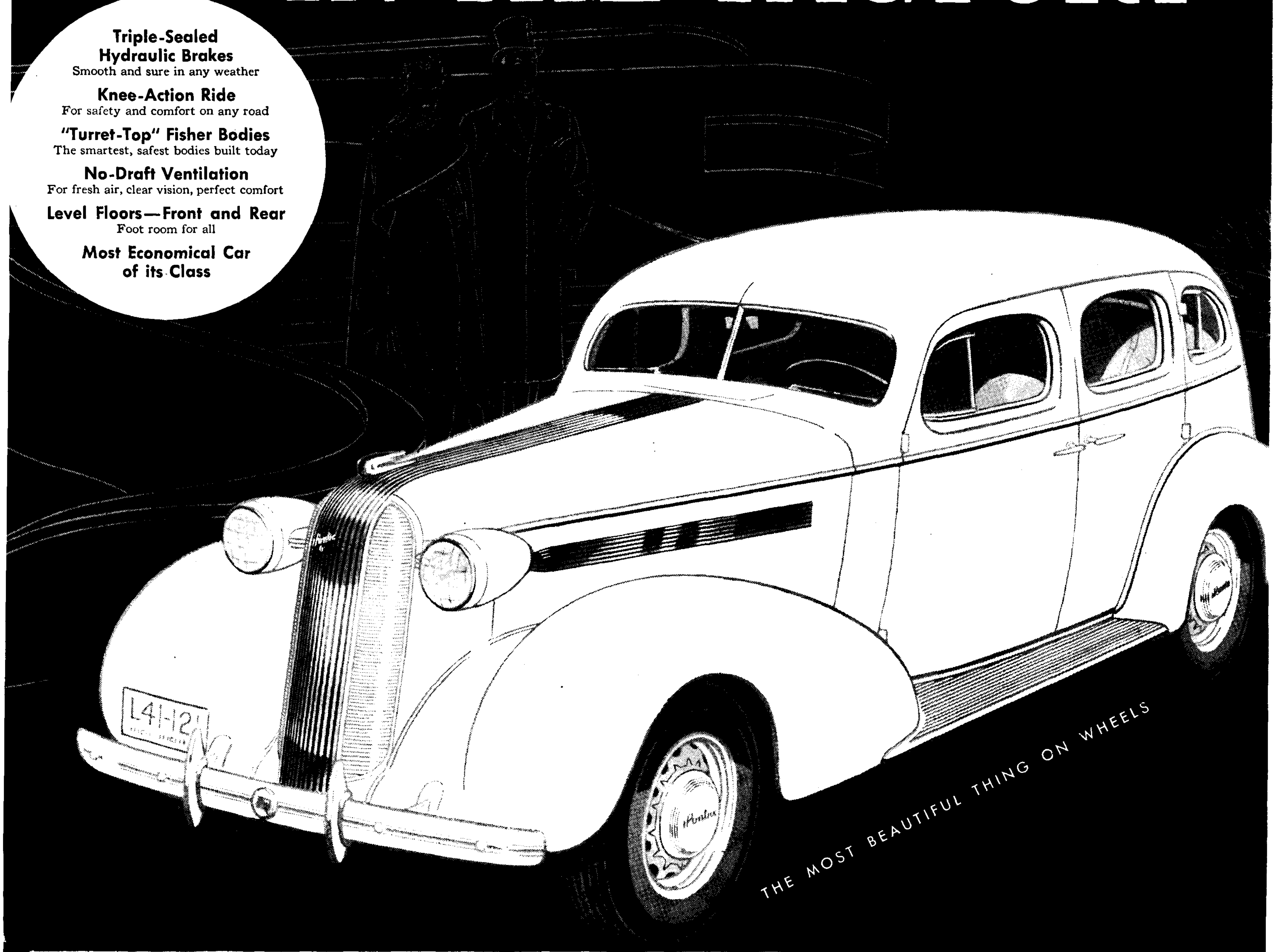
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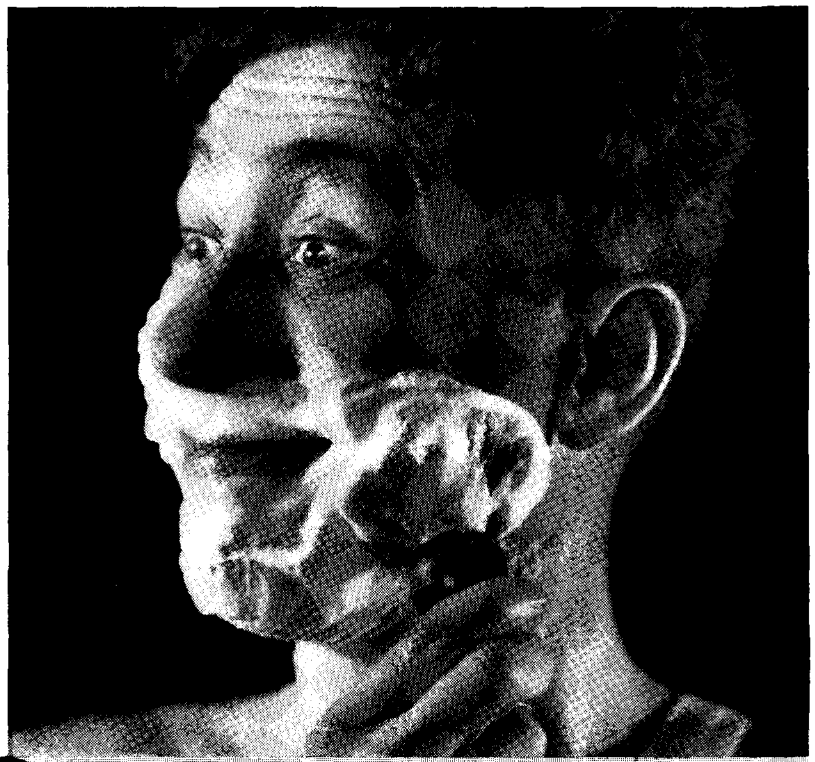

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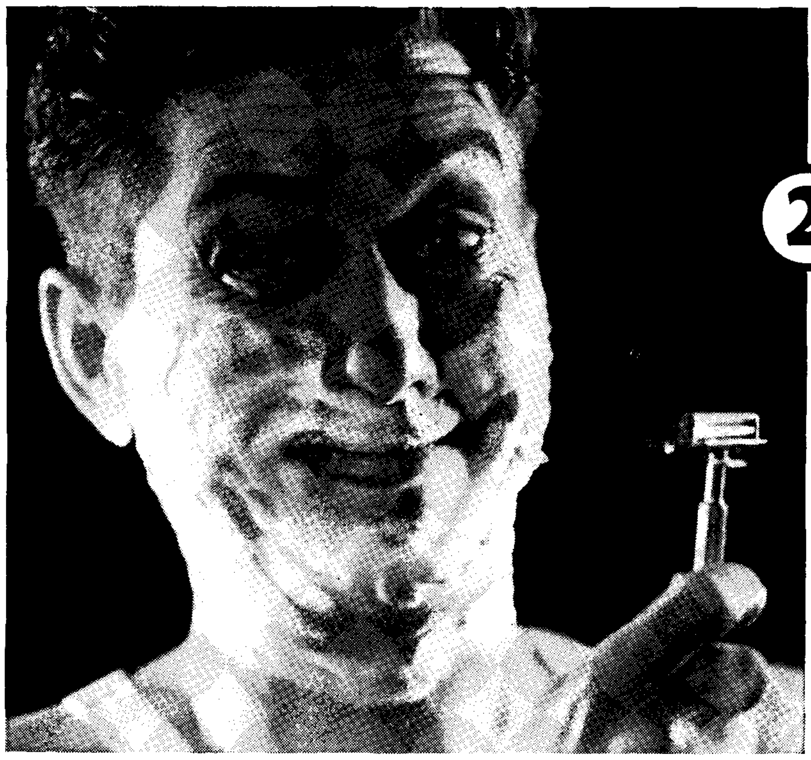

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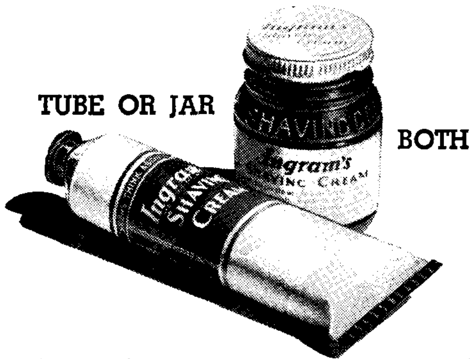


BOTH *Cool*

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

The Invisible President

Continued from page 9

"There may be times, Father, when you have a duty even higher than this," said Smith crisply.

"You cannot induce me, my friend, to close my eyes to a plain obligation. I do not doubt your sincerity. I have never met a man more honest or more capable. I cannot doubt my own danger. But in this matter I have made my choice."

For a moment longer Federal Agent 56 stared at the priest, his lean face very grim. Then, suddenly stooping, he picked up his leather topcoat and his hat from the floor and shot out his hand.

"Good night, Father Abbot," he said. "Don't ring. I should like to *walk* down, although that will take some time. Since you refuse my advice, I leave you in good hands."

"In the hands of God, Mr. Smith, as we all are."

OUTSIDE on the street, beyond the great bronze door with its figure of the thorn-tortured head, King Blizzard held high revel. Snow was spat into the suffering face when the door was opened, as though powers of evil ruled that night, pouring contumely, contempt, upon the gentle teacher. Captain Mark Hepburn, U. S. M. C., was standing there. He had one glimpse of the olive face of James Richet, who ushered the visitor out, heard his silky "Good night, Mr. Smith"; then the bronze door was closed, and the wind shrieked in mocking laughter around the Tower of the Holy Thorn.

Dimly through the spate of snow watchful men might be seen.

"Listen, Hepburn," ordered Smith, "get this address: Weaver's Farm, Winton, Connecticut. Phone that Dr. Orwin Prescott is not to step outside for one moment until I arrive. Arrange that we get there—fast. Have the place protected. Flying hopeless tonight. Special train to Cleveland. Side anything in our way. Have a plane standing by. Advise pilot to look up emergency landings within easy radius of Weaver's Farm. If blizzard continues, arrange for special to run through to Buffalo. Advise Buffalo."

"Leave it to me."

"Cover the man James Richet. I want hourly reports sent to headquarters. This priest's life is valuable. See that he's protected day and night. Have this place covered from now on. Grab anybody—*anybody*—that comes out tonight."

"And where are you going, Chief?"

"I am going to glance over Dom Patrick's home quarters. Meet me at the station. . . ."

MARK HEPBURN drove back through a rising blizzard. The powers of his newly accredited chief, known to him simply as "Federal Agent 56," were peculiarly impressive.

Arrangements—"by order of Federal Agent 56"—had been made without a hitch. These had included sidetracking the Twentieth Century Limited and the dispatch of an Army plane from Dayton to meet the special train.

Dimly he realized that issues greater than the fate of the presidency were involved. This strange, imperious man, with his irritable, snappy manner, did not come under the jurisdiction of the U. S. Department of Justice; he was not even an American citizen. Yet he was highly empowered by the government. In some way the thing was international. Also, Hepburn liked and respected Federal Agent 56.

And the affection of Mark Hepburn was a thing hard to win. Three generations of Quaker ancestors form a stiff background; and not even a poetic strain which Mark had inherited from a half-Celtic mother could enable him to forget it. His only rebellion—a slender volume of verse in university days, "Green Lilies"—he had lived to repent. Medicine had called him (he was by nature a healer); then Army work, with its promise of fresh fields; and now, the Secret Service, where in this crisis he knew he could be of use.

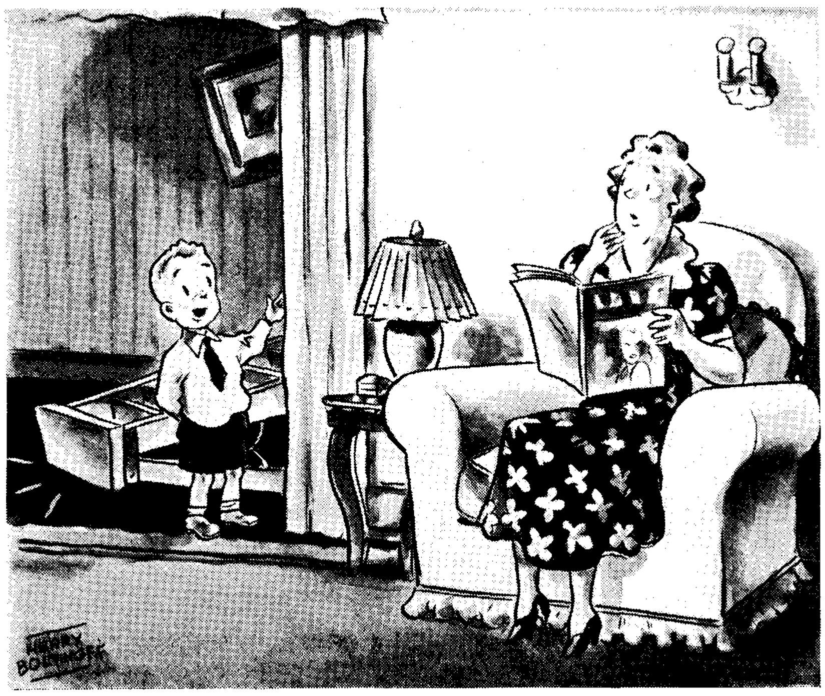
For in the bitter campaign to secure control of the country there had been more than one case of poisoning; and toxicology was Mark Hepburn's special province. Furthermore, his military experience made him valuable.

Around the Tower of the Holy Thorn the blizzard wrapped itself like a shroud. Only the windows at the very top showed any light. The tortured bronze door remained closed.

Stayton stepped forward out of a white mist as Hepburn sprang from his car.

"Anything to report, Stayton? I have only ten minutes."

"Not a soul has come out, Captain, and there doesn't seem to be anybody in the neighborhood."



"That was only the stepladder falling. Pa's all right; he's hangin' on to the chandelier!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Good enough. You will be relieved at daylight. Make your own arrangements."

Hepburn moved off into the storm.

Something in the wild howling of the wind, some message reaching him perhaps from those lighted windows at the top of the tower, seemed to be prompting his subconscious mind. He had done his job beyond reproach. Nevertheless, all was not well.

One foot on the running board of the car, he paused, staring up to where that high light glimmered through snow. He turned back and walked in the direction of the tower. Almost immediately he was challenged by a watchful agent, was recognized, and passed on. He found himself beside a wall of the building remote from the bronze door. Here there was no exit and he went unchallenged. He stood still staring about him, his fur coat collar turned up about his ears, the wind frolicking with his untidy wet black hair.

A SLIGHT sound came, only just audible above the shrieking of the blizzard, the opening of a window. . . . He crouched close against the wall.

"All clear. Good luck. . . ."

James Richet!

Then someone dropped, falling lightly in the snow almost beside him. The window closed. Hepburn reached out a long, sinewy arm, grabbed and held his captive . . . and found himself looking down into the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen!

HIS prisoner was a girl, little above medium height, but slender so that she appeared much taller. She was muffled up in a mink coat as a protection against that fierce wind; a Basque beret was crushed down upon curls which reminded him of polished mahogany. A leather satchel hung from one wrist and she was so terrified that Hepburn could feel her heart beating as he held her in his bearlike grip.

He realized that he was staring dumbly into those uplifted deep blue eyes, that he was wondering if he had ever seen such long, curling lashes—when—*duty, duty*—that slogan of Quaker ancestors, called to him sharply. He slightly relaxed his hold, but offered no chance of escape.

"I see," he said, and his dry, rather toneless voice revealed no emotion whatever. "This is interesting. Who are you and where are you going?"

His tones were coldly remorseless. His arm was like a band of steel. Rebellion died and fear grew in the captive. Now, she was trembling. But he was forced to admire her courage, for when she replied she looked at him unflinchingly.

"My name is Adair—Mrs. Adair—and I belong to the staff of the Abbot Donegal. I have been working late and, although I know that there's some absurd order for no one to leave, I simply must go. It's ridiculous and I won't submit to it. I insist upon being allowed to go home."

"Where is your home?"

"That can be no possible business of yours!" flared the prisoner, her eyes now flashing furiously. "If you like, call the abbot. He will vouch for what I say."

Mark Hepburn's square chin protruded from the upturned collar of his coat; his deep-set eyes never faltered in their regard.

"That can come later if necessary," he said, "but first—"

"But first, I shall freeze to death," said the girl indignantly.

"But first, what have you got in that satchel?"

"Private papers of Abbot Donegal's. I am working on them at home."

"In that case, give them to me."

"I won't! You have no right whatever to interfere with me. I have asked you to get in touch with the abbot."

Without relaxing his grip on his prisoner, Hepburn suddenly snatched the satchel, pulling the loop down over her little gloved hand, and thrusting the satchel under his arm.

"I don't want to be harsh," he said, "but my job at the moment is more important than yours. This will be returned to you in an hour or less. Lieutenant Johnson will drive you home."

He began to lead her toward the spot where he knew the Secret Service cars were parked. He had determined to raise minor hell with the said Lieutenant Johnson for omitting to post a man at this point, for as chief-of-staff to Federal Agent 56 he was personally responsible. He was by no means sure of himself. The girl embraced by his arm was the first really disturbing element which had ever crashed into his Puritan life; she was too lovely to be real and the teaching of long-ago ancestors prompted that she was an instrument of the devil.

Reluctantly she submitted; for ten, twelve, fifteen paces. Then suddenly she resisted, dragging at his arm.

"Please, please—listen to me!"

He pulled up. They were alone in that blinding blizzard, although ten or twelve men were posted at points around the Tower of the Holy Thorn. A freak of the storm cast an awning of snow from the lighted windows down to the spot upon which they stood, and in that dim, reflected light Mark Hepburn saw the bewitching face uplifted to him.

SHE was smiling, this Mrs. Adair who belonged to Abbot Donegal's staff, a tremulous, pathetic smile, a smile which in happier hours had been one of exquisite but surely innocent coquetry. Now it told of bravely hidden tears.

Despite all his stoicism, Mark Hepburn's heart pulsed more rapidly. Some men, he thought, many, maybe, had worshiped those lips, dreamed of that beckoning smile . . . perhaps lost everything for it.

This woman was a revelation; to Mark Hepburn, a discovery. He was suspicious of the Irish. For this reason he had never wholly believed in the sincerity of Patrick Donegal. And Mrs. Adair was enveloped in that mystical halo which haunts yet protects the Celts. He did not believe in this mysticism, but he was not immune from its insidious charm. He hated hurting her; he found himself thinking of her as a beautiful, helpless moth torn by the wind from some green dell where fairies still hid in the bushes and the four-leaved shamrock grew.

He felt suddenly glad about, and not ashamed of "Green Lilies." Mrs. Adair, for one magical moment, had enabled him to recapture that long-lost mood. It was very odd, out there in the blizzard, with his racial distrust of pretty women. . . .

"I don't ask you, I *entreat* you to give me my papers and let me go my own way. I promise, faithfully, if you will tell me where to find you, that I will see you tomorrow and explain anything you want to know."

Hepburn did not look at her. His Quaker ancestors rallied around him. He squared his grim jaw.

"Lieutenant Johnson will drive you home," he said coldly, "and will bring you your satchel immediately. I am satisfied that its contents are what you say they are."

IN THE amber-lighted room where the man with that wonderful mathematical brow sat at work upon the bust of a sinister Chinese, one of the seven telephones buzzed. He laid down the model-

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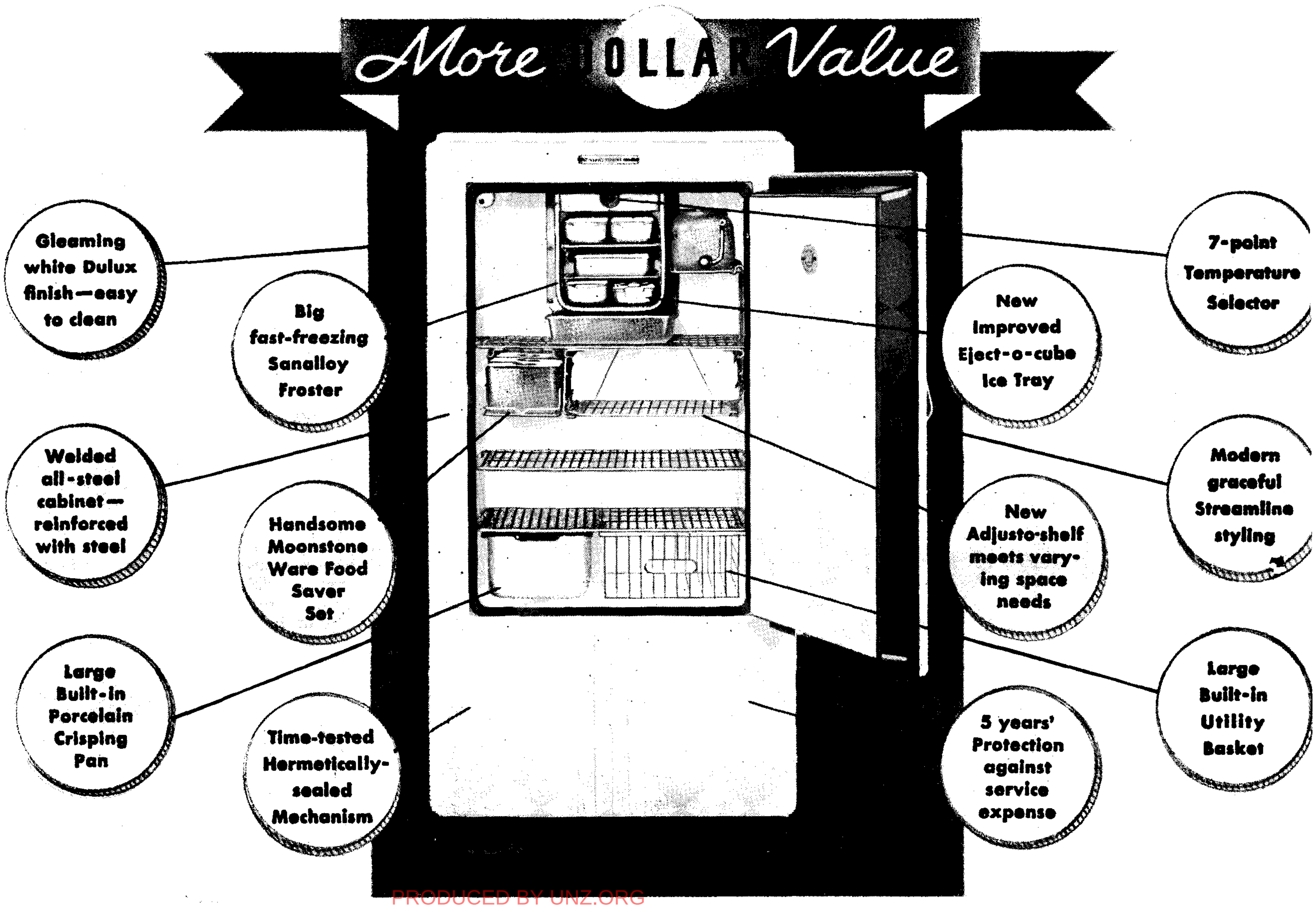
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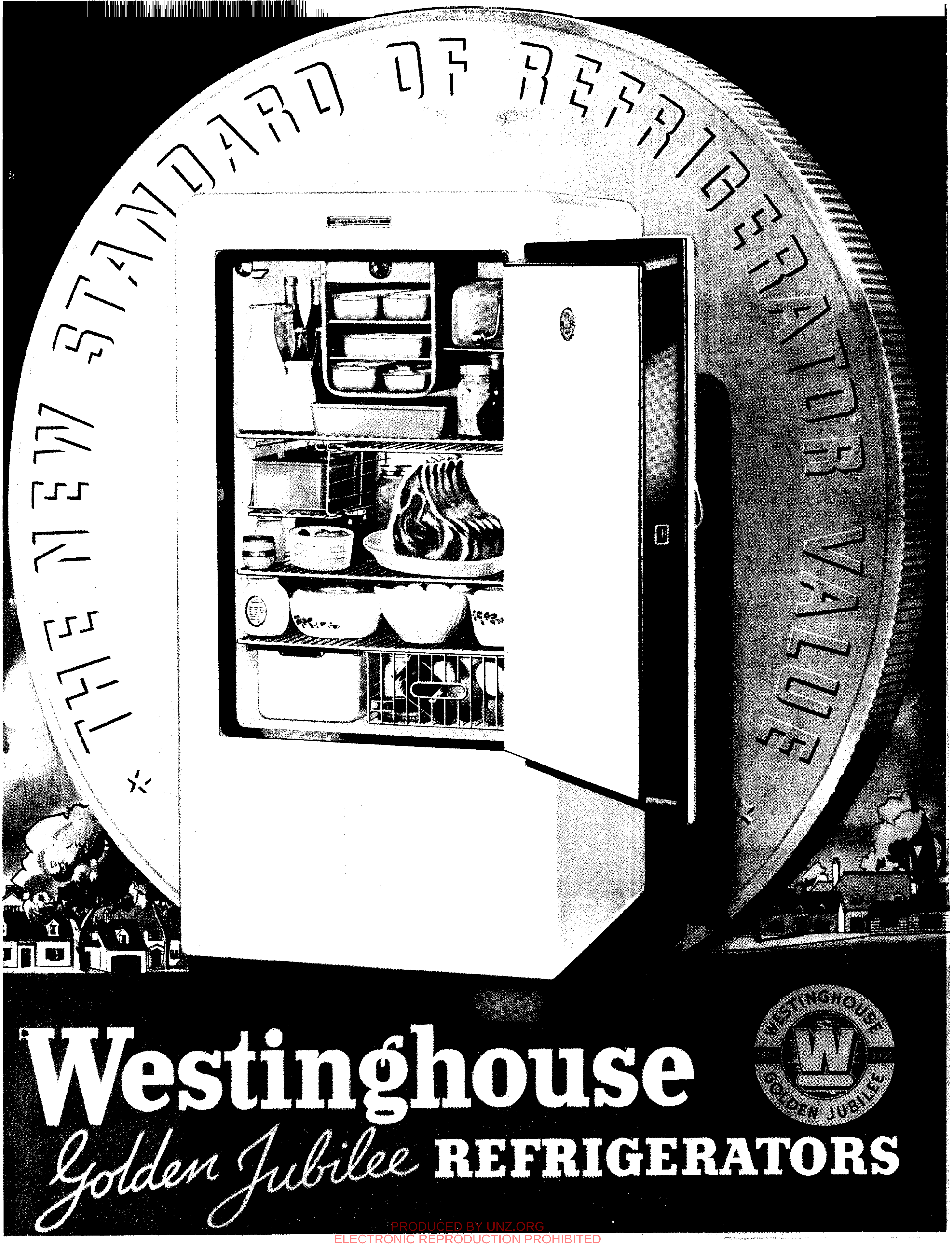
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ing tool with which he had been working and took up the instrument. He listened.

"This is Number 12," said a woman's voice, "speaking from Base 8. In accordance with orders I managed to escape from the Tower of the Holy Thorn. Unfortunately I was captured by a federal agent—name unknown—at the moment that I reached the ground. I was taken under escort of a Lieutenant Johnson toward an address which I invented at random. A Z-car was covering me. Heavy snow gave me a chance. I managed to spring out and to get to the Z-car. I regret that the federal agent secured the satchel containing the manuscript. There's nothing more to report. Standing by here awaiting orders."

THE sculptor replaced the receiver and resumed his task. Twice again he was interrupted, listening to a report from California and to another from New York. He made no notes. He never replied. He merely went on with his seemingly endless task; for he was eternally smearing out the work which he had done, now an ear, now a curve of the brow, and patiently remodelling.

A bell rang, the light went out, and in the darkness that unforgettable, guttural voice spoke:

"Give me the latest report of Harvey Bragg's reception at the Hollywood Bowl."

"Last report received," the Teutonic voice replied, and a cigarette glowed in the darkness, "one hour and seventeen minutes ago. Pacific Coast time: twelve minutes after ten. Audience of twenty thousand people, as earlier reported. Harvey Bragg's slogan, 'America for every man—every man for America,' was received without enthusiasm. His assurance, hitherto substantiated, that any reputable citizen who is destitute has only to apply to his office to secure immediate employment, went well. Report of end of speech not yet to hand. No other news from Hollywood Bowl. Report sent in by Number 49."

A moment of silence followed, silence so complete that the crackling of burning tobacco in an Egyptian cigarette might have been heard.

"The report of Number 12," said the guttural voice, "is overdue."

"I received a report from Number 12" —he glanced at an electric clock upon the table—"at 2:05 A. M."

Whereupon, word for word, this man of phenomenal memory repeated the message received from "Base 8" exactly as it had been delivered.

A dim bell rang and the room became lighted again. The sculptor picked up a modeling tool.

THE special train bored its way through mists of snow.

"They won't attempt to wreck us, Hepburn!" Federal Officer 56 smiled grimly and tapped the satchel which had belonged to Mrs. Adair. "*This* is our safeguard. But there may be an attempt of some other kind."

In the solitary car Smith sat facing Hepburn. Seven of the party which had taken command of the Tower of the Holy Thorn were distributed in chairs about them. Some smoked and were silent; others talked; others neither smoked nor talked, but glanced furtively in the direction of Captain Hepburn and his mysterious superior.

"You have done a first-class job, Hepburn," said Smith. "I tricked the man Richet (who is some kind of half-caste) into an admission that this"—he tapped the satchel—"was material supplied by Dr. Prescott."

"I ordered Richet's arrest before I left."

"Good man."

The train roared through the night and Smith leaned forward, resting his hand upon Hepburn's shoulder.

"The enemy knows that Dr. Prescott has found out the truth! How Dr. Prescott found out *we* have got to learn. Clearly he is a brilliant man. I'm afraid, Hepburn—I am afraid—"

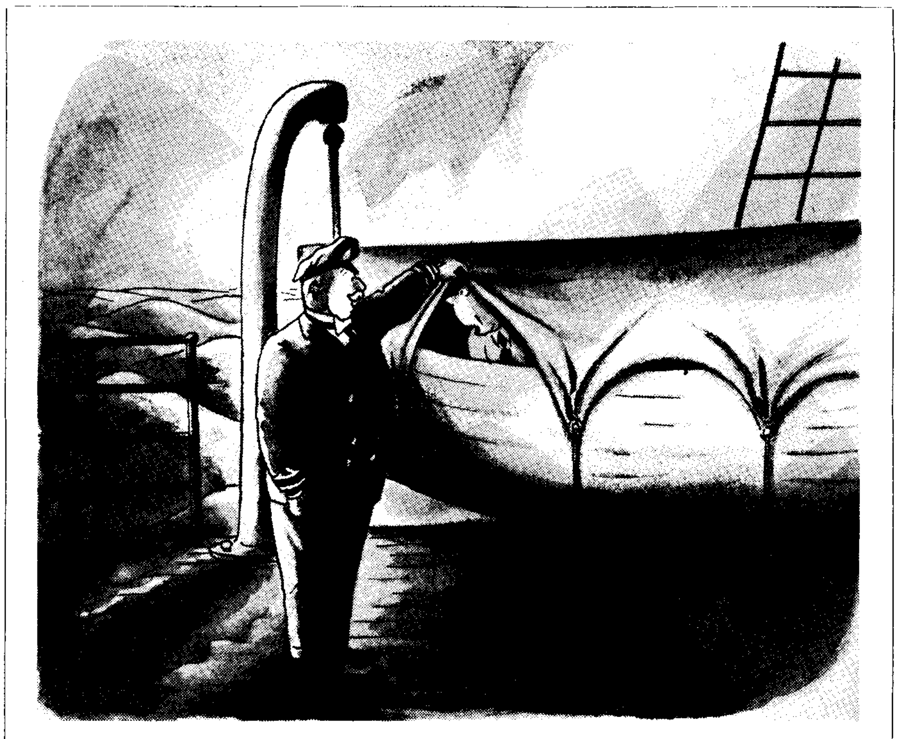
He gripped Hepburn's shoulder and his grip was like that of a vise.

"You have read this thing . . . and the part which is in Donegal's handwriting tells the story. How he was prevented from broadcasting that story I begin to suspect. Note this particularly, Hepburn: I observed that Dom Patrick, when looking over the typescript brought in by James Richet, moistened the tip of his thumb in turning over the pages. A habit. The point seems significant?"

"Not to me," Hepburn confessed, staring rather haggardly at the speaker.

"Ah! Think it over," said Smith; then: "I know why you are downcast. You lost the woman—but you got what we were really looking for. Here's the story of an outside organization aiming to secure control of the country. Don't worry about Mrs. Adair. It's only a question of time. We'll get her."

Mark Hepburn turned his head aside.



"I've been shanghaied!"

ROBERT MARKO

The contents of the satchel had proved to be the completed text of Abbot Donegal's address, the last five pages in the Father's untidy manuscript. But those last five pages revealed a plot which if carried out would place the United States under the domination of some shadowy being, unnamed, who apparently controlled inexhaustible supplies not only of capital but of men!

Following this revelation, his new chief, "Federal Officer 56," had given him his entire confidence. He had suspected, but now he knew, that a world drama was being fought out in the United States. A simple soul at heart, he was temporarily dazzled by recognition of the fact that he had been appointed chief-of-staff in an international crisis to Sir Denis Nayland Smith, Ex-Commissioner of Scotland Yard, created a baronet for his services not only to the British Empire but to the world.

And in a moment of weakness he had let the woman go who might be a link, an irreplaceable link, between their task and this thing which aimed to place the United States under alien domination!

In that hour of disillusionment he felt a double traitor; for this man, Nayland Smith, was so dead straight . . .

An atmosphere of impending harm hovered over the party. Mark Hepburn was not alone in having seen the venomous blizzard spitting snow into that bronze face. Among the seven who accompanied them were members of the ancient faith upheld sturdily in the hand of Abbot Donegal; and these, particularly doubted and wondered as they were blindly carried through the stormy night. They were ignorant of what underlay it all, and ignorance breeds fear. They knew that they were merely a bodyguard of Captain Hepburn and Federal Officer 56.

SUDDENLY, appallingly, brakes were applied, all but throwing the nine men out of their chairs. Nayland Smith came to his feet at a bound, clutching the side of the car.

"Hepburn!" he cried, "go forward with two men. This train can slow down but it must not stop!"

Mark Hepburn ran forward along the car, touching two of the seven on their shoulders as he passed. They followed him out. A flare spluttered through snowy mist, clearly visible from the offside windows.

"Switch off the lights!"

The order came in a high-pitched, irritable voice.

A trainman appeared and the car was plunged in darkness. A second flare broke through the veil of snow. Federal Officer 56 was crouching by a window looking out, and now:

"Do you see!" he cried, and grabbed the arm of a man who was peering out beside him. "Do you see!"

As the train regained momentum, presumably under the urge of Hepburn, a group of men armed with machine guns became clearly visible beside the tracks.

The special was whirling through the night again when Hepburn came back. He was smiling his slow smile. Federal Agent 56 turned and stood up.

"This train won't stop," said Hepburn, "until we make Cleveland."

"WHAT'S this?" muttered Nayland Smith hoarsely.

The car was pulled up. They were in sight of the woods skirting Weaver's Farm. Night had fallen and although the violence of the storm had abated there was a great, eerie darkness over the snow-covered landscape.

Parties of men carrying torches and hurricane lanterns moved through the trees!

Smith sprang out on to a faintly discernible track, Mark Hepburn close behind him. They began to run toward the woods and presently a man who peered about amongst the silvered bushes turned.

"What has happened?" Smith demanded breathlessly.

The man, whose bearing suggested military training, hesitated, holding a hurricane lamp aloft and staring hard at the speaker. But something in Smith's authoritative manner brought a change of expression.

"We are federal agents," said Mark Hepburn. "What's going on here?"

"Dr. Orwin Prescott has disappeared!"

Nayland Smith clutched Hepburn's shoulder: Mark could feel how his fingers quivered.

"Hepburn," he whispered, "we are too late!"

Clenching his fists he turned and began to race back to the car. Mark Hepburn exchanged a few words with the man to whom they had spoken and then doubled after Nayland Smith.

They had been compelled by the violence of the blizzard to proceed by rail to Buffalo; the military plane had been forced down by heavy snow twenty miles from the landing place selected. At Buffalo they had had further bad news from Lieutenant Johnson.

Crowning the daring get-away of Mrs. Adair, James Richet, whose arrest had been ordered by Mark Hepburn, had vanished. . . .

And now they were plowing a way along the drive which led up to Weaver's Farm, a white frame house with green shutters sitting far back from the road. A survival of colonial New England, it had stood there, outpost of the white man's progress in days when the red man still hunted the woods and lakes. Successive generations had modernized it so that today it was a twentieth-century home equipped from cellar to garret with every possible domestic convenience.

THE door was wide open; and in the vestibule with its old prints and atmosphere of culture, a tall, singularly thin man stood on the mat talking to a little, white-haired old lady. He held a very wide-brimmed hat in his hand and constantly stamped snow from his boots. His face was gloomily officious. Members of the domestic staff might dimly be seen peering down from an upper landing. Unrest, fear, reigned in this normally peaceful household.

The white-haired lady started nervously as Mark Hepburn stepped forward.

"I am Captain Hepburn," he said. "I think you are expecting me. Is this Miss Lakin?"

"I am glad you are here, Captain Hepburn," said the little lady, with a frightened smile. She held out a small, plump, but delicate hand. "I am Elsie Frayne, Sarah Lakin's friend and companion."

"I am afraid," Hepburn replied, "we come too late. This is Federal Officer Smith. We have met with every kind of obstacle on our way."

"Miss Frayne," rapped Smith, in his staccato fashion, "I must put a call through immediately. Where is the telephone?"

Miss Frayne, suddenly quite at ease with these strange invaders out of the night, smiled wanly.

"I regret to say, Mr. Smith, that our telephone was cut off some hours ago."

"Ah!" murmured Smith, and began tugging at the lobe of his left ear, a habit which Hepburn had come to recognize as evidence of intense concentration. "That explains a lot." He stared about him, his disturbing glance finally being focused upon the face of the thin man.

"Who are you?" he asked abruptly.

"I'm Deputy Sheriff Black," was the prompt but gloomy answer. "I have had orders to protect Weaver's Farm."

"I know it. They were my orders—and a pretty mess you've made of it."

The local officer bristled indignantly. He resented the irritable, peremptory

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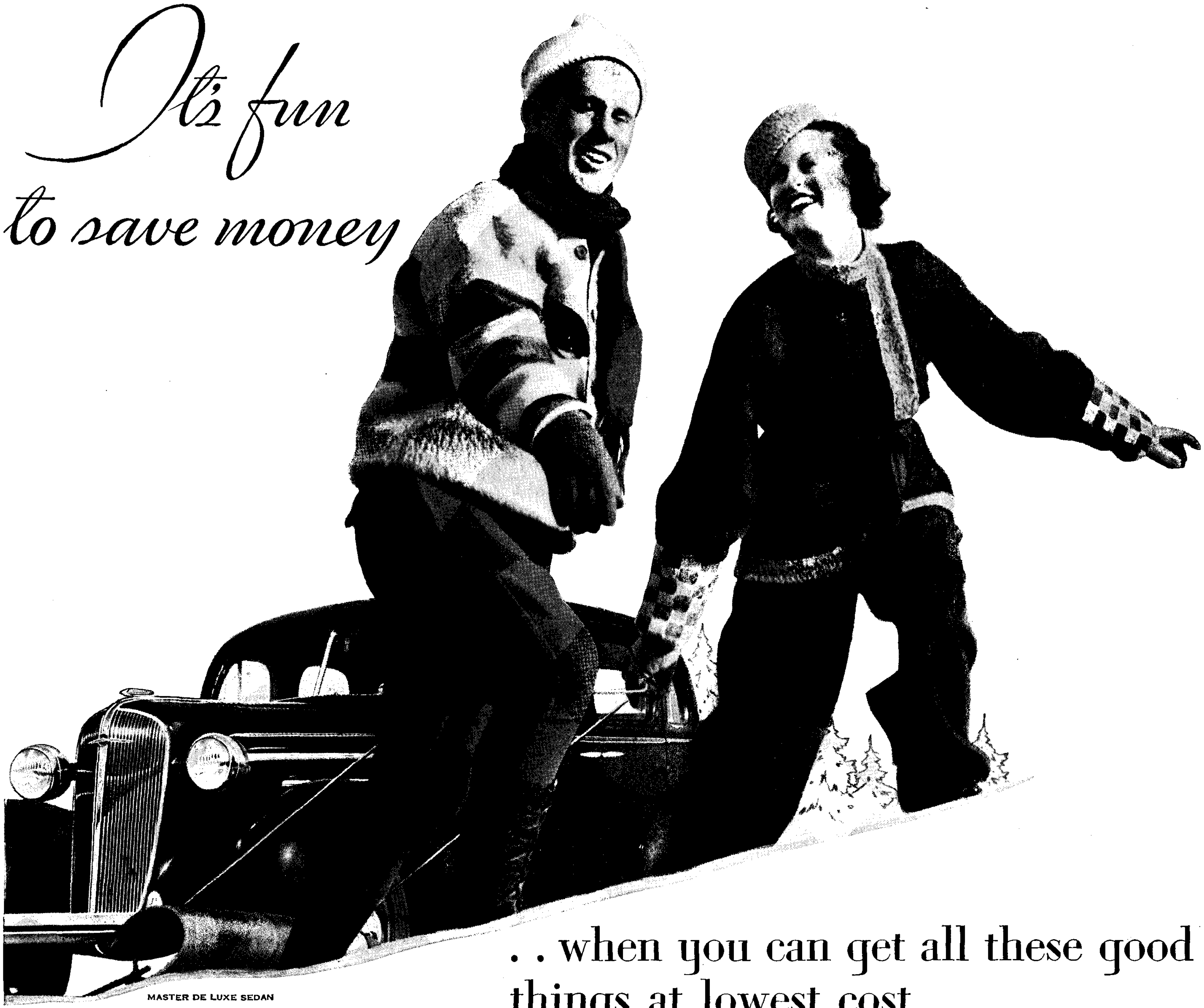

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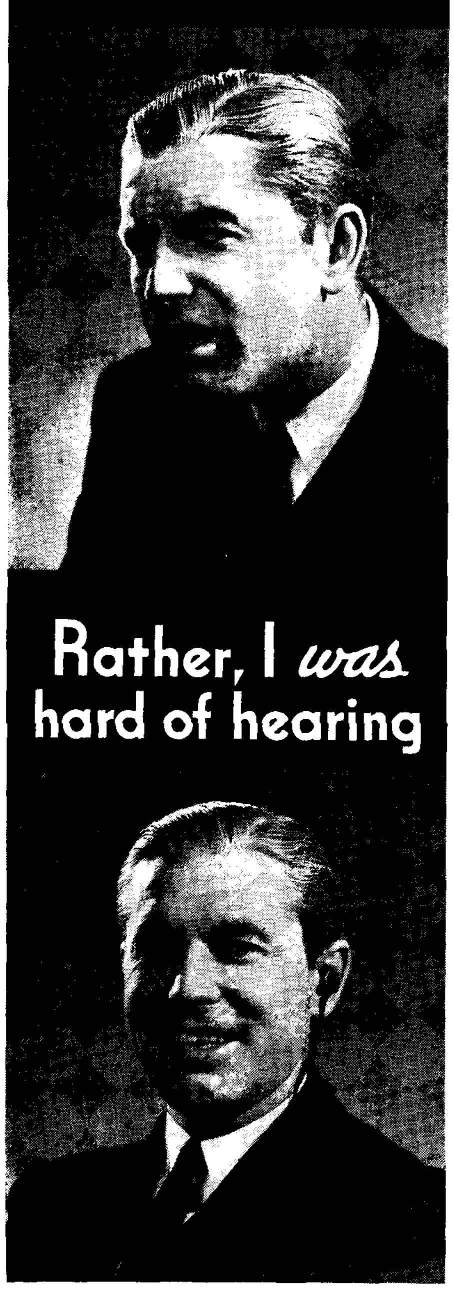

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manners of this G-man; in fact, Deputy Sheriff Black had never been in favor of federal interference with county matters.

"A man can only do his duty, Mr. Smith," he answered angrily, "and I have done mine. Dr. Prescott slipped out some time after dusk this evening. Nobody saw him go. Nobody knows why he went or where he went."

"Where is Miss Lakin?"

"Out with a search party down at the lake."

"Sarah has such courage," murmured Miss Frayne. "I wouldn't go outside the house tonight for anything in the world."

MARK HEPBURN turned to her. "Is there any indication," he asked, "that Dr. Prescott went that way?"

"Mr. Walsh, a federal agent who arrived here two hours ago, discovered tracks leading in the direction of the lake."

"John Walsh is our man," said Hepburn, turning to Smith. "Do you want to make any inquiries here, or shall we head for the lake?"

Nayland Smith was staring abstractedly at Miss Frayne, and now:

"At what time, exactly," he asked, "was your telephone disconnected?"

"At five minutes after three," Deputy Sheriff Black's somber tones interpolated. "There are men at work now trying to trace the break."

"Who last saw Dr. Prescott?"

"Sarah," Miss Frayne replied—"that is, so far as we know."

"Where was he and what was he doing?"

"He was in the library, writing."

"Were these letters posted?"

"No, Mr. Smith, they are still on the desk."

"Was it dark at this time?"

"Yes. Dr. Prescott—he is Miss Lakin's cousin, you know—had lighted the reading lamp, so Sarah told me."

"No one, Mr. Smith."

Nayland Smith turned to Deputy Sheriff Black.

"See that no one enters the library," he snapped, "until I return. I want to look over the room in which Dr. Prescott was sleeping."

Deputy Sheriff Black nodded tersely and crossed the vestibule.

But even as Nayland Smith turned toward the stair, a deep feminine voice came out of the night beyond the entrance doors which had not been closed. The remorseless wind was threatening to rise again, howling wanly through the woods like a phantom wolf pack. Flakes of fine snow fluttered in.

"He has been kidnapped, Mr. Walsh—because of what he knew. His tracks end on the shore of the lake. It's frozen over . . . but there are no more tracks."

AND now the speaker came in, followed by two men carrying lanterns; a tall, imperious woman with iron-gray hair, aristocratic features and deep-set, flashing eyes. She paused, looking about her with a slow smile of inquiry. One of the two men saluted Hepburn.

"My name is Smith," said Federal Officer 56, "and this is Captain Hepburn. You are Miss Lakin, Dr. Orwin Prescott's cousin? It was my business, Miss Lakin, to protect him. I fear I have failed."

"I fear it also," she replied, watching him steadily with her fine, grave eyes. "Orwin has gone. They have him. He came here for rest and security. He always came here before any important public engagement. Tomorrow at Carnegie Hall is the debate with Harvey Bragg." (She was very impressive, this *grande dame* of Old America.) "He had learned something, Mr. Smith—heaven knows I wish I shared his knowledge—which would have sent Bluebeard back forever to his pine woods."

"He had!" snapped Smith grimly.

He reached out a long, leather-clad arm and gripped Miss Lakin's shoulder. For a moment she was startled; this man's electric gestures were disturbing; then, meeting that penetrating stare, she smiled with sudden confidence.

"Don't despair, Miss Lakin. All is not lost. Others know what Dr. Prescott knew—"

At which moment somewhere a telephone bell rang!

"They've mended the line," came the gloomy voice of Deputy Sheriff Black, raised now on a note of excitement.

He appeared at a door on the right of the vestibule.

"All incoming calls are covered," snapped Smith, "as you were advised?"

"Yes."

"Who is calling?"

"I don't know," the deputy sheriff replied; "but it's someone asking for *Sir Denis Nayland Smith.*"

He looked in bewilderment from face to face. Nayland Smith stared at Miss Lakin, smiled grimly and walked into a long, low library, a book-lined room with a great log fire burning at one end of it. The receiver of a telephone which stood upon a table near the fire was detached from its rest.

Someone closed the outer door and a sudden silence came in that cozy room where the logs crackled. Sarah Lakin stood at the threshold, watching with calm, grave eyes. Mark Hepburn stared in over her shoulder.

"Yes," said Smith, "who is speaking?"

There was a momentary silence.

"Is it necessary, Sir Denis, for me to introduce myself?"

"Quite unnecessary, Dr. Fu Manchu! But it is strangely unlike you to show your hand so early in the game. You are outside familiar territory. So am I. But this time, Doctor, we shall break you."

"I trust not, Sir Denis; so much is at stake; the fate of this nation, perhaps of the world—and there are bunglers who fail to appreciate my purpose. Dr. Orwin Prescott, for instance, has been very ill-advised."

Nayland Smith turned his head toward the door, nodding significantly to Mark Hepburn; some trick of the shaded lights made his lean, tanned face look very drawn, very tired.

"Since you have a certain manuscript in your possession, I assume it to be only a question of time for you to learn why the voice of the Holy Thorn became suddenly silent. In the Father's interests and in the interests of Dr. Prescott, I advise you to consider carefully your next step, Sir Denis—"

Nayland Smith's heart pulsed a fraction faster. . . . Orwin Prescott was not dead!

"The abbot's eloquence is difficult to restrain—and I respect courage. But some day I may cry in the words of your English king—Henry the Eighth, was it not?—'Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest? . . .' My cry would be answered—nor should I feel called upon to walk, a bare-footed penitent, to pray at the Father Abbot's tomb beside his Tower of the Holy Thorn."

NAYLAND SMITH made no reply. He sat there, motionless, listening.

"We enter upon the last phase, Sir Denis—"

The guttural voice ceased.

Smith replaced the receiver, sprang up, turned.

"That was a cut-in on the line," he cried. "Quick, Hepburn! The nearest phone in the neighborhood: check up that call if you can."

"Right." Mark Hepburn, his jaw grimly squared, buttoned up his coat.

Sarah Lakin watched Nayland Smith fascinatedly.

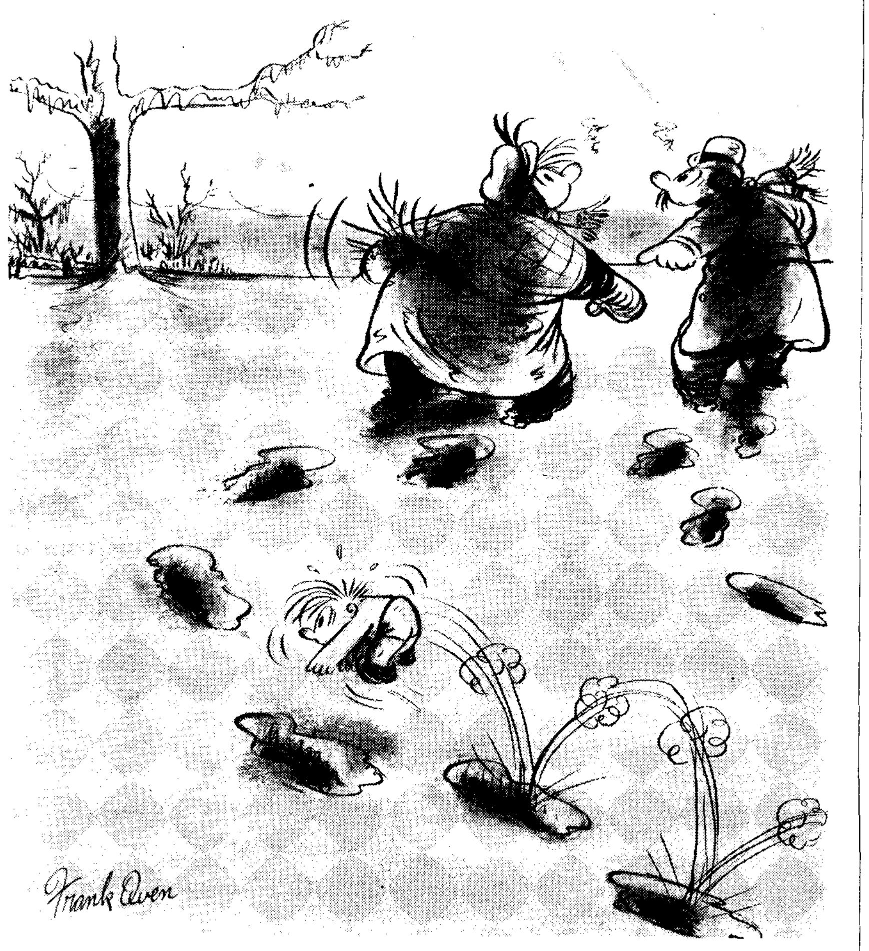
"Hell-for-leather, Hepburn! At any cost you *must* get through to Abbot Donegal tonight. Dr. Fu Manchu warns only *once*—"

(To be continued next week)

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"He wants you to take shorter steps!"

IN THE LATEST MODERN MODE

OF COURSE, you want a car which has distinction—one that in its *style* and *size* and *behavior* will stand apart from the general run of automobiles. Such a car is the Oldsmobile Eight—creator of motor car fashions. Gracefully streamlined . . . smartly tailored throughout its spacious interior . . . and powered with an engine that is smoother and livelier at every speed . . . the Oldsmobile Eight is the true embodiment of "the latest modern mode." Naturally it includes everything in fine car features to give you everything in comfort, convenience and safety. And naturally, at its new low price, it is growing ever more popular among those who appreciate luxurious transportation.

• • •

$810 and up, list at Lansing. Special accessory groups extra.
Car illustrated is the 8-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $935 list.

OLDSMOBILE 8

"THE CAR THAT HAS EVERYTHING"

APRIL 1936
MARCH 1936
1936 FEBRUARY 1936
SUN MON TUE WED THUR FRI SAT

This is the time of year when you need good general resistance most!

Now there's such an easy way to build it

The end of winter is a bad time for common, winter ills. That's when they affect you most and are hardest to get rid of.

One reason is that during the past months of rigorous weather, of hard work, of too little exercise and sunshine, you've probably been using up your reserve forces. At the season's end, your general *resistance* may be low.

But that doesn't mean you must resign yourself to the discomfort of winter ills. Do all you can right away to ***build up*** your general resistance. Start with *Adex*.

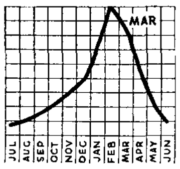
From Adex you will get plenty of Vitamin A, which contributes more than any other vitamin to good general resistance. You will also get extra Vitamin D to help make up for lack of sunshine at this season.

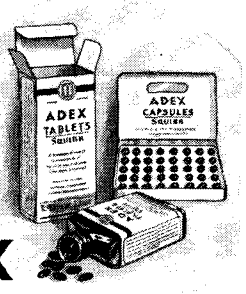
Each Adex capsule contains not less than 6,600 units of ***natural*** Vitamin A, 1,320 units of ***natural*** Vitamin D. And Squibb prepares Adex by special methods which keep this high vitamin content from deteriorating.

Taken ***every day,*** Adex will help protect you against winter ills. They should be taken *routinely* for best results.

Now at any reliable drug store, in capsule or tablet form. Prepared only by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.





ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

The Wrong Job

Continued from page 11

He shoved his fingers through his hair, from forehead to collar, and scratched the back of his neck fiercely.

"No, it isn't. Forget it," she said, and crossed out her last sentence.

"Well, it is. If you didn't have to put in three nights a week on my stuff—"

"Oh, well . . ." She went on writing.

A wave of hot feeling washed into Eric's brain. A man couldn't let—if you started this sort of weak-sister cheating, you got so—he had thought he'd catch on to the trick by now. But he wasn't catching on. He loathed—

"You might say you don't mind," he heard himself saying coldly.

Ginny looked up quickly. He could have beaten himself.

"But, Eric, you *know* I don't."

"Well, two months ago you'd have *said* so, warmly and instantly." He heard his frigid voice with a shocked surprise.

"Darling, please don't," she said desperately. "I'm . . . I'm . . ."

"If you're so all-fired tired, better go to bed. I'll fix it up myself. I can do it."

He stomped out of the room, into their bedroom. He started to slam the door but closed it with a menacing quiet. From the living-room came not a sound.

He sank down on the bed. What demon bored into him these days? He hadn't meant for one instant to attack Ginny, he never meant to, it just happened, happened more and more frequently.

AT THE beginning, the first two months, it had been a lark, they had been gay conspirators; every time he had got his pay check he had sent it in a sealed interoffice envelope to Ginny with a nonsensical message: "Here's your *new* salary, babe, from your old beau." "Here's a little *new* pin money, toots, go buy a pin." "Here's the hush money, and don't let my bodyguards see you." "Here's . . ."

The first few weeks. Then the lark had begun to turn sour, for him, anyway. Every time Benson okayed a piece of his copy—Ginny's copy—he had an unreasonable desire to smash his pretty face, to insult him, to do anything but look gratified.

And here he was taking it out on Ginny—sweet Ginny, always so ready to help.

He leaped up, flung the door open, rushed into the living-room.

Ginny was staring, wide-eyed, down at the copy about the wool socks.

He dropped to his knees beside her.

"Gee, Gin, I'm sorry. I don't know what gets eating me, darling."

He buried his head in her lap, and her fingers closed in his heavy hair. When he looked up she was suddenly crying.

"Darling, don't. I'm beastly. I—"

"It's—it's all right," she said, and laughed a little uncertainly. "Don't you care, Eric. I—I just get so *down* when you quarrel at me. I'm so glad you came back. It—it was generous of you."

"Ginny—"

For half an hour they talked; he swore he never again would permit himself to get snarled up the way he'd been doing the past few weeks; he called himself an inferior fool for hating the fact that he honestly needed help in a crisis; he told her she was the real kind of wife you could count on in need; they were happy.

The "trip" first raised its ugly head on Christmas Eve.

It was only a possibility then, a possibility that seemed thrilling beyond understanding, to Ginny.

Beyond Eric's understanding, that is. He tried to feel that it was of major importance that she be sent to Wisconsin, to help present the new campaign on Irradiated Bran which she had written. But it was no go. He could get as far as seeing that this was still another sign of Ginny's breaking into the big time at the office, but there was plenty of evidence of that anyway. Beyond that, he couldn't work up the proper appreciation of the excitement Ginny felt lay goldenly all over the idea. Could the Benson angle furnish the bright haze?

He caught himself up sharply.

"Just you and Jerry?" he said.

"Don't know, couldn't say, wouldn't guess," she said bouncily. "It isn't decided yet whether Farley'll go, to stage-manage the layouts and art work."

"Hm. Who'll decide? Benson?"

"I guess. He's in charge. It'll probably never come off—just my foul luck to have them get stingy and leave me sitting home."

"Well, I hope not, if you want so much to go," he said, too heartily. "Me, I'd hate to wake up one fine day in Wisconsin with nothing ahead but holding hands with a lot of bran manufacturers."

"Irradiated Bran manufacturers might be something special," she chuckled, and began gathering the cellophane wrappings, boxes of seals, spools of tinsel and ribbon to take into the bedroom for the secret packaging of gifts for Eric.

At the door she turned and said:

"Maybe you'll miss me if I go off—it'd do you good to miss me like crazy."

"Yup. Do me good to sit by the fire and reflect on my sins."

Ginny was kicking the door open with her foot. Her arms were loaded and her face glowing.

"Or on mine," she tossed over her shoulder and was gone.

Or on mine.

Three times during Christmas morning that damnable phrase, a bubble blown off the top froth of a gay mood—how well he knew it was only that—three times it burst inside his heart, splintering the holiday spirit he was trying to hold on to.

It was, externally, the same Christmas mood as their first one together.

Yet Eric knew it wasn't the same.

Or on mine.

HE WAS losing Ginny, he suddenly said to himself, and it strangled in his throat. Somewhere between last Christmas and this, he had got a job, and he had first lost something inside his own being, and now he was losing Ginny. She was somehow less his than when he was independent of her—that was a paradox, and there was poison in it. She had been more and more impressed recently by Jerry Benson's cleverness, his "mots," his success at the office. She was *too* excited about this trip.

He extravagantly admired a heavy white silk evening scarf with his initials hanging in thin air in it, and wished the trip wouldn't happen. He cursed himself for a coward and wished it would.

It did. Just after New Year's Day, the decision came through.

Ginny rushed into the little glass cage.

"Hey, Eric, I'm going Sunday afternoon. Isn't it dandy?" Her eyes shone.

"Swell, darling. How long will you be gone?"

"Back Thursday, probably, maybe Friday if we strike copy snags. Might have to rewrite stuff at the hotel all night—carry messages to Garcia till it comes out of our ears."

"Whose ears? That decided yet?"

She paused just a fraction of a second.

"Farley isn't going after all," she said. "Just Jerry and I. They're awfully sure of the layouts."

"Just you and Jerry?"

"Just me and Jerry. Isn't it fun?"

He nearly succeeded in sounding as delighted as she. During Ginny's high concentration over preparations the next few days he almost fooled himself into thinking he was unequivocally glad about this first business trip that seemed so glamorous to Ginny. Only when she came home Saturday afternoon and put on for him the traveling robe that she said she simply had to have for the train did he forget his act badly.

It was a very tailored dressing gown in navy blue. With it came tailored navy blue pajamas, and small folding slippers of navy blue with silly fat white pompons on them. All eminently correct for train travel, infinitely more so than the pastel lacy things which were the only ones Ginny owned.

She pirouetted for him, and said, "Make up my berth, porter," and she looked so slender, so sweet—

"You'd think you were buying a trousseau!" he exploded.

She stopped dead. The navy blue made her seem very pale, all at once. She bit her lip for long seconds.

"Eric, I don't like that, I think. I—I've been getting on your nerves for months, and I—I'm terribly bored with it."

HE REFLECTED on that, too, while she was gone. They had patched it up, of course, before she went, and they had a cheery enough send-off for her, with flowers, and a telegram sent after her on the train, full of cracks about bringing home the irradiated bacon and the like.

But Eric remained moody and grim.

He read, he took one of the pretty secretaries out to dinner, he drank long, slow ones and short, quick ones at Francois'. The evening before Ginny was due, he stayed at home, restless and distrait. Aimlessly rubbishing through his desk, he came across the first sketches of some plans he had been working on just before he'd been fired from Rawson, Royce. Remodeling sketches they were, adapting an old colonial house to the modern idea, with the skeleton structure fairly unchanged in its fine simplicity, but with the infrequent small windows ripped out for great horizontal expanses of sunshine and countryside.

Staring at them, Eric found the sketches good. They had imagination, and discipline and clean beauty. For a long time he hung over them, studying them, in his spirit the nameless sense of loss that stirs at the sight of forgotten letters from a lovely, once-loved being.

Impatiently, then, he shoved them away from him, and turned to a rush job he had been unable to get a good start on at the office that day. For an hour he wrote about a new roller bearing.

"Pretty fair stuff," he thought at the end. "I'm beginning to catch on, and what of it?"

The telephone rang as he was undressing. Telegram from Winkley, Wisconsin. He listened uneasily:

"Delayed while they do a little fond mulling and changing but campaign going over big Stop Home Friday and after this boiling excitement I sure will need the frozen Greenwich week end Love Ginny."

Eric slammed up the receiver. He poured himself a drink, gulped it. Then he went to bed and slept angrily.

On Friday Ginny came home and Eric got his first raise.

Both events seemed more than he could take.

She was so elated over the success of the trip, so full of chatter about what the clients had said, about what she had said,

(Continued on page 42)

Back home THERE'S A TELEPHONE

Chat with them at least once a week, for their happiness and yours.

Reduced rates for Long Distance calls to most points apply all day Sunday and after 7 every evening. Make some one happy—try a call tonight.

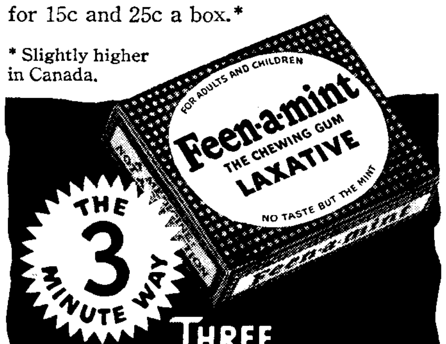
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"LAST NIGHT I FELT HEADACHY AND BILIOUS—
TODAY I FEEL MARVELOUS

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!"

"How wonderful FEEN-A-MINT is! Last night I felt sluggish and all in—generally run-down. I chewed FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars! FEEN-A-MINT is so easy to take, too. It's pleasant, non-habit-forming, yet completely thorough—so different from harsh, old-fashioned, 'all-at-once' cathartics. Those three minutes of chewing certainly make a difference." FEEN-A-MINT is the proper laxative for the whole family. It tastes just like chewing gum. The children love it as much as the adults. Get a family supply of FEEN-A-MINT at your druggist's for 15c and 25c a box.*

* Slightly higher in Canada.



THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE *difference!*

The Wrong Job

Continued from page 40

about Jerry's quick ability at rewriting a headline under their very noses—Eric felt she was scarcely aware she had come home to him.

She had come straight to the office from the train; their talk in his small glass cage was impersonal and surfacy. She didn't put out any information on the working-all-night-at-the-hotel theme, and Eric would see everything freeze over before he'd ask. Maybe in the evening, when they were at home, she'd—

And then the cashier's assistant came around with his check. It was the first pay day after the New Year, and he found a ten-dollar raise. A quick flush ringed the inside of his collar; he made straight for Jerry's office. He had no plan, no vaguest idea what he would say; some blind need propelled him.

"I got a raise," he started. Resentment glared from his tone.

Benson looked startled.

"Sure," he said. "I told you you were on a six-months try, and if you made out, you'd get one; it's only five months, but this is the time they go through."

"Thanks. You see, I don't—"

"Not big enough?"

"Use your head, will you? It's just, well—I don't rate it," he ended lamely.

"For Pete's sake, you going *modest* on me, Eric? Or just temperamental?"

Eric opened his mouth; then clicked it shut. Checkmate. He couldn't go on, of course, without dragging in Ginny.

"I get it," Jerry went on, still amazed. "You figure we thought we'd have to crash through for you, because Ginny got upped twenty. Keep your shirt on, Eric, nothing like it. You'll get a speech from Daiken at Greenwich tomorrow about the fine work you are turning out —that'll make you feel easier."

Eric said something that sounded like "Har!" and departed. He felt a fool and smarted all over.

THAT evening Ginny lamented the duty week end that lay ahead.

"Why these big bosses insist on going slumming with the help I'll never know," she complained. "The old boy's been pulling this command-performance stuff for years and nobody's been known to have a good time yet. I'd rather stay right here with you."

Eric made no answer.

She said she was tired and thought she'd go to bed early.

Then Benson phoned. He had just got around to the rush copy on the roller-bearing, took it home, wasn't up to Eric's usual standard, had to go off by air mail tomorrow, could he possibly do some emergency work on it—

Eric said, "Sure, send it up by boy. I'll try it from a different angle."

He sat down in the living-room and made little whistling sounds through his teeth. Ginny, silent, watched him and looked troubled. After a while she passed close to his chair and dropped a small fleeting pat of the hand on his head, then silently left the room.

Eric looked up from the mess of papers spread on the table before him when she came in again. That infuriating navy blue job, he hated it with an acute personal hatred. When you stay up all night working, you have drinks sent up, coffee and sandwiches at midnight; you stop working every once in a while and talk—gay, confident chatter of two people aware of their abilities—about the work—about personal things—

"Darling, could I—would you like me to help, maybe?" Ginny finally put in, in a small voice.

"Thanks, I'm doing all right," he said gruffly.

She made no answer. Just sat. He wrote for half an hour. He felt himself getting tense, he felt incompetent, impotent, he felt fury rising in his nerves. Suddenly he scooped up all the scattered sheets and tore them into bits.

Ginny stood up.

"Eric, let me just—"

"No, darn it, I said no. I don't want *anybody's* help, I say. I'm sick of the whole thing, fed up—"

"Fed up?" Ginny looked frightened.

"With this, with everything. I—I've got to get away, and be alone and—I'll go to this hideous week end so you won't be in a spot—and then—"

She waited. Minutes.

"And then?"

He took up his hat, and said he was going for a walk, would write the copy when he got back.

SUNDAY morning, old John Daiken was in a garrulous mood. He was fulminating against the fools who had just presented him with their sixth attempt at plans for his projected house.

Eric listened wearily. He had stayed up until five Friday night, writing about roller bearings, had stayed up playing chess with his host last night until midnight, listening with part of his deadened mind to the small talk of two bridge tables full of "sociable" bridge players.

When he had finally gone upstairs, he was too weary to tell Ginny. He had told her nothing since Friday night, except that Jerry had okayed the copy. They had scarcely spoken. She had started to say something about his looking tired after all the chess, but she stopped in the middle of it, and began to undress. Then she stood stock-still, thinking. After a moment, she had picked up her nightgown and had gone into the bathroom.

Five minutes later, she had reappeared, ready for bed.

She had looked tired, too, drawn—and infinitely appealing. He had wanted to say something that would ease her.

Instead he had picked up a magazine, and stared at it, until she seemed to be asleep.

And now after another sleep-thin night, all he could think of was how badly he wanted a drink. Daiken was muttering about having a hundred thousand dollars for a house, and not a fool architect in New York to get his ideas.

"Modern house—you ought to see the idiotic things they show me. Why—" he rang imperiously, told the butler to bring him the blueprints from his study, all the blueprints, six sets of them.

"Looks like a post office," he shouted at Eric. "All those imbeciles can turn out is something that looks like a cross between a post office and a—a dreadnaught with the guns sucked in."

Eric smiled. "Would you mind, sir," he said tentatively, "if I took a touch of Scotch now? I'm not a before-lunch man, but I feel good and queasy."

Daiken indicated the bar.

Three fingers, neat. Eric shook his head sharply a couple of times to snap it down, and felt he could better cope with the blue array spread on the floor before Daiken.

Casually he glanced at the first, the second set.

"They're pretty bad," he agreed. He turned to the third. Something began to stir in him, anger that such dullness, such aridity should be bidding for attention, when good men, with ideas—

"You see, sir, the trouble with all this junk—" he broke off. The sixth set was worse than the others. "Functionalism is the keystone of good modern design, you know, and these—"

"Functionalism?" Daiken growled. "Never heard of it."

"But you'd recognize it, if you saw it. You know, the good ones—their idea is to pare away design that's just design, whether it's so-called modern, or Gothic or whatever. Every corner, every plane, the materials themselves have to spring from use—from basic function, from—here wait a minute."

He whipped out a pencil and began drawing with light, rapid strokes.

Daiken stopped muttering. Dumfounded, he watched this unpredictable young man, this—this copywriter.

In ten minutes Ginny came quietly into the room. She stopped at the door. She had just seen Daiken, Old Man Daiken, The Big Boss, the millionaire, creak down on his knees on the floor beside Eric in a sea of blueprints, working plans—she backed out of the room, her eyes stinging with tears, her spirit bursting with some new hope, some lost joy—

And in half an hour Eric's arms were about her, as she lay face down on the bed. He was kissing the back of her neck, he was stammering, he lifted her bodily in his arms so she faced him, he suddenly put his head down on her breast and sobbed. He was a fool to crack up like this, he said, but he'd been in a thousand special hells for weeks thinking he was losing her—he'd been such a tormented madman inside, he knew he was killing their marriage and their peace and her love—and his reason, oh, yes, his reason, had told him not to be jealous of that clever little wart Benson, but—

"Darling, not smart little Jerry?" Her face wore incredulity an inch thick. "I—why, I couldn't bear him to touch my elbow going across the street—why, I can't believe you could be such a jack!"

He put his hand over her startled lips. Then he was suddenly grinning and incoherent.

"I'm going to do it for him, Gin," he shouted. "Me. In an office of my own—"

"For him? For whom? What—"

"For Daiken, for old Angel Daiken, the guy downstairs with the wings and a hundred thousand—his *house*, me, I'm going to do it—about eight thousand dollars commission—start right away—"

"Oh, darling, no!" She leaped up.

"Oh, but yes," he said. "I started showing him some general stuff I'd been looking over the other night, simple, cleared of guff, not too extreme. He nearly passed out—finally remembered Benson had told him I'd been with Rawson, Royce before. He asked me if I'd resign at the office right away—"

"Eric! What'd you say to that?"

SUDDENLY he was very quiet again. He put his arms about her.

"I told him I'd left a note on Benson's desk at twelve noon yesterday, quitting on the first." He felt Ginny quiver. "I told him I'd at last come to, on the biggest boner I'd ever pulled in my life."

"Did you tell him the works?"

"Nope. Just that I wasn't a copywriter by training or temperament, just by an 'emergency measure,' and that I'd been going crazy trying to be. I told him I'd waked up and realized that if a man's work wasn't right, his life wasn't right—"

"That's true, oh, Eric—"

"And that I'd finally decided I was married to a girl who'd rather starve and get sued for the rent with me on my own plane, doing my own work—"

"Darling, I would, I would—"

"But you ain't gonna, funny-face," he said. "You're married to an architect, a damn' *good* architect. Stick around and you'll wear diamonds from every joist and cross beam."

MA 1936

The Travelers
Hartford, Conn.

Mr. L. Edmund Zacher, Preside
The Travelers
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sir:

I read your story of Gregory Gray
And a night he'll remember for many a day.
Of a curious dream he had one night
And all the rest of his sad plight.
I am a widow - such as he
Described in his night of agony.
Would I, like he, could suddenly scream
And awake and find 'twas only a dream.

I too, find myself in a fireside chair;
Where I sit and wonder and offer a prayer
That I may have the courage to face this first
Year as a widow - you say it's the worst
Yes indeed, food and heat must [illegible]
For two small children standing [illegible]
Depending on me with never a [illegible]
That Mother will surely find [illegible]

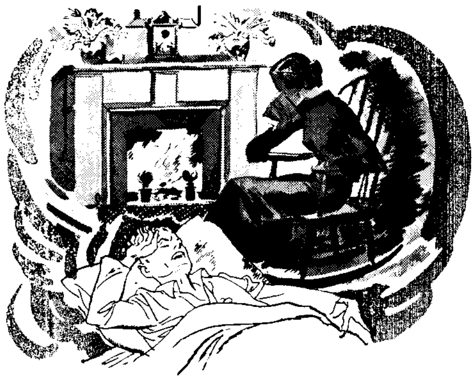
The small nest egg I've had [illegible]
The question is - can I get a job
Many's the time I've been among
A group of women, mostly young.
As the door is opened - the room is stilled.
"I'm sorry," says he, "the place is filled."
I cannot say, "Alas I'm lost."
I have to win at any cost.

Would we had known a Harrison Hodge
(A man whom people sometimes dodge).
I'm sure that I would now be free
Of the worries and cares that burden me.
But it's too late now, and all I can say
Is - "Men, take a lesson from Gregory Gray."
That is the end of my story, sirs -
The Moral: Insure in The Travelers.

Mrs. E____ A____

This is the story of Gregory Gray And a night he'll remember for many a day

Gregory Gray retired one night
Soon after eating too hearty a bite.
Perhaps that's why, in a fitful sleep,
He twisted the covers into a heap,
And tossed and turned upon the bed,
As a curious dream ran through his head.
He dreamed he had to live a day
As *his own widow*, Mrs. Gray.



He found himself in a fireside chair,
And as he sat he wondered where
He'd find the means to face his first
Year as a widow—always the worst.
The future was well provided for,
Provided he left his modest store
Of wealth intact to earn income,
But where was quick cash coming from?
Gregory Gray tossed as he slept,
And in his dream he groaned and wept.

Then Gregory Gray, still sunk in dreams,
Sat at a desk piled up with reams
Of bills that he would have to pay
Were he his widow for a day.
Food, heat, and such must still be bought
(Of ready money there was naught).
The lease had many months to run
(And income hadn't yet begun).
The small nest-egg he dared not rob.
The answer was—to get a job.

So Gray next found himself among
A group of women, mostly young,
Who sat around a waiting room
Amidst an atmosphere of gloom.
Said one: "We haven't got a chance—
One job and 50 applicants!"
And so Gray got another view
Of what some widows must go through,
As in his bed he turned and tossed
And cried aloud, "Alas, I'm lost!"
But Gregory's cries awoke his wife,
Who quickly shook him back to life.
"Why, dear," said she, "what *is* the matter?
I told you not to clean that platter!"
Gray looked at her, hands clutched to pate.
She said, "You know you can't eat late—
I never heard a ghastlier scream!"
"Thank heavens," said he, "'twas all a dream,
I thought I was gone," said Gregory Gray,
"And in your shoes for just a day!"

Next morning Gray leaped out of bed
And to the telephone he sped.
He called a man named Harrison Hodge*
(A man whom people sometimes dodge).
"Please tell me more about that scheme!"
Cried Gray, still shaken by his dream,
"That plan you said would promptly pay
A hundred a month to Mrs. Gray,
And see her through the hardest year
That any widow has to fear."
Hodge promptly called that very day
And showed to Gray an easy way
To banish all his worried thoughts,
And also smooth the rougher spots
With which his wife would have to deal,
If left to face life, hard and real.
Said Hodge to Gray: "This plan, indeed,
Is one all wives and husbands need—
A hundred a month, for a year or more,
Of income they should have in store."
Said Gray, "I'll take that policy,
And no more midnight snacks for me!"
So that's the end of the story, sirs—
Moral: Insure in The Travelers.

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The story of Gregory Gray was first published as an advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post.
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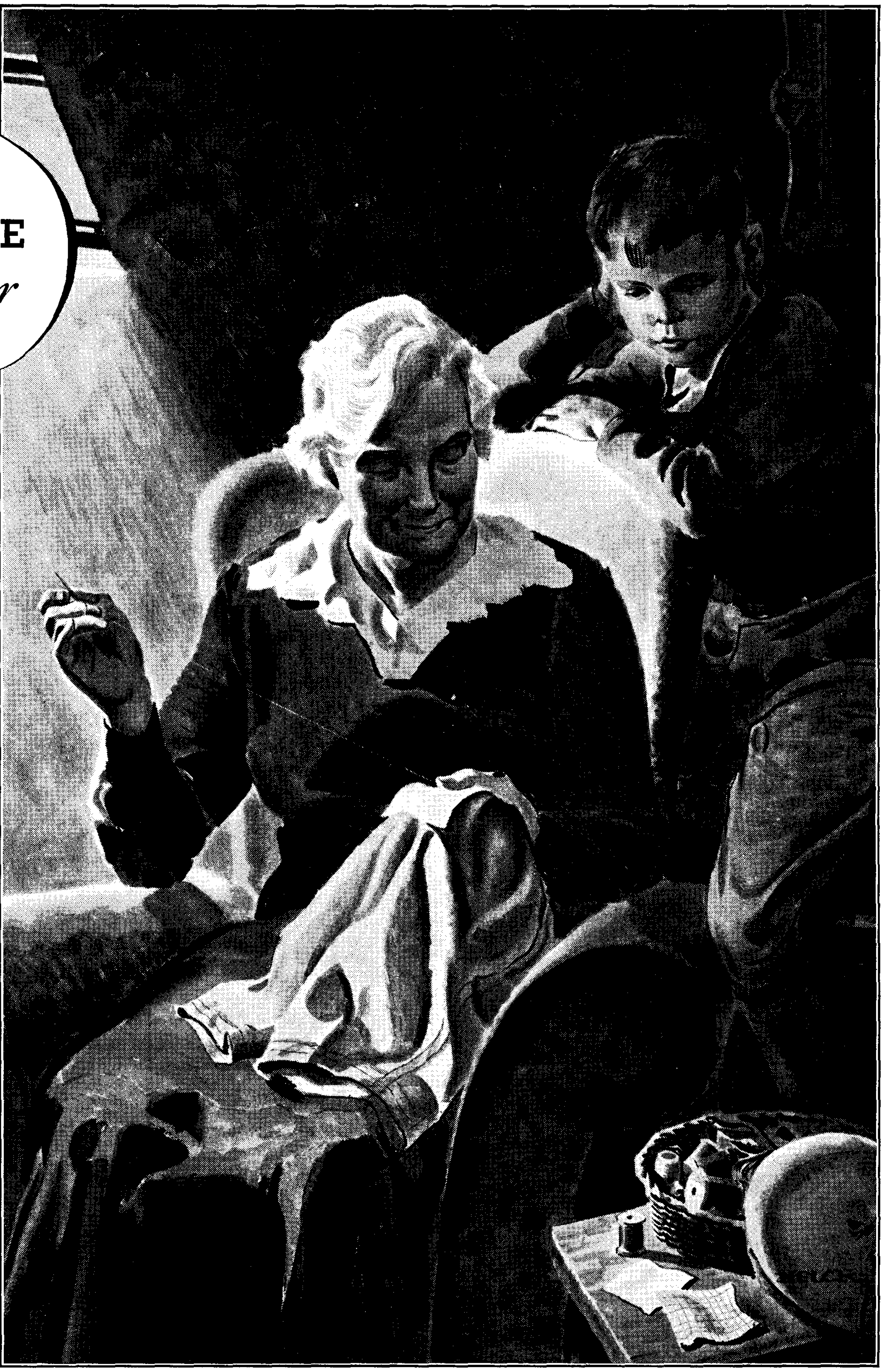

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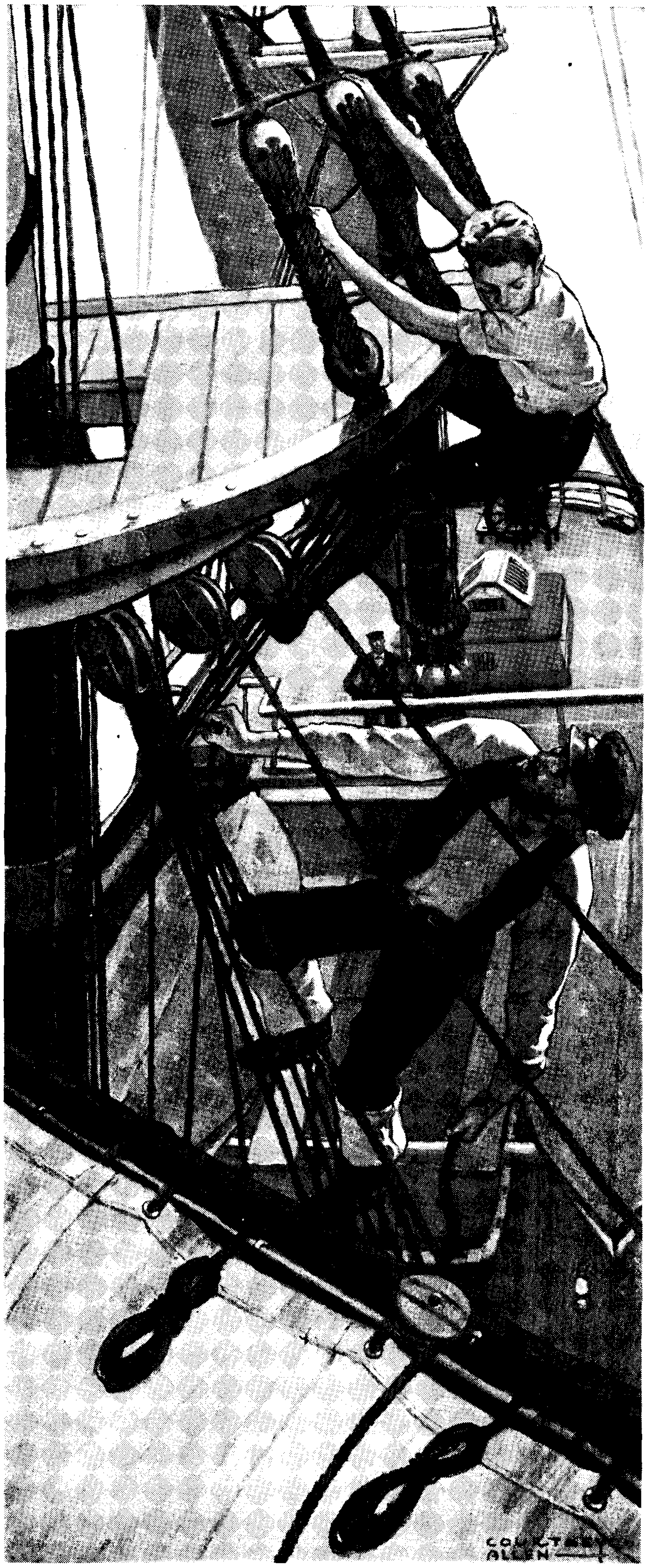
The Boy who had a Hero

By Albert Richard Wetjen

The story of a lad who showed them at sea—a drama which Captain Harcourt did not set down in the log

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN



When the boy first went aloft, Captain Harcourt sent the second mate up to rope's-end him clear to the royal yard

THE white-haired matron, who had brought Jimmy Harcourt from the private Home to the main cabin of the bark Thrush, twisted her handkerchief into an indignant ball and spoke acidly.

"If you ask my opinion he's far too young to go to sea," she said. Captain Harcourt looked down from his giant's height on the boy that was his son, and his gray eyes hardened.

"No one's asking your opinion," he said bluntly. "How old is he now?"

"Just over ten."

"I was no older when I first sailed." Captain Harcourt felt his son's thin arms and thighs and gave a contemptuous backhand slap at the flat chest. "Takes after his mother," he said bitterly. "Nobody. But I'll make something of him, if I have to break . . ." He checked himself and pulled a wallet from his pocket. "Here you are," he ended curtly. "You're paid in full."

The matron hesitated a long time, staring from the wide-eyed, quivering boy to the gray-bearded, massive sailor, and then, biting her lip, she turned to go.

"If it's of any interest to you," she observed stiffly, "he thinks you're a hero. I don't know why. You've never been to see him since you left him with us four years ago. And I might remind you, if you ill-treat him there are laws . . ."

"Get out!" said Captain Harcourt dispassionately, without turning his head. And when the woman had gone, her lips tight, he drummed with powerful fingers against the broad leather belt that circled his waist.

"Hero, eh?" he said. "I suppose your mother filled you up with a lot of nonsense before she left. And you've probably been reading too many books. We'll take that out of you."

With an effort the boy controlled a quivering lip.

"Yes, Father."

"As long as you're with me you'll say 'sir' when you speak," ordered Captain Harcourt. "Understand? 'Sir!' And touch your cap as well. That's one of my rules."

THE boy remained mute and Captain Harcourt slowly unbuckled his belt and slid it clear.

"Just so you don't forget," he observed grimly, and brought the wide leather hard across the boy's loins. The boy winced and tears welled in his great dark eyes. "You understand?" barked the captain.

"Yes . . . sir."

"All right, then. You're my son and some day if I can make anything of you I suppose you'll take over this ship. But you'll forget that. From now on you're one of my crew and you'll be treated no better and no worse. . . . Now get that junk of yours midships. You can berth in the spare locker abaft the galley, and report to the cook for duty right away."

Bewildered, frightened, half dazed, Jimmy Harcourt picked up his heavy suitcase and stumbled up on deck with it. The mate, a hard man himself, took the suitcase from him and showed him where he was to sleep and what he was to do. He had listened to the conversation through the main cabin skylights and some remnant of pity had returned to him.

"It's a tough ship, sonny," he said. "It'll be hell at first, but you do as you're told and keep a civil tongue, and you'll learn." To the second mate he later remarked, "It's a crime for that boy to be here. He'll never make a sailor. Not under the old man, anyway. Break his heart more likely. Or just fold up and die."

IN THE main cabin, after his son had left, Captain Harcourt was frowningly thinking the same thing. He was a grim man, notorious as a disciplinarian, filled with deep-rooted, unshakable convictions and bitter to the core. It was not only that his own life as an orphan had been brutally hard, on brutally hard ships, but he had in a moment's weakness and in his middle age, taken to himself a wife nearly thirty years his junior. A frightened, golden-haired girl, practically forced into marriage with the man her parents had regarded as a good catch, what with owning his own ship and with interests ashore that stamped him as being comfortably well-fixed.

In a curious, grim way Captain Harcourt had really felt some genuine affection for his wife, but believing in nothing, and in no man save himself, he had been helpless to show it. He had always been to her a terrifying, awesome personage who made her a fair allowance and came in from sea to visit her at long intervals. She had been deathly afraid of him, but when their child had been born and was old enough to understand something of what she said, she had told him tales of his father that were colored with the youth and splendor and romance she had secretly hoped her husband would possess. And Jimmy Harcourt, speechless and wide-eyed when his towering, bearded father came home as a fabulous stranger, smelling of ships and the sea, speaking of outlandish cities, believed every word.

The incident that changed all their lives the boy naturally did not understand until long afterwards. But one voyage Captain Harcourt came home to discover his wife gone. Another and a younger man, of course. But he made no allowances. He did not understand nor did he appreciate her loneliness during the long months when he was at sea. He did not even understand that she herself was young, and aching for life and love. He did not want to understand. He only knew that his iron pride had suffered a permanent hurt, that his shy, hidden and inarticulate touch of softness for that golden-haired girl was blotted out in a cold, consuming rage.

He divorced her at once and obtained the child, not because he wanted the child but because he knew it would hurt her, and it was all he could do to avenge himself. Had he been able he would have killed the other man, but for several reasons that had not been possible, the chief of which was that the couple had gone abroad and the most pressing business had kept Captain Harcourt chained to his ship. So instead he obtained his son, sent him with contemptuous indifference to a Home until he should be old enough to be of use, and from a merely hard, life-battered sailor had become an embittered, callous man interested only in himself and his ship, and seldom moved by any emotion other than cold anger.

"HE'S her boy, not mine!" he swore to himself more than once as he watched his son. "Weak. Small. The same big, soft eyes. The same hair. Afraid of his own shadow. . . . And he thinks I'm a hero, eh? We'll change that."

In his malicious bitterness he had neither judgment nor reason. Jimmy Harcourt was small-boned and weak compared to what his giant of a father must have been at his age. That was true. But he was not afraid any more than any normal boy would have been, thrust abruptly into strange and brutal surroundings. He was sensitive, even emotional, and at first very nervous, as was to be expected when everything he did seemed wrong. And Captain Harcourt, harsh and domineering as he was with his officers and men, treated his son much worse, as if leaning over backwards on the grounds that his son should be treated no better than the rest.

The first day out, for instance, with the boy so seasick he could hardly stand, he had been sent by the cook to empty a bucket of ashes over the side. And, as invariably happens with a green hand, he had chosen the side nearest him as he came from the galley door, the windward side, so that the ashes blew back in a choking cloud across the Thrush's spotless deck. Captain Harcourt bellowed from the poop and the boy stumbled obediently up to him. His father was already unbuckling the broad leather belt.

"Bend over the rail," he said, not angrily, even disinterestedly, as one about to perform a necessary task. Jimmy bent, shaking with sickness and fear. "This is just to make you remember," explained Captain Harcourt and the belt came down hard. "Never throw anything to windward, always to leeward. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy and went midships biting on the tears.

Two days later his father called him aft again and showed him how to fashion a reef-knot, a bowline and a clove-hitch. He showed him, very slowly, just twice. Then he handed Jimmy the line and allowed him two failures. On the third, and for each successive failure, he got the belt. When he first went aloft with the Thrush staggering in a half-gale and he stopped, clinging rigid with fear below the futtock shrouds, Captain Harcourt sent the second mate up to rope's-end the boy clear to the royal yard.

So it was he learned to handle sail. So it was he learned to steer. So it was he learned his rigging. So it was, in time, he learned his navigation. Brutally, but rapidly and effectively. He had fewer privileges than any man on board, and the privileges Captain Harcourt allowed even his officers could be counted on the fingers of one hand. He was worked harder than anyone, he was seldom allowed ashore save in the company of one of the mates, and for the first two years of his servitude he received nothing but his food and clothes.

"I DON'T understand why the kid don't run away," ventured the mate to the second in a dog-watch of confidence. The second mate removed his pipe long enough to peer around and see if Captain Harcourt was in sight or hearing, and then shook his head.

"What could a kid his age do if he did run away?" he asked reasonably. "There's times, though, I've thought of getting him on another ship on the quiet."

"Let be," warned the mate. "If the old man ever found out, he'd kill you. Still, it's even getting under my skin the way that kid slaves."

"Aye," agreed the second. "And what can we do? The skipper gave me hell the other day because I let the boy off for a watch, seeing he'd sprained his ankle dropping off the sheerpole. 'What's the so-and-so idea?' says the old man. 'Find the brat a job so he can work on his knees.' So I had to set him holystoning."

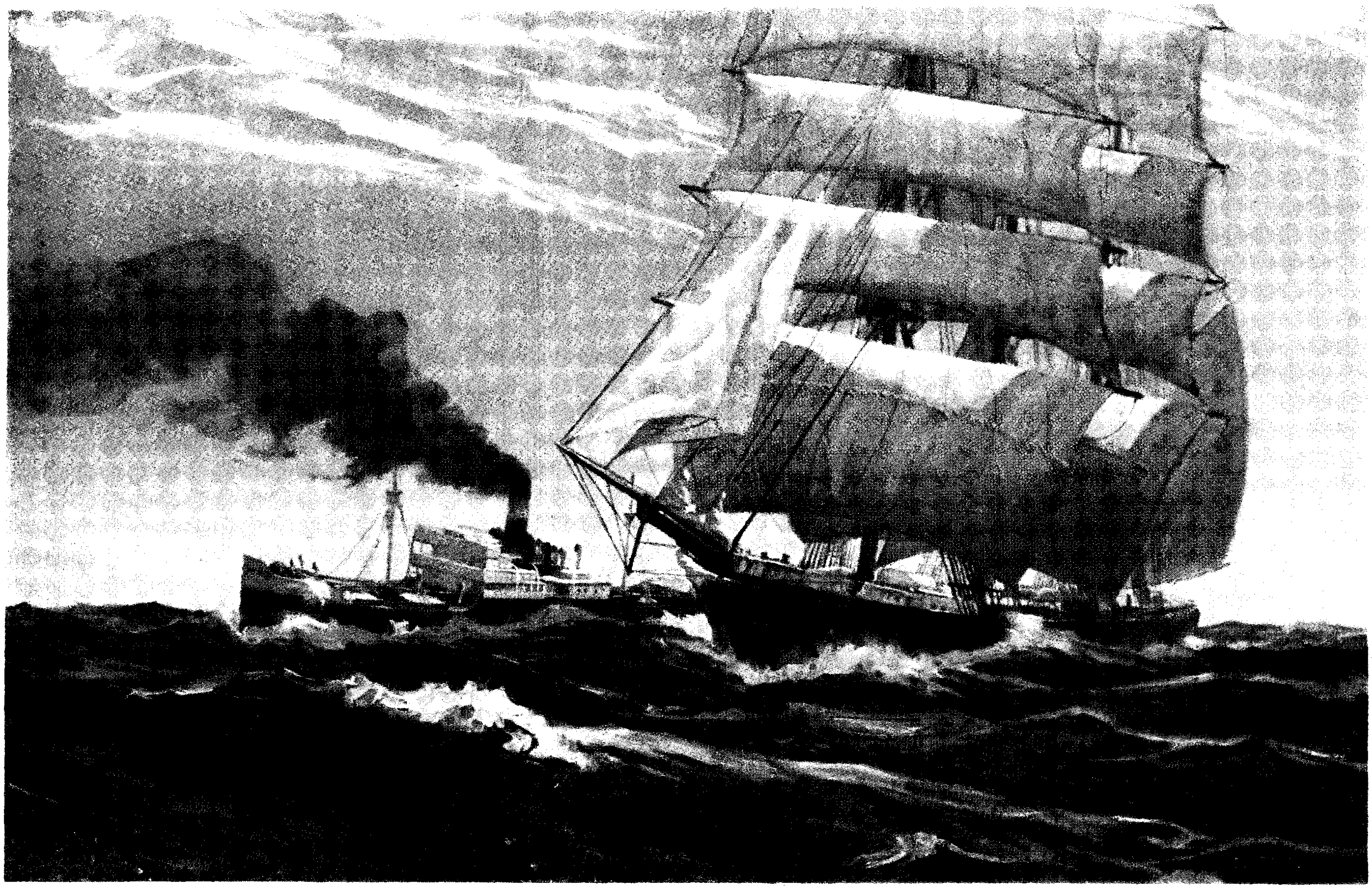
"And him his own son," reflected the mate. "Oh, well. We got our own griefs."

Now, strange as it would have seemed to both the mates of the Thrush, and to any of her crew, Jimmy Harcourt had never once thought of leaving the ship. Nor had he ever harbored any real animosity towards his father. There were times, it was true, when he wondered a little at some seemingly unreasonable reproof or punishment, but this was soon swept away and submerged in an all-pervading belief that Captain Harcourt could do no wrong. Imbued since his earliest years with the certainty his father was a romantic figure, blended in some mysterious way with the heroic seamen of the past as he had read of them, it never occurred to Jimmy Harcourt that he was being misused.

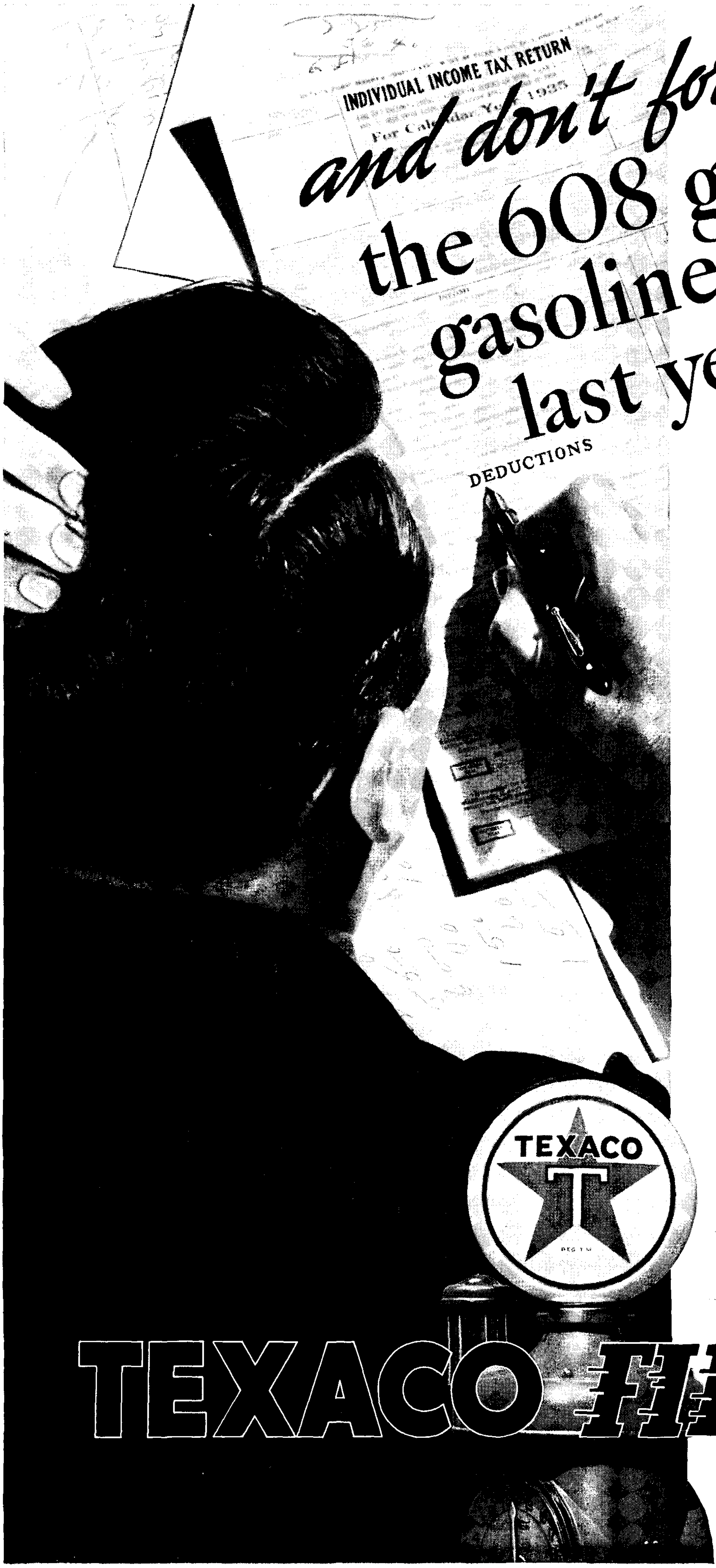
Physically his father was a man to delight the eye, an embodiment of all the books had said. Secretly Jimmy exulted when he saw both officers and men render unquestioning and hasty obedience; and secretly he exulted still more when through their subdued cursing and between their spells of almost mutinous temper he would hear the best of them admit that the old man knew his business, was a sailor to his finger tips. Because of something in his temperament, perhaps through some strange half-perverted viewpoint, Jimmy Harcourt worshiped his father. Blows he learned to take stoically, even with some pleasure that his father at least was aware of his existence, for it pained him more to be totally ignored. And when, on enormously rare occasions, a harsh word of praise was forced from Captain Harcourt's lips, his son was plunged in a glow that lasted for days.

No one on board suspected this. Jimmy spoke but seldom, and never until addressed, excepting upon a matter of ship's business. He was to all outward appearances a silent, shy boy, quick to learn, never disobeying and seemingly resigned to everything. It is said that the ancient galley slaves wept and protested when discharged from their slavery; and it is common knowledge that long-term prisoners feel lost with freedom. That was, in a measure, Jimmy Harcourt's panicky emotion when a kindly seaman sometimes ventured to suggest to him that he escape. The only world he knew was the Thrush. The one man he admired, feared, and yet respected was his father. He wanted nothing else. He even sensed that with

(Continued on page 48)



Captain Harcourt was triumphant as she passed a wallowing steamer and dropped her astern



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FASTER—does more for you, doctors find

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Makes you feel fit FASTER!

all his harshness there lurked somewhere at the back of Captain Harcourt's mind the idea that he was making a sailor and a real man of his son. He never suspected any bitter maliciousness directed towards him because of his mother. In fact he seldom, if ever, thought about his mother. He had neither seen nor heard of her in years. He was becoming a man in a world of men.

And then one day as he was entering his thirteenth year, and had been two years on the Thrush, his father sent for him just after obtaining a crew for another voyage.

"I'm signing you now as ordinary seaman," stated Captain Harcourt bluntly. "You'll draw standard wages and from now on buy your own gear."

"Thank you, sir," said Jimmy, his eyes eager and bright. He had filled out since he had first entered the main cabin where this interview took place, and it was the second time he had been in it since joining the ship. He was a little taller, a little broader, as hard as nails. He would never be a big man, that was certain, his father thought grimly, but he might make something after all.

"You don't need to thank me," he snapped harshly. "Move your gear to the fo'c'sle. You'll stay with the crew now."

That was all, but it was enough. And from then on things were eased a little. Captain Harcourt, in his grim way, was reasonably just. He had made his son ordinary seaman. He held some rank now and was no longer a ship's boy. He stood watch and watch with the men and he worked with the men. And because by this time he knew the ship inside and out and knew his work, reproofs and punishment came rarer and rarer, though on occasion when matters went wrong and it was hard to find a scapegoat, Captain Harcourt would still vent his spleen on his son.

Some two years later again he signed the boy as able seaman and allowed him full pay. Captain Harcourt made no attempt to take charge of the spending of this. Nor, by this time, did he insist Jimmy go ashore only with one of the mates. Had he not considered the boy capable of a man's work he would not have given him his raise. And being a man he must therefore be treated as one.

"Let him learn," he said savagely. "He's got to stand on his own feet. If there's anything of me in him, he will. If not . . ." He shrugged and let it go at that. An instant later he swore, astonished at himself to realize he had been thinking absently and with some pride that it was something to have a son who could rank as able seaman at less than fifteen. And to make up for that moment's weakness he drove Jimmy mercilessly and found fault with him and belted him for days. But that passed, and time went.

WHEN he was barely seventeen, coached by his grim father and the inevitable belt, Jimmy Harcourt went up for his second mate's ticket and failed, a matter of confusion and nerves before the examiners more than anything else. But the thrashing he got for that stirred even the case-hardened mates.

"He's game, anyway," conceded the second. "Took it without a whimper. He's a man now and I suppose he knows what he's doing. He'll pass next time if only to cheat the old man out of a belting. You'll see. But," he added grimly, "if he doesn't and the skipper uses the buckle again, I'm damned if I don't take a belaying pin to him. I like Jimmy and if I ever get to be mate of a ship . . . and I'm out of this slave galley the first chance . . . I'll have him signed as bosun. He can handle it."

Eight months after that Jimmy went up for his ticket again and passed, with such honors that one of the grizzled examiners who knew his father took the trouble to write, complimenting him on his son. Captain Harcourt was in the Captain's Club when he read that letter and he swore ominously as he tore it up, thundering asides to a few cronies as to what was in it.

"Giving the brat a swelled head!" he blazed. "I'll take it out of him!"

But fifteen minutes later, when the incident was all but forgotten, he electrified the club by buying a drink all round.

"My fortieth year in command," he explained roughly. "Forty years today. Got to celebrate."

He drank hastily, savagely slammed down his glass and strode out. One of the assembled captains scratched his head.

"Forty years?" he ruminated aloud. "He's crazy. He's held command for forty-three years to my knowledge. Maybe his memory's going."

Someone laughed and pointed at the fragments of the examiner's letter crumpled in a cuspidor.

"It isn't that," he said cryptically and they laughed and the matter was dropped.

ON BOARD the Thrush, Captain Harcourt summoned his son into the main cabin once more and glared down at him. He saw a young man some five feet seven in height, compactly built, with steady, dark eyes, weather-bleached fair hair, a mouth gentle as a woman's (save it was pressed tight) and skin tanned to deep bronze.

"So you finally got through," rasped Captain Harcourt unpleasantly. "It's about time. They told me you just barely made it. If I'd been on the board you'd have been sent back for another six months' deep-water service."

His son stood straight and calm. He always seemed calm of late and it made Captain Harcourt's white beard bristle.

"Where's your damned ticket?" he demanded.

"In my sea chest, sir."

"Get it and stick it in the second mate's frame. Move your gear aft. The second mate's not signing this trip."

"Very good, sir."

Captain Harcourt waited all but motionless until his son returned with his gear. And he was silent until the new certificate had been slid into the frame. Then very grimly he unbuckled his belt.

"You're an officer now," he stated. "So I'm not striking you before the men any more. But as an officer there's three things you'll remember. Repeat them after me and turn around."

Jimmy Harcourt, trained in the iron discipline of the Thrush, obeyed without question. His father raised the broad belt.

"The first care of an officer is his ship."

"The first care of an officer is his ship," said Jimmy steadily. The belt swished down with full force, staggering him. He made no sound.

"The second care of an officer is his men, for the ship's sake."

"The second care of an officer is his men, for the ship's sake," said Jimmy through white lips. The belt drove home.

"And the third thing to remember," said Captain Harcourt remorselessly, "is that nothing else must interfere. Nothing. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy. "Nothing," and in a thin, dry voice he repeated his father's words. The belt fell a last time and Captain Harcourt buckled it on again. He brought forth a bottle of whisky and two glasses and he poured drinks.

"It's the custom," he said, brusquely explaining his unprecedented action, "to christen a new ticket. So here's luck."

With a hand that was slightly unsteady Jimmy Harcourt picked up his glass and drank.

"All right," said Captain Harcourt when that brief ceremony was finished. "We start loading this afternoon. You'll see to it, *Mister* Harcourt."

"Yes, sir," said the Thrush's new second mate, and automatically, from the habit of seven years, he touched his cap in salute. Captain Harcourt scowled as his son went on deck and he fingered his gray beard.

"One mistake and I'll disrate him," he muttered ominously. "Son or no damned son, he handles his job or he goes back for'ard where he belongs. Weak. I said so. Afraid. I said so. A grown man with his second's ticket and taking the belt yet like a sucking babe. I don't understand. Bah!"

IT WAS two years later before Captain Harcourt understood. They had been quick and busy years, for freight was plentiful and rates were running high. Jimmy was first mate now and for all his carping and unreasonableness it had been a long time since Captain Harcourt had been able to find any real fault with him. He had begun to take his son for granted, much as he would have taken any other first mate of his, leaving routine work in his hands and to his care with an unconscious assurance it would be efficiently carried out. Outwardly, of course, he never admitted this, and the old formalities he still kept between them with scrupulous care.

"The way things are I should take charge of the shore end after this trip," he rumbled one day. "I would at that if I thought I could trust you with the ship."

"I think I know her pretty well, sir," said Jimmy. He added a little grimly, "I should after nine years."

"You never know a ship until you've commanded her for nine more," stated Captain Harcourt harshly. "Maybe you'll come to it one day. There's some as never do."

The Thrush was driving before a stiff wind at the time, with the whitecaps breaking on a swinging sea and the foam gurgling along the lee scuppers. It was late in the year, and crisply cold, a densely blue sky above with hard white clouds drifting across it. The ship was heavy with a full homeward cargo, and what her holds had not been able to carry was piled and lashed on her deck. She made a brave sight as she ran, and Captain Harcourt's cold eyes were triumphant as she passed a wallowing steamer and dropped her astern.

"Maybe we should give her a tow," he said maliciously. "In the old days we used to dangle a rope's-end over the stern when we passed a stinking tin can."

He rubbed his hands to warm them and waved a sarcastic arm at the receding tramp. Jimmy watched him with a faint smile on his lips. The pride of the craft; the old craft! He understood.

Captain Harcourt crossed the poop to the main cabin scuttle and ducked below. At that moment the Thrush lifted to a following roaring sea, swung a little and surged back. Over the noises of the water and wind Jimmy Harcourt heard a cry, a muffled oath, and the dull sound of a fall. And when he reached the foot of the cabin companion he found his father huddled on the deck, his face gray with pain, blood trickling from a cut forehead and his hands pressed to his abdomen.

"Slipped," he muttered thickly. "Never happened before. I'll lay down a while and I'll be all right. Never mind me. Watch the ship, damn you!"

Jimmy called the second mate and between them they lifted the old man to his bunk and removed his clothes. He was unconscious before they had finished and Jimmy was shaken. It seemed incredible. He would never have believed that that giant of a man could be reduced to this. He had seemed so enduring, as if he were going to last forever. He had never been sick. Jimmy probed for his father's hurts and judged that ribs were broken. There was a small froth of blood with heavy breathing now, and when he recovered consciousness for a brief while he complained through set teeth of a fearful pain in his stomach and below it.

"He's badly hurt," said Jimmy, thumbing through the medical guide. "I don't know how bad. We've got to get him to a hospital."

"Something's maybe busted inside, apart from his ribs," said the second mate, a middle-aged nervous man. "But what can we do? We're more than five days from port."

"I know, I know!" said Jimmy impatiently, and he did for his father what he could and what the medical guide said. But he was a sailor, not a doctor, and he went on deck and shook out more canvas until the masts groaned under the driving strain and the seamen muttered to one another and stared anxiously aloft. The Thrush buried her bowsprit and came up spouting foam, shuddering along her length. But when they heaved the log she was making two knots more than she had before Captain Harcourt had left the deck. Racing.

Jimmy Harcourt got no sleep that night. He watched by the captain's bunk, with hurried trips on deck to see how the Thrush and the weather behaved. At intervals his father regained consciousness, fretful, swearing, worrying always over the ship; and then he would sink into oblivion for another long period.

The fresh wind, fair for their present course for port, dropped before morning, and with daylight veered and slanted against them. The Thrush staggered and lunged on, but her loggings now brought a groan from Jimmy Harcourt's lips.

"We'll be another week if this keeps up," he said bitterly.

CAPTAIN HARCOURT was unconscious for all that following day and night, and his temperature began to rise. The second mate went below at dawn, leaving the bosun watching the spray-wet poop, and he found Jimmy poring over a chart spread on the main cabin table.

"The wind's freshening, sir," said the second. "We'll have to get some of the cloth off her."

The mate raised a haggard face and his dark eyes, usually pleasant and mild enough, were bleak and hard.

"She'll carry it," Jimmy said harshly. "I know her. And I'm going to run the Beaufort Strait."

The second mate's jaw dropped.

"You can't do that," he protested quickly. "It's ugly enough in summer, but at this time of the year and with this weather it's suicide."

"So they say. But it's been done once or twice."

"Not in a ship this size and with our draft," choked the second. Jimmy Harcourt gritted his teeth.

"We'll take it," he said. "It cuts forty-eight hours to port. The rips and shoals are bad but if the chart's right there's plenty of water. And the wind's fair for *that* course."

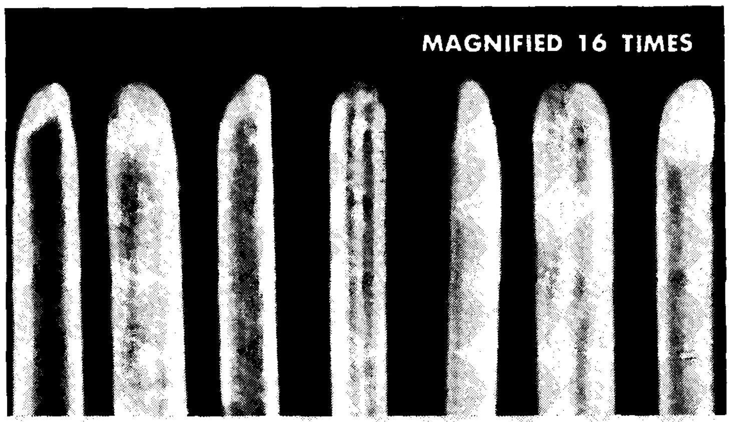
"Eh?" came the voice of Captain Harcourt weakly. "Eh, what's that?"

Both mates turned and saw him, half-upright in his bunk, his face flushed and his eyes burning with fever. Jimmy went in to him and wiped the froth from his lips, soothing him.

"He's mad," blurted the second mate,

(*Continued on page* 50)

MICROSCOPES DON'T LIE



so you can see that these bristles

Photo-micrograph of ROUND-END Bristle AFTER 6 MONTHS OF DAILY USE

must be gentler to the gums

than these

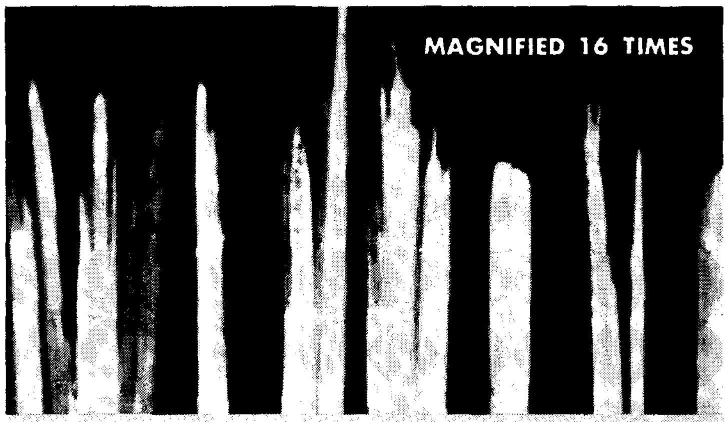


Photo-micrograph of ORDINARY Bristle AFTER 6 MONTHS OF DAILY USE

HERE is a tooth brush improvement so startling, so revolutionary, that it is almost unbelievable. Hence you may well doubt claims about it. But you can't help believing your eyes.

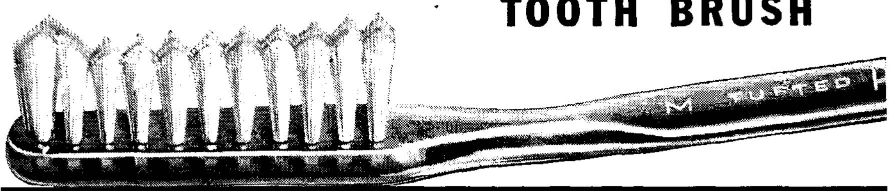
The photographs above were made through high-power microscopes. They prove that Round-End Bristle *must be gentler* to the gums and sensitive mouth tissues.

This patented improvement is exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Buy one, and brush your gums with bristle-ends that are as round and smooth as fingertips, instead of sharp and scratchy as broom-straws. Thus you learn in your own mouth how much more soothing, how much more thorough, this modern tooth brush is.

Whether you prefer a small or a large brush, you will surely like one of these four sizes. All have Round-End Bristle. In order of size, starting with the smallest, they are: *Child's*, 25¢. *Youth's*, 35¢. *Small Type for Adults*, 50¢. *Regular Adult*, 50¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic
TOOTH BRUSH



No other has ROUND-END Bristle

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT MADE MY OLD PEN WORK LIKE NEW.

New Ink Dries So Fast on paper You'll Throw Your Blotter Away!

Quink Cleans a Pen as it Writes—Ends Clogging, Starts Instantly!

No matter what kind of pen you use—a Parker or any other—get a bottle of Parker Q*uink* and your pen will start instantly—every time. The Parker Pen Co., spent $68,000 to create Q*uink* to guard the famous Parker Pens from ordinary pen-clogging inks.

This revolutionary ink does what no other ink can do—makes your pen a self-cleaner—it is cleansed as it writes. For Q*uink* contains a secret, harmless ingredient that dissolves the caked-up sediment left in pens by pen-clogging inks. And Q*uink* has a special affinity for paper, hence dries 31% faster, yet resists evaporation, so does NOT dry in a pen.

WASHABLE Q*uink*, for home and school, washes out without trace, if accidentally spilled on hands, clothes or rugs.

PERMANENT Q*uink*, for commercial records, is as Permanent as the paper.

Q*uink* makes all pens—steel pens and fountain pens—work like a charm. Not a watery ink—but rich and full-bodied, with a brilliancy of color that will make your writing distinctive.

Get either kind of Parker Q*uink* from any store selling ink,—15c or 25c.

The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Parker Q*uink*

Made by the Makers of the Celebrated Parker Pens

Custom tailored by NASH assures

GOOD FIT ✦ PROPER STYLE ✦ VALUE ✦ WEARING QUALITY

From $22 to $45

Nash clothes are finely made to your measure . . . created by organized craftsmen to your size, build and posture from your choice of over four hundred pure wool fabrics; the cream of American and British looms. Sixty Service Offices with custom-tailor fitting in principle cities. Your satisfaction guaranteed.

Let us show you our Spring styles and fabrics. Call the local Nash Office in your city or write for the name of the Nash man in your community. We will gladly supply this information and enclose our authentic style book.

The A. NASH Co.
GOLDEN RULE
Custom tailored clothes
1906 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

FOR · MEN · WHO · CARE

(Continued from page 49)

wild-eyed. "He says he's going to run the Beaufort Strait. In this weather, sir."

"The Beaufort Strait!" roared Captain Harcourt. He straightened with a surge of amazing energy. "Damn you, you young fool! Do you want to lose my ship? I forbid you . . ." Then he collapsed to blank unconsciousness again. Jimmy covered him, felt his heart and turned to the ashen-faced second. Nine years of unquestioning obedience warred in him with something else. He knew what his father would do if . . . He made his final decision.

"You keep your mouth shut," he said through white lips. "On deck now! I'm master so long as Captain Harcourt is *ill!*"

The Thrush turned and ran, her canvas bellied hard as iron, her rigging cracking and groaning.

"He'll sail her under," swore the second mate. The bosun slid his tongue over dry lips and agreed. "If he doesn't the reefs'll get us. You can't run the Beaufort Strait this time of the year." But, like the second mate, he made no active protest. Nor did the frightened crew. The iron discipline of Captain Harcourt was too firmly entrenched for that. So the Thrush drove into the dangerous, little-used strait that cut the distance to port by at least two days, and on her poop, unresting, stood her mate, hard-eyed, grim-faced, with his first command, mentally blessing the man who had made him, willy-nilly, by virtue of belt, fist and labor, a first-class seaman.

THE Thrush was all but a wreck when she took the towline from the tug, and her crew were as men who have seen miracles and are familiar with hell. Her fore and main topmasts were gone. Her deck cargo had gone. Two of her men had broken limbs from a boarding sea which smashed them against the bulwarks. Her main hatch was smashed in and there were five feet of water below, which for two days the hand pumps had been vainly siphoning out. So close had she come to destruction there was a long, wide sliver of wood stripped from her hull where the iron fang of a reef had grazed her. But she had made it, thanks to the following wind that held, and that was all that mattered. At the dock the ambulance took the unconscious Captain Harcourt ashore. "Do you think he'll live?" Jimmy demanded at the hospital later. The doctor shrugged and shook his head.

"He was badly hurt. But he has a magnificent constitution. Another day and it would certainly have been too late. As it is . . . I don't know."

"Give him the best," said Jimmy Harcourt abruptly. "I've got to dock the Thrush for repairs and then make a run south. The job has to go on. We've got freight waiting. Tell him . . . tell him everything's all right."

"Yes," agreed the doctor, looking curiously at the young-old, self-reliant face before him. "Yes, I rather imagine it is."

THREE months later Captain Harcourt climbed ominously over the bulwarks of the Thrush and made his way below. The ship had just docked, in from her southerly run, and Jimmy was getting his papers in order. He looked up as his father entered the main cabin, and from long habit repressed an exclamation.

"How are you, sir?" he inquired evenly. "I was coming to see you as soon as I could get away."

"Get away, eh?" said Captain Harcourt grimly. He hooked his thumbs in his broad leather belt and stared down at his son, his white beard bristling and his eyes like ice. He was pale from his illness but the old vigor was back, and that he was inwardly raging was evident.

"Who told you to take the ship out by yourself?" he demanded.

"There was your charter, sir," Jimmy explained. "The freight was waiting."

Captain Harcourt repressed an oath and breathed hard.

"All right. We'll let that go. But you've made a fool of me. Made a joke of what I've hammered into you. What the hell right had you to take the Thrush through the Beaufort Strait? I forbade you."

"I had to get you to a doctor, sir."

"If you'd lost the ship you'd have lost your ticket. Only a madman would have taken such a chance."

"It saved your life, sir," said Jimmy, white-faced now.

"To hell with my life! You lost your fore and main topmasts. You lost your deck cargo. You had two men injured. You came within an inch of piling up. What in hell has my life got to do with it? I thought I was making you a sailor! Maybe you'll remember this time, when I'm through."

He unbuckled his belt and slid it clear. Jimmy Harcourt looked up at him with just the faintest trace of a tight smile. His father was over sixty now, and he was a little over nineteen, but he knew the older man could thrash him just as he had always done, whether he resisted or not. And he had no intention of resisting.

"I taught you when you got your first ticket," said his father grimly. "With this same belt. I thought it'd stick. . . . The first care of an officer is his ship. The second is for his men. Nothing else must interfere. Maybe you remember."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy quietly. "I remember very well, sir."

"Then why in hell did you do it?" roared Captain Harcourt. "Nine years of working on you thrown away. I'll teach you or kill you! Why did you risk a ship and twenty men in the Beaufort Strait? A gallery play! Trying to make yourself a hero. Trying to get a cheap reputation!"

"I didn't think you'd understand, sir," said Jimmy gently.

"Didn't think!" Captain Harcourt choked and raised his belt. "Why did you do it, then, if it wasn't just to be smart? For why?"

"For love, sir," answered his son and there was sudden hushed quiet in the Thrush's main cabin.

Captain Harcourt went as rigid as marble, his hand with the belt checked in mid-air. He did not seem to comprehend for a long time and his eyes remained fastened unwinking upon Jimmy's. Then slowly something seemed to crack within him and he faltered. The belt lowered uncertainly, his eyes wavered, and he passed one hand across his mouth. For the first time in his life he was faced with something for which there seemed no answer.

"After . . . after . . . everything . . . I . . ." He could not go on.

"There is nothing," said Jimmy simply, "that I regret, sir."

CAPTAIN HARCOURT looked into his son's eyes again and, unbidden, something strange and new and warm passed between them, passed into him. He struggled against it, the convictions and habits of a long life coming to aid him. But carefully, as if he did not quite know what he was doing, he replaced his belt.

"You . . . you must understand, Mr. Harcourt," he said huskily. "The ship first. You must understand it mustn't happen again."

"Yes, sir," Jimmy agreed. "It mustn't happen again."

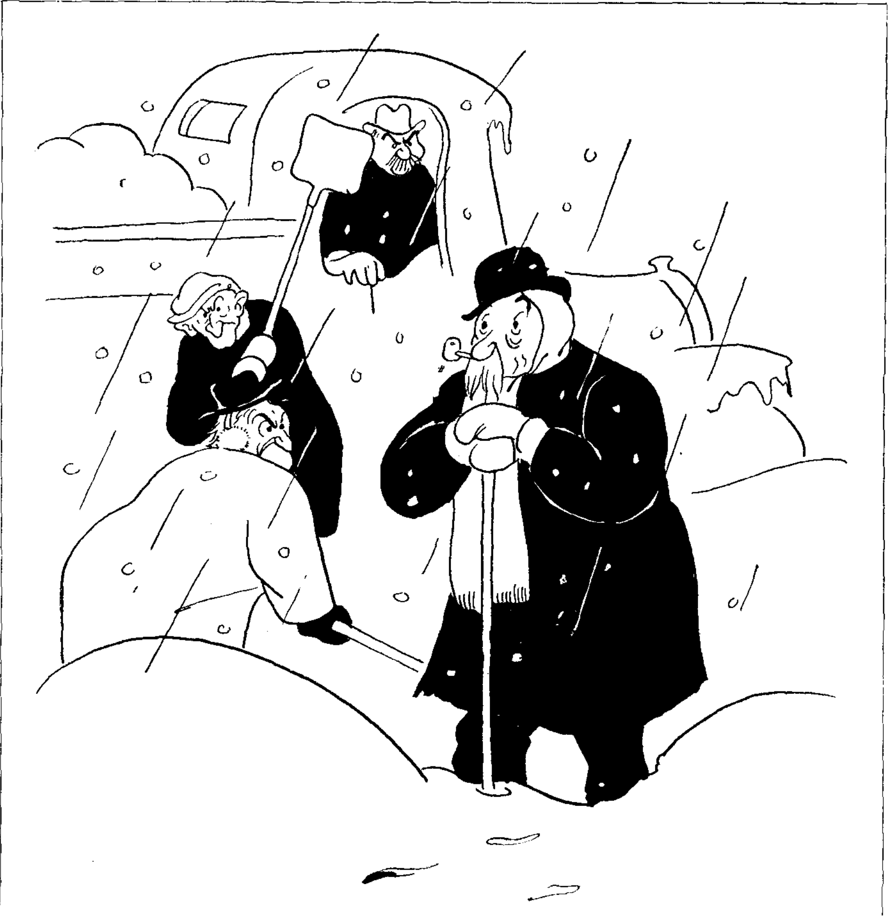
His father cleared his throat and scowled.

"Well, have you got your papers ready for the consul?" he demanded roughly.

"Quite ready, sir," said his first mate.

"Then I'll go along with you," snapped the other. "You'll probably make a mess of things if I don't."

"Yes, sir," agreed Jimmy Harcourt, touching his cap, and at a gesture from his father he went up on deck first. And as he did so he felt, or he thought he felt, the light, timid, wondering touch of Captain Harcourt's hand upon his arm. He was not sure, he never was sure, but it was enough.



"Softly they drift from their Heavens on high,
Ah, tiny snowflakes a joy to the eye!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

When you
A Mars Co
DOUBLE
Milky Way
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5
CHOCOLATE
More Tasteful

Behind this portal lies a secret

Nobody has ever been able to imitate the delicious taste of the Milky Way candy bar. Yet, if you could visit this factory, which is one of the most beautiful in all the world, you could see the entire process for yourself, the purity and freshness of the materials used and the scrupulous cleanliness of our sun-flooded kitchens. But the delectable taste, which has made Milky Way the world's fastest seller, you could not copy. Only Milky Way has it. Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slice, and Two Bits.

don't gamble with your car's finish

Says **Louis Rose,**
54 Cass Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan
one of the largest Plymouth-DeSoto dealers.

Mr. Rose not only sells beautiful cars, but also shows his customers how to keep them beautiful!

Use Simoniz Kleener and Simoniz

It's wiser to use the best . . . and safer, too! So insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. If it's dirty and dull, Simoniz Kleener comes to the rescue. Try it—a few strokes—and your car sparkles with all the beauty it had when new. Simoniz, too, is easily applied with a cloth—but you'll marvel how hard it is to wear off. Weather-proof protection that makes the finish last longer, prevents the colors from fading, and keeps cars beautiful for years. Millions use these world-famous products. Nothing else is so dependable. Get them for your car today!

DELUXE BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR AUTOMOBILES

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

The Return of Father Mississippi

Continued from page 13

inland towns paid the price for demolishing river competition. Whether this be true or false, by the end of the century steamboat service had disappeared and railroads enjoyed exclusive rights of haulage.

Another consideration that probably influenced Uncle Sam in reviving dormant waterways was their utility, if not their crucial necessity, in time of war. Suppose that the blockade of freight yards in 1917 had occurred simultaneously with such a flood as we experienced ten years later in 1927, so that not a train could cross the continent south of St. Louis? Uncle Sam simply cannot risk the stoppage of his men and munitions in a pinch, and maybe that's part of the reason why he spends so much money on flood control and channel betterments. Anyhow our stubborn Uncle has set his head on giving river transportation a fair trial, and he alone can do it, because the business is so precarious that no individual financier would risk an investment against such powerful competition as the railroads. Packet companies were small and weak as compared with giant railroad systems. Oftentimes a "line" consisted of but a single craft which represented its owner's last nickel, and small fry could not hope to hold their own in a rate war. Therefore, our government means to demonstrate the feasibility or the folly of moving freight by water. If the venture be profitable it is said that Uncle Sam plans to sell out and let enterprising citizens carry on. As against this the railroads suggest that under restrictions of the Denison Act of 1928 such a sale would be impracticable.

Thousands of Americans who have only patriotic interests are opposed on principle to "government in business," the general discussion pro and con being so familiar that we need not repeat it.

Coming down to cases, to specific arguments for and against Federal Barge Lines, I find such contradictory opinions that the safest position for a writer is that of Congressman "Private" John Allen, who was asked how he stood on the prohibition question. "Stand all right," John answered. "I drink with both sides."

The Railroad Men Speak

Drinking with both sides and listening to both sides, I shall tell you first some of the points that are made by railroad friends and officials:

"Water haulage is no cheaper than rail. The cost per ton per mile of carrying freight by water is enormously greater than rail transportation if you add the 'overhead' and the 'hidden cost.' Overhead and hidden cost represent money spent on navigation improvement, to build and maintain a right of way that barges use without paying a penny.

Our roads now have ample equipment and facilities to carry every pound of freight that may be offered. An overproduction exists in transportation as in every other industry, and there's no necessity for barges.

Our roads are the chief taxpayers of America and should not be forced to compete with untaxed governmental agencies.

The government should not set up a competition against us and take away any part of our revenues, when railroads are the backbone of national transportation and tottering on the verge of bankruptcy.

It is unfair for our roads to compete against a subsidized concern.

The Federal Barge Lines have not paid back one single dollar to the government. Their financial statements are misleading because they fail to consider prodigious sums expended for their benefit on channel improvements. Overhead expenses, such as interest on maintenance, are ignored, while railroads must provide funds to meet these charges. Uncle Sam supplies a right of way at no cost to barge lines, whereas we must not only keep up our tracks but also pay heavy taxes on them.

The Federal Barge Lines will never be returned to private ownership, because governmental bureaus have always found a pretext to perpetuate themselves. There isn't a chance to sell anyhow; nobody has ever offered to buy. Under the Denison Act nobody can buy.

The Barge Men Answer

These are only a few of the objections urged by railroaders and other opponents. Think them over for yourself, then consider what partisans of the Federal Barge Lines say:

For twenty-five years prior to the World War, railroads had a stranglehold on American transportation and are now fighting to keep their monopoly.

The vast sums that they mention have *already been spent* on river improvement. Why lose the value of that money by not using our channels for navigation?

It does not lie in the mouth of rail magnates to denounce a subsidy. They built their roads on subsidies and land grants that became national scandals. Miles and miles of public domain were donated to them, some of which they afterward sold as city lots at so much per front foot. Counties gave rights of way, towns paid bonuses for the location of repair shops, and invested in railroad stocks that were rendered worthless through Wall Street juggling. Bankruptcy and receiverships destroyed the value of those stocks, and municipalities got no return except—what the barge lines also give—convenient transportation.

Fancy salaries lavished upon railroad executives must be produced by fancy prices charged to shippers. Many a railway president receives ten times as much as Major General Ashburn, president of our line, who draws only his modest pay as an American officer—from the government.

The Associated Railways keep their lobby at Washington, pouring out propaganda prepared by shrewd statisticians. Our lines have no means of molding popular sentiment, or presenting our side of the case.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is, as required by law, "railroad minded" and favors the roads against the river.

Railroads annihilated river traffic by carrying freight at a loss, which added millions upon millions to their already hopeless deficits.

If railroads succeed in driving out barges they will hoist their rates and lay heavier burdens upon American commerce.

As to *the profit or loss* of our operations, we insist that from 1924 to 1934 inclusive we returned to the people in direct savings on freight $22,246,200, besides uncounted economies on freight shipped by rail, where roads were forced to lower their charges. We have returned more than ten per cent per year on our average capital—altogether giving back to taxpayers much more money than the taxpayers gave to us.

The year 1934 was a disastrous season and the Federal Barge Lines went into red ink for $900,000. The year 1935 was extremely profitable, making back that loss and there's every evidence of continued prosperity with no need to draw the three million dollars that still repose in the U. S. Treasury.

Officers of the federal lines say frankly that their corporation *must* make money. The purpose of its creation was to demonstrate that money could be made on the river, and that is now the only way for the line to keep going. Congressional purse strings are tied tight, and not another cent will be appropriated if the venture should fail. To prove the principle, barges must produce the profits.

The Federal Barge Lines now assert that they have three and one half millions cash on hand, no debts, and equipment valued at $24,500,000. On this showing friends of Father Mississippi claim that Uncle Sam has broken the river hoodoo, that his barge line is a going concern and earns a steady income.

In these varying opinions there is surprisingly little conflict of fact, except as to the financial condition and earnings of the federal lines. This involves a labyrinth of bookkeeping—whether and how much of "hidden cost" and "overhead expense" should be charged against their operations. Citizens also differ on broad grounds of public policy, government in business, and helping the railroads to rehabilitate themselves; questions that must be finally decided by the American people.

I wanted to see for myself what was actually happening, and on a chill drizzly morning in late September boarded a federal towboat at Vicksburg bound for New Orleans.

Most river cities that are served by barges build their own municipal terminals, constructed to handle the chief commodity, bulk grain, sulphur, whatnot, using modern escalators, belt conveyors, derricks with marvelous speed and economy. Barges pay on a tonnage basis for loading and unloading. The federal lines own their terminals at East St. Louis, Cairo, Vicksburg and Birmingport on the Warrior River in Alabama. Railroads produce figures to show that several of these municipal terminals are operated at a loss.

The towboat Cairo, on which we started downstream, is a potent brute costing more than a quarter of a million, and develops power that makes the stoutest packet seem weak as a sick kitten.

Floating Islands

The word "towboat" is a misnomer. It should be called "pushboat." It does not pull from the front but gets behind and pushes. With irresistible push and plenty of pull the towboat is bound to go places and do things.

The most prodigious moving mass upon this planet is a Mississippi towboat and its barges, bigger than anything else except an iceberg. When the Sprague brought down 84,000 tons of coal on a vast acreage of barges, it looked like some fire-breathing fiend traveling south with his plantation.

We carry ten "pieces," ten barges of different types, low-lying massive things of steel, each with a capacity of from two to three thousand tons. One of them alone will transport the average load carried by three freight trains of fifty cars each. As many as eighteen barges have been floated down in a single tow. Being rainproof and fireproof, they give maximum protection to goods, while drawing less than seven feet of water.

Four monster barges are shoved ahead of us, lashed end to end and side by side in rigid solidity, so that their prow stretches for more than two city blocks in advance of the pilot who steers them. Three other "pieces" on either side make our total width nearly two hundred feet; with a length, including the towboat itself, of 750 feet.

The awkward bulk moves slowly. We cannot wriggle along a crooked channel like slim and easily handled packets, but proceed with caution. Most of my day I sit in the lofty pilothouse, watch the shores and keep my mouth shut. Long ago I learned that little boys are on sufferance in this sacred place, and will be put out if they talk. Our river is now at its lowest stage and the man at the wheel must give it his undistracted, silent attention. Where sand bars show and warn him of the shallows he toots his whistle and sends a leadsman out front to heave his lead from the prow of the forward barge. At that distance the pilot could not hear, so another man is stationed midway between and relays the soundings through a megaphone: "Mark Four!"—four fathoms is twenty-four feet, no danger.

"Mark Three!" The channel is shoaling and our megaphone man sings out.

"Mark Twain!"—two fathoms, from which the greatest American humorist took his nom de plume.

Canned Goods and Skunk Tails

Nobody speaks while the pilot maneuvers his tow, backing, squirming and skirting the perilous bar as the megaphone continues, "Mark Three!" "Three and a half." Getting deeper now, "Mark Four." Then the reassuring yell comes back, "No bottom."

That changeless cry of the river has never varied and now recalls the thrill of childhood. Yet every boy who loves our ancient Father Mississippi will resent this newfangled contraption of steam and electricity that has supplanted the cumbersome pilot wheel. No longer does the pilot spin round and round nimbly as a squirrel in his cage. No longer does the mate stand like a spraddled bulldog at the stage plank, a man of versatile oaths for little boys to shudder at, and imitate. No longer do files of picturesque black roustabouts coonjine across the swaying plank, singing their rhythmic songs as they carry off the freight.

Our mate is a quiet person. His duties are to see that this tow is securely bound together, and that landings are safely made. The deckhands are all intelligent white men, and this boat carries no stage plank. What do you know about that?

The weight of our enormous craft and tow is many, many thousand tons, representing with its cargo an investment well above two millions; the freight charges accruing from this single trip may be more than $80,000. No picayunish business.

From the pilothouse I look down upon a drab steel barge at my left, No. 555, having a capacity of 2,000 tons and loaded with miscellaneous freight. Those who pooh-pooh river traffic contend that barges are only fit for rough commodities.

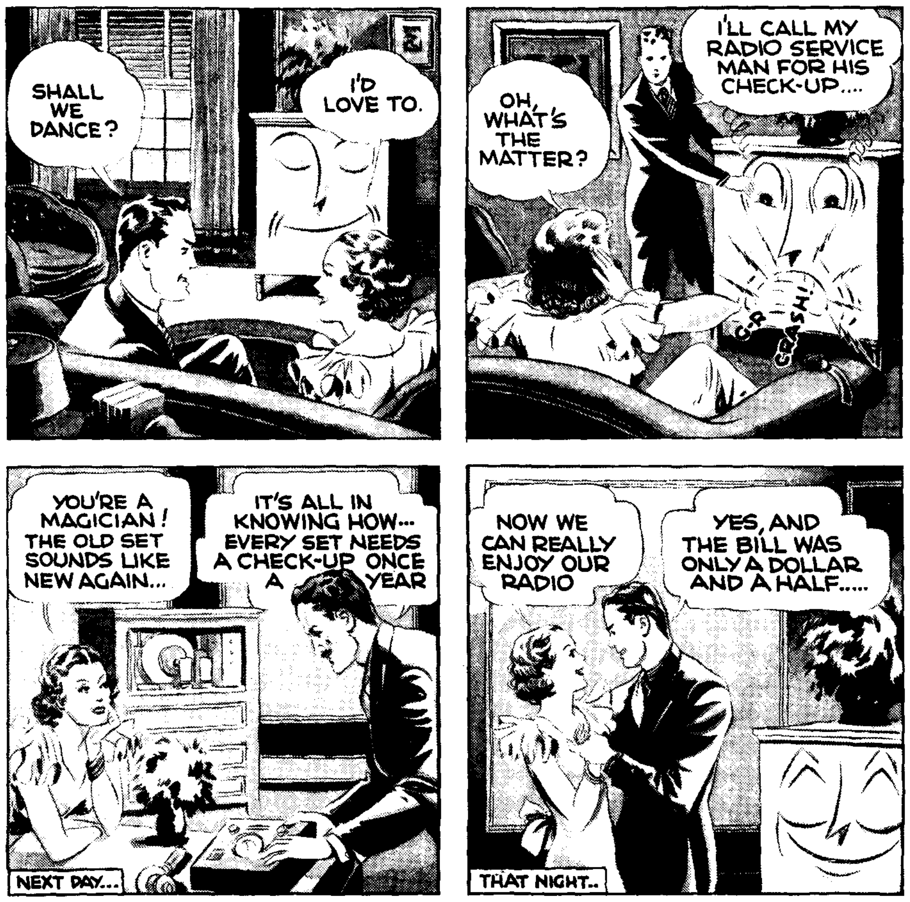
Let's see. Look into that barge and its tons of crated toys, routed through Panama to make a merry Christmas for American kiddies on the Pacific slope. Thousands of sacks of flour that must be kept dry. Hundreds of barrels of whisky from Peoria, Illinois, via Panama, to distributors in Oregon; and thirsty consumers will agree that such a cargo must be coddled. Cartons of canned goods, bales of paper stock from Memphis to the pulp mills at Bogalusa, La.; hogsheads of tobacco for export, weighing 1,200 pounds; almost a solid bargeload of Ford automobile engines.

An up-tow brings cocoa beans from South America for Chicago to make chocolate, a down-tow passes it carrying the hulls of cocoa beans, crushed into fertilizer and consigned to Rotterdam.

Bales of skunk tails out of Missouri, and horsetails from Kentucky go to va-

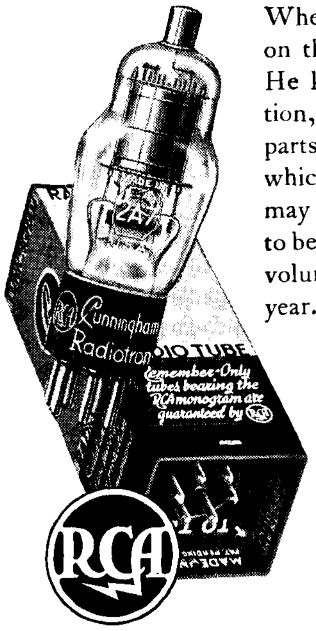
(*Continued on page* 54)

When the music says
"Let's dance"—
don't let your radio cut in with noise and static!


SHALL WE DANCE?
I'D LOVE TO.
OH, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I'LL CALL MY RADIO SERVICE MAN FOR HIS CHECK-UP....
CRASH!
YOU'RE A MAGICIAN! THE OLD SET SOUNDS LIKE NEW AGAIN...
IT'S ALL IN KNOWING HOW... EVERY SET NEEDS A CHECK-UP ONCE A YEAR
NEXT DAY...
NOW WE CAN REALLY ENJOY OUR RADIO
YES, AND THE BILL WAS ONLY A DOLLAR AND A HALF.....
THAT NIGHT...

Put an end to poor reception . . .
call your radio service man

When your radio spoils the marvelous programs that are on the air, your radio service man is the one to consult. He knows how to find the causes of noise, hum, distortion, erratic operation such as loose connections, worn parts, weak or dead tubes. Ask him for a Check-Up, which usually costs less than ½¢ per day per year. This may be all you need. Or if weak tubes or worn parts have to be replaced in order to restore the original pep, tone and volume, the total cost usually does not exceed 3¢ per day per year. So, for perfect reception, call any radio service man.

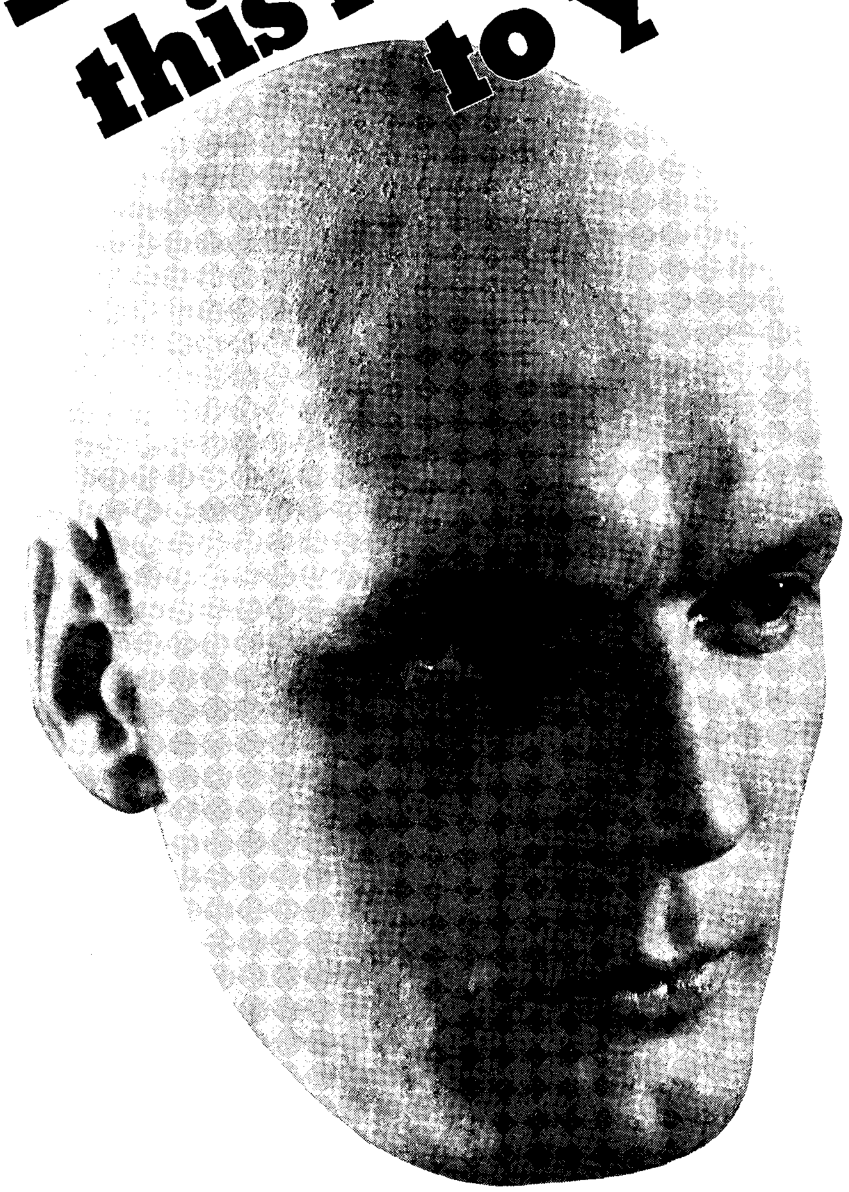

2A7
Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBE
Remember-Only tubes bearing the RCA monogram are guaranteed by RCA
RCA

• • •

Most reliable dealers recommend RCA Radio Tubes, because they know it pays them to sell as good tubes as can be found. RCA Radio Tubes are used by over 20 of the leading set manufacturers as standard equipment . . . RCA makes not only receiving tubes, but also transmitting tubes used by broadcast stations, aircraft, police, marine and trans-oceanic stations, and many special-purpose tubes such as Cathode Ray, Photo-Cell and others used in the most exacting services.

Leading makes of new radios are designed for RCA Metal Tubes. Make your next set a Metal Tube radio.

RCA RADIO TUBES
RCA MFG. CO., INC., CAMDEN, N. J. • A RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA SUBSIDIARY



Don't let this happen to you!

Has your wife been picking hairs off your shoulder?

Are there telltale bristles in your comb?

Is your coat collar flecked with dandruff?

Get Kreml!

Here's a combination dressing-tonic that won't make you look like a gigolo.

It makes hair behave without plastering it down.

It removes every speck of dandruff.

It's marvelous for falling hair.

In the barber shop, ask for Kreml.

Keep a bottle always on your bathroom shelf.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

Use this olive oil shampoo. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

(Continued from page 53)

rious foreign ports. Glass jars to South Africa, scrap tin to Japan.

From Vicksburg to Baton Rouge we run more than thirty hours without a stop, and nothing could better illustrate the lack of local traffic. An old-time packet would crisscross from side to side, and stop at every landing, like street cars, but short hauls now are handled by trucks; passengers by the bus lines. The river gets none of this.

At the magnificent harbor of New Orleans our barges unload their foreign traffic directly into ships, transfer to railroads, or store local freight in a warehouse for city delivery.

When Uncle Sam's experiment seemed to be making the grade, private corporations felt encouraged to follow his lead and The Union Barge Line was first to appear on the river, about 1920. Two years after, in 1922, The American Barge Line was established; then The Mississippi Valley Barge Line in 1925, and all three of them are now operating. These private enterprises are competitors of the government and fight aggressively for freight, yet all in a sportsmanlike spirit, with no complaint by private owners of oppression on the part of Uncle Sam.

The only advantage that the federal line has is in its franking privilege, which saves postage, and its exemption from taxes. Private lines are taxed on fixed property, but not on floating equipment. If one state should attempt to impose a tax, the line could change its port of entry to another state.

Both private lines make use of federal terminals and pay on a tonnage basis. They express themselves as hopeful that Uncle Sam will continue his navigation of the river, because he'll continue to spend money and keep the channel clear. On the whole there is no quarrel between government barges and those under private operation.

The United States has appropriated more money for its waterways in the past year and a half than in the previous century and a half—the most gigantic program of improvement in the history of the world that touches every neighborhood of this nation. The project is so colossal, so intertwined, that no man can determine how much is being spent for this purpose, how much for that.

The whole cannot be subdivided into its elements, charging so many millions to flood control for protection of life and property; so much to navigation; so much to the development of power, to irrigation, reforestation, soil erosion, recreation parks—or how much should be charged up to the barge line for its right of way.

The barges now actually touch eleven states, but officials claim that helpful results of their operation reach into and out of forty-three states. The total water mileage is 3,166 miles.

Joint Rates

Step lightly now, for here we tread on the sorest toe in this controversy. According to its policy announced in the Transportation Act of 1920, Congress is committed not only to develop water transportation but also to "foster and preserve the railroads." Gen. Ashburn has recently said, "If we are to extend to all the people of the United States the benefit of cheap water transportation there must be an interchange between water and rail, and water and motor carriers. To be absolutely just, the shipper in the interior must get the same savings in cents per hundred pounds as the man located on the river itself."

The idea is that all of our people have contributed to create the barge line, and all are entitled to its advantages.

Joint rates mean freight that's shipped partly by water and partly by rail, say from New Orleans to Indianapolis. Manifestly the river and road must join in a through rate, and equitably share the proceeds. To accomplish this result their officials must agree upon charges and divisions, which, as I am told, is precisely what the roads refuse to do. They have competent trains from the Crescent City to Indiana's capital, and see no reason why they should lose that part of the haul from New Orleans to Cairo.

The roads are now contending for a cancellation of all joint rates, and their fight will soon be refereed by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

East and west from New Orleans run the intracoastal canals, hiding behind low islands that guard the shore, following the course of tortuous bayous, or cutting straight across the marshlands where tall grasses grow and herons make their homes. A barge may now travel from the Mexican border to Florida without venturing into stormy waters. This new facility is coming into practical use, its possibilities being proved by a barge that during the past few months was loaded with 500 tons of steel products at Portsmouth, Ohio, and delivered its unbroken bulk at Houston, Texas. Grain cargoes may float from Duluth to Pensacola, while the Chicago Canal places Buffalo as a port on the Gulf of Mexico. These are accomplished facts.

The Evolution of a Fleet

A farsighted official of the New Orleans Dock Board believes that waterways are and will continue to be free transportation agents. Every little fellow who owns a skiff and a paddle may go into the transportation business and ferry a sack of corn across the river for hire. The skiff graduates into a gasoline boat, then a steamer, and becomes a contract carrier or common carrier. This lone navigator will be difficult to supervise; and swarms of government agents would keep busy watching to see that he charged the legal rates.

The feeling and interest of private barge lines is against regulation, while railroads insist upon it. No wonder; here's an example: In 1933 the rail rate on steel products from Pittsburgh to Memphis was $11.50 per ton, while contract carriers brought it down the river for $4.50. Yet at those rates, during that year, 75% of Class One railroads in America failed by $250,000,000 to earn their fixed charges.

In 1920 railroads carried approximately 80% of all domestic tonnage. Now they handle 53.9% because intercity trucks transport 23.8%. The Great Lakes and Inland Waterways carry 15.1%.

Traffic inevitably flows through channels that are best suited to its needs. If valuable securities must reach New York at once, the banker sends them by plane, or express. Railroads will divide certain classes of freight with the trucks, other classes with the barges, every form of transportation frying in its own grease or passing out of the picture. Some railroad men now accept the fact that our river is going to be used; that the Inland Waterways Corporation is non-political and all-American. Two Republican Presidents and two Democratic Presidents endorsed the venture. Republican majorities as well as Democratic majorities in Congress have stood squarely behind the barges.

On the other hand, waterway advocates agree that railroads are the cornerstone of any transportation system and must be allowed to make money or they cannot continue to give service. Conflicting interests and opinions seem more distinctly hopeful that American horse sense will find means to preserve all that's worth preserving in American transportation.

Bright Adventure

Continued from page 16

pagan. She saw a tall stranger, shuffling his feet awkwardly, his narrow black eyes watching her suspiciously; a powerful, sinister man suddenly confronted by something he didn't understand, and frightened. An adventurer? . . . Amelia laughed. The man jumped, grabbed frantically at the door knob, flung open the door—and cursed in terror.

Tom stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

The man was tugging at the pocket of his coat. Amelia saw his face, the murder in his eyes. She screamed:

"Tom, look out! A gun!"

"The hell with it," Tom said.

There was the crack of a hard fist on flesh. The man toppled backward, struck a chair, overturning it, and fell with a clatter and thud to the floor. Tom reached down and took the gun that had been knocked from his hand.

"Get up," he said.

The man arose clumsily and clung to the table, swaying.

Tom opened the door.

"Get out," he said. "And make tracks. If you're in sight in ten seconds I'll put a bullet in you."

THE man slunk into the darkness. Tom slammed the door. He picked up the chair and emptied the basin of blood-stained water. Amelia watched him, unable to think. She felt dazed, humiliated, tricked. She tried to think, to make reasonable what had happened. Tom had come back. He had hit the man. He hadn't been frightened of the gun. Then he'd let the man go.

"Why did . . . you come back?" she asked.

"To see what you intended to do."

He went on straightening up the kitchen, mopping the blood from the oilcloth, bundling the bandages into the trash box. Amelia said:

"You . . . you knew he was here?"

"Do you think I'm blind?"

"But I don't understand. . . ."

Tom pointed beneath the sink. Amelia gasped. There lay the man's gray felt hat. She stammered:

"But why didn't you . . .? When Bill and Sayre were with you? . . ."

Tom turned his unsmiling face toward her and said dispassionately:

"Do you suppose I wanted them to know you were hiding a bank robber and gunman? That you're a liar? That you cut your hand on purpose? Do you think they'd shut up about it? Why, everyone would know by tomorrow morning. They'd think you'd gone crazy."

"Yes," Amelia said slowly. "I see."

He glanced about the kitchen and picked up his cap.

"Well," he said, "that's shipshape."

He went out and shut the door.

"Tom," cried Amelia. "Wait, Tom . . ."

She ran to the door and peered out into the empty dark. Nothing moved but the wind sighing across the dunes. He'd gone. He'd really *gone*. . . .

The first glimmer of dawn over the sea found Amelia still awake and miserable. She arose wearily, selected clothes at random, packed a wicker suitcase and went stealthily down through the quiet house and out the back door.

The town was deserted. At the station, Amelia hid behind the express shed. When the train arrived, she climbed on the single coach and slunk into a corner of the last seat. The whistle blew; the brakes were released. She saw edges of roofs, telegraph poles, the sign on Lem Turner's garage slide across the window. The train gathered speed. The wheels clicked, "Going away —going away—" From Bayberry Cove, from the sea and the dunes and the high, paling spring sky and the watchtower of the distant Coast Guard station—from Tom. . . . Amelia burst into tears. . . . Presently, exhausted by her emotions, she fell asleep.

The train, stopping at the Junction on the mainland where it picked up an extra coach, awakened her. She stared drowsily out of the open window at the weather-beaten station with its circular drive of yellow sand and gravel. A battered old roadster turned in from the highway and skidded to a stop. A tall young fellow sprang out. Amelia jerked erect.

"Tom," she cried. "Oh, Tom."

She saw his eyebrows lift in astonishment. For one dreadful moment she thought he was going by. Then he sprang up the steps of the car and was standing beside her.

"Hello, Amelia," he said casually. "I thought you'd be home in bed."

"Then you. . . ." She paused. He hadn't come after her. It was an accidental, a strange chance meeting. All the gladness vanished. She took out the moist ball of handkerchief and began turning it over and over.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I missed the train at the Cove," Tom explained, "so I hopped over here. I'd been thinking about what you said yesterday."

Amelia was startled. What had she said? She couldn't remember; only last night and she didn't want to recall that.

"About adventurers," continued Tom. "And seeing the world, being somebody. I decided that's what I ought to do. Go to London, Paris, Africa, China; around the world."

WITH every word Amelia felt a numb despair engulfing her. Around the world? How long did it take? Years, a life-time? She said desperately:

"But your job?"

"No future in a hole like Bayberry Cove," said Tom.

"Bayberry Cove is pretty sometimes," Amelia said timidly.

"Is it?" Tom said in surprise. "I thought you hated it."

"I thought I did. But leaving, this morning. . . ." Her voice sounded small, weary, far away. "Oh, Tom," she said. "I guess I'm no adventurer."

He stood up suddenly and asked:

"How's your hand?"

"It's all right."

"Let me look at it."

He unwound the bandage and inspected the cut, whistling absently.

"Not so good," he said. "Doc Saunders ought to see it." He smiled. "Is this your bag?"

Amelia nodded. Tom lifted the battered suitcase and put his hand under her arm. Dazed, Amelia stumbled along beside him, not daring to speak, not believing, scarcely breathing. He helped her into the roadster and climbed in, starting the motor.

"Do you know where we're going?" he asked.

"No, Tom."

"We're going back to Bayberry Cove."

"Yes, Tom."

"Okay?"

"Yes, Tom."

"We're going to be married and have a house on Ocean Avenue. In the summer we can go crabbing; in the winter we'll play dominoes. Can you stand it?"

"Yes. . . . Oh, yes. . . ."

"Is this an adventure," said Tom, "or isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," cried Amelia. "This is an adventure; it's a marvelous adventure."

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The Hit that Missed

Continued from page 20

put his hands flat on the table and leaned forward impressively towards Colonel Hepplethwaite. "The trouble with you, my dear sir," he said, "is that you're an Englishman and therefore cannot understand artists; the English never do. When you Englishmen say 'Murder will out' you are talking of banal, bourgeois crimes committed by the average 'man in the street.' But even in England there are other people besides the man in the street, and some of them are artists. . . . Steward, another whisky-and-soda, please, with a little more whisky this time and a little less soda."

THE speaker was holding his audience as tight as the Ancient Mariner who clung to the button of the Wedding Guest. He paused for a moment.

"Now, gentlemen," he resumed, "I see that you don't appreciate the point I've been trying to make. Let me give you a definite instance, which happened to come to my notice several years ago. I may say that, although I became aware of the facts by an accident which is of no importance now, I can vouch for their authenticity.

"The story concerns an American news correspondent in France, who was what I believe they call 'second man' in the Paris bureau of one of the principal New York papers. He was a hard-working young man of average intelligence, or a little more, who had a most charming and beautiful wife. His chief, whom we may call Watkins, although that was not his name, was an old friend of this Anderson, a friend of his family, and a senior at college when the younger man was a freshman. He had helped Anderson to get the job in Paris and taught him a great deal about the work of a foreign newspaper correspondent. The two men were friends in the best sense of the word."

He took a drink of the raw spirit and added firmly, "Yes, they were friends, the best of friends, that is to say, they were friends until—until Anderson's home life began to go wrong. He loved his wife, you understand, loved her desperately and deeply, loved her more than his work or himself or anything in life.

"He thought she loved him too, he knew she loved him until—somehow there in Paris he noticed a change in her. The first thing he noticed was that when he came home in the evening she didn't seem interested in what he had been doing that day. Before, when he came home she asked him what the news was and what stories he had been working on. You know what newspapermen are—they aren't very well paid or anything, but if they're any good they take a tremendous interest in their work.

"WELL, as I say, Anderson's wife shared his interest, and then—somehow—seemed to stop sharing, and not care about it any more. That was the first thing he noticed. Then, it seemed to him, she lost interest in him too. He knew what that meant, but there wasn't much that he could do about it. When two people are in love with each other and both cool off equally, there is something lost or broken and it is rather sad, but it doesn't really matter very much or hurt either of them. If one, however, stays in love and the other falls in love with someone else, then it's anguish and hot coals of fire for the one who stays in love. Anderson felt like that but there was nothing he could do about it, except watch and try to find out.

"The first thing which gave him a clue was that his wife became interested again in his work all of a sudden—at least she began to come constantly to his office. Several times when he'd been out on a job he would return to find her sitting there talking with Watkins, who as head of the bureau had a room of his own beyond the main office where Anderson and two junior reporters worked. Anderson watched and waited until his suspicions became certainty. Watkins was the man, without a doubt. He was a tall and good-looking fellow, a bold lover and a bold gambler—always playing the market and for more than he could afford.

"At first Anderson wasn't utterly sure about his friend, although he was sure enough, until one morning he came suddenly into his wife's room—they had separate rooms by this time—when she was having breakfast in bed, and she hastily pushed a letter behind the pillow. She was not so quick that he failed to see that it was written on stationery from his own office. He looked at her and a slow wave of red flowed up from her breast to her forehead, but she didn't say anything. Then, at last, he *knew*."

THE thin man finished his whisky and ordered another, and pointed a finger at Colonel Hepplethwaite. "I suppose a man like you," he said, "would have done nothing about it. The English always try to ignore unpleasant facts. And you, Doctor, might have gone frankly to your wife and offered her a divorce so that she could marry her lover. And a Frenchman, no doubt, would have shrugged his shoulders and taken a mistress for himself. But Anderson was different. You see, he loved his wife more than anything in the world. He loved her and he didn't want to lose her. He thought a good deal about what he ought to do, and one day he noticed that Watkins had a dagger paper knife on his desk, one of those sharp dagger knives which Japanese samurai use to commit hara-kiri, with a long thin blade that slides in and slits their bowels, slips in smooth and easy as if it was hot and their flesh was butter, smooth and easy like a hot knife through butter. He saw what a dangerous weapon it was and it gave him an idea.

"In the offices of foreign news correspondents, you understand, they always work on Sundays because it's generally known that a story gets a better play on Monday in America, where Sunday is a quieter day than it is in Europe. I mean that all the sporting news and so on has been published in the Sunday paper, and so there's more space for news from Europe in the Monday edition. Anyway, foreign correspondents think so and always work Sunday afternoons, but without their secretaries, doormen, and so forth.

"So one Sunday about six o'clock, when Anderson came into the bureau with three or four friends who had been to the races with him, he knew that he would find Watkins at work in his private room. He said to his friends, 'You sit here in the reading-room'—it was near the entrance—'while I go along and look at the evening papers and try to earn my salary. I won't be long, because I expect my boss is there and he's a terribly decent fellow; he'll probably handle anything that has to be sent, if I tell him that I want to go out to dinner with you. I won't be more than half an hour at the outside and there are some magazines here and all the latest papers from New York. You don't mind waiting, do you?' They said no, they didn't mind.

"Then he went into the main room of the office, which was empty because one of the juniors was off on a trip to the South of France where they had had some floods, and the other was to cover the night shift from eleven onwards in the building of one of the Paris newspapers. Anderson sat down and read the papers for a few minutes, then typed out some notes on his machine and Watkins came in from the inner room. He said, 'Is there anything worth sending?'

"Anderson showed him his notes and they talked a little, and Anderson said he'd like to go out to dinner with his friends because there didn't seem to be much to do. His chief replied, 'That's all right, Joe, I'll take care of this stuff. Just give me those notes of yours and that clipping from the Temps, and let's have a glass of beer before you run along.'

"ANDERSON knew he'd say that; he always said it. They kept the beer in an icebox in the corner. 'All right,' he said, 'I'll bring it along with a couple of glasses.' Watkins took the notes and the clipping and went back to his room. Anderson opened the bottle and poured out the beer, but in the glass for Watkins, his friend, whom he now knew to be his wife's lover, he put some knockout drops, methyl nitrate, or whatever you call it, not many of them, not enough to taint the breath or enlarge the pupils of the eyes; just enough to send a man quickly to sleep for an hour or less. They drank the beer and went on talking.

"After a very few minutes Watkins slumped in his chair and went to sleep. Anderson sat down at his chief's typewriter and began a letter to Watkins' brother, who worked in an insurance office in Los Angeles. He wrote, 'Bill, old man, I'm in a hell of a mess; I'm on the wrong side of the market and far too deep. My accounts are all muddled and. . . .'

"Anderson left it at that. Then he took the dagger paper knife by the blade and unbuttoned the other man's vest and unhitched his suspenders and pulled up his shirt, doing it all quietly and gently so as not to wake him. Doing it quickly and neatly, humming a tune to himself, the 'Plume au Vent' tune from Rigoletto about Love and Life being feathers on the breeze, humming the tune to himself as if he felt carefree and happy. He set the hands of the sleeping man upon the hilt of the dagger and fixed the point high up between his ribs and drove it in swiftly and smoothly like a hot knife through butter, direct and deep in his heart.

"Watkins made no sound but his body arched back in a sudden convulsion, then fell forward on the desk.

"ANDERSON went to the little washroom next to the private office and washed his chief's glass, holding it carefully by the bottom with a towel so as not to blur the finger marks. First of all, he washed his hands, although there wasn't much blood on them; there isn't much outward blood when a thin blade pierces the heart; the victim bleeds to death internally. Next he poured some more beer into the glass, still holding it by the towel at the bottom, and whispered gently, 'I drink to your health in hell and to my wife's blue eyes,' and put the glass back on the desk.

"Then he went out through the reporters' office to the reading-room, saying as he went, 'Thanks awfully, old man, and good night,' and added to his friends out there, 'That's the kind of boss to have. There was a story tonight but he knew you folks were waiting, so he said, "Go ahead, Joe; I'll write it, they're waiting; go ahead and have a good time."'

"After that, you understand, the rest was easy. You know what it's like, Monsieur Dubois, in Paris on a Sunday; no one comes into the office and the outer door is shut, and the concierge just pulls the latch for those who go in or out. As I said, the night work is done in the building of whatever French paper you are linked with, so no one found the body until the next morning.

"Then there was a fuss and one of the stenographers fainted. When the police came, they rang up Anderson and he said, 'Why, it's impossible! When I left him last night he was quite all right and as cheerful as could be; indeed my friends and I remarked how kind he was to stay alone in the office and do some work that I should have done. What's that you say, a letter? I didn't know he was writing a letter. He said he was going to write a dispatch for me, the one I had given him some notes about and a clipping from the Temps. What . . . he said he'd lost money on the Stock Market. . . . Oh, well, I knew he was playing the market, but I didn't know that he'd lost money.'

"It was as simple as that.

"You see, the French don't want scandal about American newspapermen; the French don't like scandal, anyway not that sort of scandal. So they hushed the story up as much as they could, and Anderson hushed it up as much as he could, and the coroner's inquest—you know how things go in such cases—they hushed the story up too, with a neat little verdict of suicide while temporarily deranged by the strain of overwork. It was as simple as that.

"That's what I mean, gentlemen, by saying that you're all wrong about the percentage of detected murders and of murderers convicted, in Paris or London. This was a murder, but no one ever thought so, no one ever thought there was any crime at all—unless you call suicide a crime. Well, I suppose you want your lunch. I don't feel hungry myself, so I think I'll take a stroll round the deck. Perhaps we might meet this evening and have a rubber of bridge." He scrawled a signature across the steward's check for the drinks and walked out of the smoking-room.

THE other three looked at each other in silence. Then Dubois laughed. "What a strange fellow," he said. "Where did you find him, Peabody?"

"Oh, we were chatting on the deck," said the doctor, "and he suggested a drink before lunch, and I said you were waiting for me and brought him along. That really was a most curious story, and he told it with such intensity. I wonder who he is."

Colonel Hepplethwaite beckoned to the head steward, who happened to be passing. "George," he said, "do you know the gentleman who was sitting with us just now?"

The steward nodded. "Oh, yes, sir, he's crossed with us several times—Mr. Howard Jackson. He writes for one of the American newspapers, perhaps you've seen his name. A very nice gentleman, and always before so gay and cheerful, he'd keep the 'ole smoking-room in a roar. But"—he lowered his voice—"poor Mr. Jackson, he's had very 'ard luck this year. His best friend committed suicide recently, been speculating on the market; it seems, and got 'imself into a jam. That was a great blow to Mr. Jackson, because they were very old friends. And then on top of that his wife ran away from him with someone from his own office in Paris, one of his subordinates, a much younger man. Mr. Jackson isn't one to talk much, but I can see he's quite broke up about it."

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Buying at a Profit

Continued from page 21

understanding of the meaning of "profits to the consumer."

If there is any significance in the growth of the movement it lies in the wideness of the field in which it is working. It has come out of the little towns, one after another across the West, where it has operated among men who knew very little about business management. The Finn of Minnesota, the Negro steel worker of Gary, the Ph.D. in the western university, alike grasp its meaning and find they can put it into practice. In this it seems to be proving that it is what it is claimed to be, a plan of economic action for the people.

The story of the Central Co-operative Wholesale in Superior, Wisconsin, reads much like a version of the old Cinderella theme. In 1917, when delegates from nineteen small retail co-operative societies met at Superior, consumer co-operation was the scorned stepsister in the industrial family. The nineteen delegates, pioneers in the American co-operative movement, met in desperation to try to figure out a way to stay in business.

The nineteen stores represented at that meeting were finding the going very, very tough. With no central purchasing organization, they were at a disadvantage in the battle of competition. They decided at that meeting to start their own wholesale. To get the necessary capital someone passed the hat.

When the last shiny nickel had been counted they found themselves in possession of the magnificent capital of $15.50. They decided to start a wholesale on $15. One wonders if the newspaperman who gave them desk space in the corner of his office was moved by admiration or curiosity. In either case, the results of the next few years must have satisfied him.

In seventeen years this bunch of co-operators ran the fifteen dollars into a business that had a two-million-dollar turnover in the last twelve months, with a new one-hundred-thousand-dollar home, and plans for the future that would appear grandiose if one could forget the fifteen-dollar start.

Turning the Tables

Like Cinderella, the wholesale took a lot of kicking around between the day it started playing on its fifteen-dollar back porch and the day when it spread itself in its one-hundred-grand front. It had to battle all the way, fight for its credit, meet the stiffest kind of competition and prove itself every step of the way up. But it finally got there, which is all that counts in any success story.

In North Kansas City there is a six-year-old co-operative oil wholesale. They started in business with a tiny warehouse and a gas tank at the back door, serving a few scattered co-op filling stations in the surrounding territory. They had been doing business but a short time when they ran into trouble. The oil company from which they bought their lubricants refused to do business with them.

The oil company gave a perfectly logical reason for its refusal to sell. It had a new plant for which it had dug down to the extent of $250,000. The co-op business was too small to fool around with. When they told the co-operators this they virtually forced them to set up the first co-operative oil blending plant in the world.

Then came the depression, right on the heels of the holding-company wave that swept America in the late twenties. The combination was too much for the private oil company. As the depression deepened the company sank lower and lower until it finally folded up. In 1934 the Consumers Co-operative Association, the bunch whose business was too insignificant to handle a few years before, bought the oil company's plant at a bankruptcy sale. And they paid for it with cash.

The co-operative didn't take time out to stage a celebration. They moved in, pushed their desks around and got busy. They had a lot of work on their hands. Facing them was the organization of a grocery wholesale by which they hoped to repeat in groceries what they have already done in oil. They have more work to do in connection with the opening next fall of the first co-operative college in America. The college is their declaration that they are getting tired of searching in ordinary channels for executives and managers with a working knowledge of co-operation. They intend, in the future, to train their own most promising young men for the jobs that are waiting.

Expansion from Savings

The Consumers Co-operative Association only broke trail in the oil blending business. There are now four such plants, serving retail societies throughout the country, pushing a co-op brand of lubricating oil blended according to specifications prepared by technicians who are employees of the consumers of that oil.

A wholesale in St. Paul, Minnesota, has been responsible for the North Dakota gas distribution. This wholesale presents some interesting figures. In each town in which it has a member co-op, that co-op leads as the local distributor of gas and oil. Here is the reason for its rise to second place as state-wide distributor of gas and oil.

The growth of the oil co-operatives encouraged the farmers to go into other co-operative development. Cambridge, Minnesota, is a typical example of how this works. In 1932 an oil co-operative was started with a capital of $1,700. In three years the co-op paid back $26,000 in patronage dividends and built up a reserve for expansion.

The co-operators liked the crackle of the dividend checks that came in from their oil business. But they decided, as so many of these groups do, that they'd like to see bigger figures on the checks. With money in reserve, starting a grocery store was a simple undertaking. The store opened and in the first five months of its career did a business of $24,000. The co-operators' checks in this town will be bigger this year.

Throughout the whole co-operative development, control of the wholesales rests with the retail societies, even as the control of these societies rests with the individual members. Duly appointed delegates of the retails meet and elect a board of directors for the wholesale. Just as the retail society returns its profits to the individual members in the form of patronage dividends, so the wholesale returns its profits, after a percentage for expansion is set aside, to the member retail societies. The wholesales lead and organize but are never allowed to dominate.

The fertilizer contract entered into by the Indiana and Ohio co-operatives with a private company is unique, but it came about in a logical and orderly manner.

Following the war, when depression

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If you want to keep the sparkle in your eye and the peaches and cream in your complexion, get rid of accumulated body waste *regularly.*

If Nature fails to maintain a regular schedule, take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are just the thing for the purpose. Gentle and mild, easy to swallow, non-habit-forming, they assist nature in her work of house cleaning.

Keep tab on yourself. If more than a day goes by, take a beauty laxative —Olive Tablets. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

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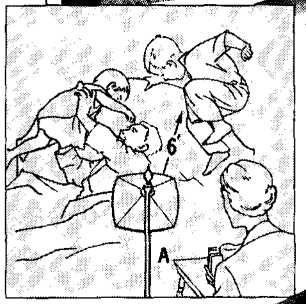
Easy recipe for
SNAPSHOTS AT NIGHT!



A $100 winner in G-E Night Picture Contest
Four G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps in reflectors, with a fifth behind the bed, were used to get this picture... 1/200 second at F/2.9. However, a very satisfactory picture could be taken with only *one* G-E MAZDA Photo*flash* lamp as shown.

G-E MAZDA PHOTO*flash* LAMP 15c

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HERE'S ALL YOU NEED:
.. a camera that can be set for "time"
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Then you can take vivid, natural snapshots of your family, pets and friends *at night!*

Place the camera on a table and aim it at the subjects. Focus, if necessary, and set the camera for "time." Insert a G-E MAZDA Photo*flash* bulb in lamp A, or handy flashlight battery reflector. *When ready to take the picture, open the camera shutter, flash the lamp and close the shutter.*

These lamps get the picture before subjects wink an eye. Each lamp gets one picture. Costs only 15 cents list.

FAST LENS CAMERA OWNERS can get such pictures with G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps. They are good for dozens of pictures and sell for 25 cents list.

Box cameras and slow lens folding cameras require short time exposures with these lamps.

Your druggist or camera dealer can supply you. Try a few snapshots tonight. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Look for the mark when you buy photo lamps and you will be sure of dependable light for picture-taking.

ASK YOUR DEALER
ABOUT THE CURRENT
$2500 PRIZE CONTEST
FOR NIGHT PICTURES

SNAPSHOTS · AT · NIGHT

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS

settled upon the agricultural West with rapidly falling grain prices, certain of the fertilizer companies, figuring that the drop was a temporary one, organized to hold fertilizer prices at their wartime level.

Unfortunately for the fertilizer people, Indiana and Ohio farmers chose that time to go co-operative. They began to shop around for fertilizer. When they finally succeeded in finding a source of supply in the South, fertilizer prices tumbled from a high of thirty-four dollars a ton to twenty dollars.

But the fertilizer business still provided the farmers with plenty of grief. For a long time they were unable to obtain either a fixed quality or a sure supply. Then the co-operative need met a copper mining company with a problem on its hands. The problem was a by-product of sulphuric acid that the company could not get rid of. The co-operators saw their opportunity and went after the mining company.

This concern, the Tennessee Copper Mining Company, agreed to set up a subsidiary to be called the Tennessee Corporation, to manufacture fertilizer. The co-operators contracted to take the output of the plant.

Today the Tennessee Corporation has, in Lockland, Ohio, a fertilizer plant with a capacity of 110,000 tons a year. The Tennessee Corporation finds itself in the position of a producer who has nothing to do but produce. It has no sales force and no collection department. The co-operators take care of advertising and distribution and pay cash on the line.

As a direct result the Tennessee Corporation, having to maintain only an executive and technical staff, whose job it is to turn out fertilizers according to formulas laid down by the consumers, has written the first contract of its kind in the United States. By this contract the Corporation agrees to turn back to the co-operators each year one half of the manufacturer's profits.

But co-operation is not confined to the Middle West. The co-operative policy of low capitalization and no indebtedness on its enterprises reaches the ultimate in the Eastern States Farmers' Exchange with headquarters at Springfield, Massachusetts. This co-operative, with assets of nearly $2,000,000 and 56,000 members, did a business of twelve million dollars in 1934. It deals in farm supplies of all kinds and is moving directly toward production. For example, several years ago it bought its own feed mills in Buffalo. Business growth forced the building of a $300,000 addition to the mill in 1934.

Dividends from Purchases

But the astounding fact about the organization is that it is a business with no capital stock, no bonded indebtedness and no mortgage. No one holds a scrap of paper to show ownership of any part of the business.

This unique situation was brought about quite naturally. The group of men who organized the Exchange borrowed $30,000 on their personal notes. As the business grew they paid this back out of profits. All expansion has been taken care of in this same way, while the co-operative has paid back millions in patronage dividends to its members.

The making of a purchase in the organization automatically makes one a member and his dividends start to accumulate with that purchase.

The small capital stock of many of the co-operatives represents savings made through purchases. The new member in this case signs up for a share of stock and lets his patronage dividends complete payment for it. After the share of stock is paid for he is a full-fledged member and thereafter draws his dividends in cash. The co-operative slowly builds its capital in this painless fashion.

Nor can the co-operative movement in America be looked upon only as a rural phenomenon. The last few years have seen it gaining a foothold in industrial and other urban areas. John Helvaa in the factory town and Dr. Phineas Carruthers show the trend.

The Country Life Insurance Company, with headquarters in Chicago, went into the business a few years ago. In its first fifty months of operation it wrote up $50,000,000 of policies. In 1934 it had boosted this to $70,000,000 and today is going stronger than ever.

Attracted by the Ohio example, several of the big wholesales have decided to string along. This is a habit which the co-operators have. A new line started by any one co-operative spreads over the whole field as soon as it proves practical and workable.

Checks Tell the Story

The way the oil co-operatives have gone into the automobile accessory field is an illustration of the manner in which the whole movement is expanding. A filling station naturally sells tires. After handling various lines for several years they decided to have a tire of their own.

They contracted with one of the rubber firms in Akron, Ohio, furnished specifications and arranged for molds and began the manufacture of the co-operative tire. Last year half the output of that rubber company was co-op tires and the demand grows.

Orthodox business has been hit hard by the depression. The co-ops have made their greatest growth during this period. A list of co-operatives which moved into new headquarters within the past year is in itself an eloquent commentary on the growth of the movement.

Down in the Texas Panhandle plains country sixty consumer co-ops did a combined business of $4,000,000 in 1934, paid back half a million in purchase-dividends, and in the last eight years have paid back to their members six times the amount of the original investment.

Following the collapse of Upton Sinclair's EPIC movement in California, the co-operative idea has taken hold and the native sons in their thousands are turning toward co-operation as a practical way to work for some of the things that EPIC promised them.

The Washington State Grange has gone in for co-operation in a big way. Last year they added to their already big business by the purchase of a flour mill.

The co-ops have met with opposition. But, outside of the sharpening competition of the big oil companies, the opposition has for the most part been singularly tactless and short-sighted. For instance, the organized opposition in one state came out with a campaign of abuse. The main line of argument was that the co-operators were Communists. At the same time the Communist party was attacking the co-ops in a particularly virulent manner.

Co-operators definitely are not Communists. Accused of this, they have a disconcerting way of turning and pointing to Great Britain, Sweden, Denmark and Finland, where neither Communism nor Fascism is a serious threat, where democracy is more firmly implanted than ever before and where co-operation is going over with a rush.

Calling these boys Communists won't beat them. The hard-headed Ole Olesons fingering their checks at the end of the year won't pay much attention to such stuff. To the Ole Olesons co-operation means simply that a lot of the folks have got together and are going into business for themselves.

Make pictures

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PICTURES
AT NIGHT INDOORS
EASY NOW
WITH ANY CAMERA

THERE'LL be no rest for cameras now . . . new fast films and lights let you make pictures at night, as well as by day. What wonderful picture opportunities this opens to your camera. Now you can make a picture record of the all-important half of life that's lived indoors.

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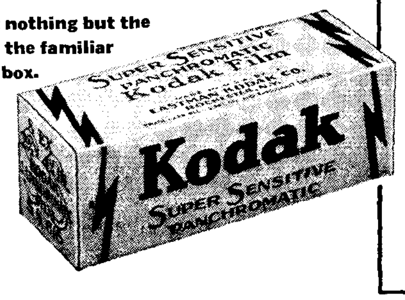
FREE BOOKLET

Go to your nearest dealer . . . he'll give you a *FREE* booklet that explains everything about pictures at night . . . which film to use . . . how to set your camera . . . suggests subjects. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.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2 awards of $100 each
3 awards of $50 each
4 awards of $25 each
10 awards of $10 each
20 awards of $5 each
50 awards of $2 each

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$250 GRAND AWARD

A $250 Grand Award will be given to one of the six winners of the $100 award, hence, the grand award winner receives $350 for a single picture.

RULES

1 Any number of pictures made on or after January 1, 1936, may be entered. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of February 15, March 15, and April 15—the three closing dates. Contests are open to any amateur in the United States and Canada (except employees of Eastman Kodak Company and those engaged in the manufacture or sale of photo supplies).

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The Professor's Son

Continued from page 22

fight referees in the world. Let me hasten to add that this is not merely the opinion of this one observer. It is one of the axioms of the prize ring which is believed by every fighter, manager, trainer and fight writer I know. I submit that Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, the fight writers Bill Corum, Nat Fleischer, Damon Runyon and Lester Scott, all of whom are favorably known in cauliflower circles as men of judgment and discernment in matters fistic, are authority for the statement that Arthur Donovan and George Blake are the two best arbiters in the business. This is an article about Donovan so, regretfully, we will have to forget about George Blake with the remark that everything we say about Donovan goes for him too.

But to get back to the Baer-Louis affair, which one hates to refer to as a "fight" even in jest. There we were, 91,000 of us, waiting for the bell and there, up under the white lights, were the three principals. Phlegmatic Louis looking as bored as a stone fence; there was Baer, tired, ashen-faced, looking as though he had just finished a long race —and between them was Donovan.

Donovan is a big man, but slim. We saw him shake his finger at both men and we heard his sharp voice biting at them. Do you ever wonder what referees say to fighters in the middle of the ring just before the bell sends them into what the customers hope will be action? Here's what Donovan said to Baer and Louis that night.

He said: "You both know the rules. I want you to remember just two things. Then leave everything else to me. Remember not to hit in the clinches and remember to break clean. Don't hit in the clinches and break clean. That's all."

Louis didn't even change expression. Baer nodded nervously. Louis and Donovan were the only two calm people in the Yankee Stadium at that moment. Baer? He was as jittery as a palm tree in a hurricane. The three of them stood there for a moment, while Donovan barked at them. Baer was getting something like $200,000 for his end of this. Louis was getting about the same. Nearly one hundred thousand people were with us and the gate receipts with the moving picture and radio rights went just over the million-dollar mark.

Wages of Virtue

Yet Donovan, whose presence was a guarantee that this would be an honest fight, was to receive but one hundred dollars for his efforts. According to the rules of the New York State Athletic Commission—more colloquially called the Boxing Commission—a referee who officiates at a fight where the gate receipts are six hundred dollars or less receives fifteen dollars; if they reach two thousand dollars he gets twenty-five dollars; if the gate goes to fifteen thousand dollars he receives seventy-five dollars and if the gate is more than that he gets one hundred dollars. If the bout is for a world's championship the referee is given two hundred dollars; but the Baer-Louis fight, although undoubtedly the most important bout in recent years, was not a championship fight. A man named Jim Braddock, you'll recall, was and still is the heavyweight champion. Anyhow, there was Donovan running this whole affair now for one hundred dollars.

Well, you know the story of the fight. That is, most of the story. Here's one sidelight you may have missed:

The fourth round was less than a minute old. Louis, sensing the end, shuffled forward, shooting lefts and rights, jabs and hooks; beautiful hooks they were, too, the prettiest seen since Dempsey's time. Baer clinched, but at Donovan's sharp "Break!" he dropped his arms and stepped back. Louis plodded after him. In close again Louis smashed Max's head back with a straight left, which he followed with a right. Baer was on Queer Street. Two more rights sent him reeling to the floor. There he was on one knee now and Donovan had reached four. Then we saw Baer shake his head vigorously. We thought that he was trying to clear the cobwebs from his befuddled brain. We thought that he was getting ready to get up again. We should have known better. Baer was no Tunney.

Donovan told me later why Baer was shaking his head. Donovan was punctuating each count with a sharp "Get up." He was counting, "Five—get up, Max; six—get up, Max; seven—get up, Max. . . ." But Max shook his head to indicate that he'd had enough.

Mark of a Champion

"Some of the papers said next day that I'd yelled, 'Get up, you bum, get up, you bum,' " Donovan told me, "but that's ridiculous. I did say, 'Get up' after each count, but I didn't call Max a bum. Ask him. Ask Dempsey, who was in his corner. I was just trying to help him up. You know a lot of people paid big money to see that fight and when people pay big money you feel that the fighters should go out fighting. I hate to see a man counted out on one knee, especially a man who has been the champion. Can you imagine either Dempsey or Tunney ever being counted out on one knee? You'd have to kill either of them to knock them out. But that's the difference between the ordinary fighter and a great champion."

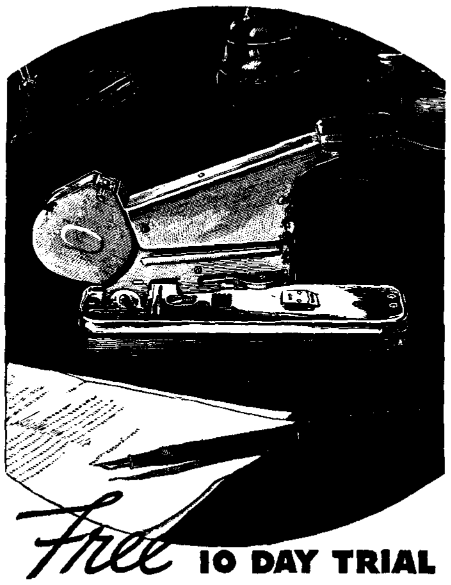
Walking out of the Yankee Stadium that night I met Gene Tunney.

"Louis did a nice job, didn't he?" I said to Tunney.

"Yes, he did, and so did Donovan. He did his best to make Max fight," Tunney said.

Arthur Donovan has been doing a good job of refereeing ever since he entered the game as an official in 1928. Before the war Donovan was a fighter himself. He had to be a fighting man. It was born in him. Why, he was the son of Mike Donovan, the great Professor Mike Donovan, perhaps the best teacher of boxing ever to pull on a glove. A word about Mike of blessed memory. Mike was one time middleweight champion of the world but he fought every heavyweight of any consequence who would meet him. He trained the incomparable John L. Sullivan and it always irked Mike that Sullivan wouldn't change his natural sledge-hammer style and become a great boxer and scientific hitter. Sullivan, Mike always said, had everything, including speed, and he could have become even much greater than he was. Professor Mike was always a stickler for scientific boxing. He helped Jim Corbett and until his death Corbett always spoke gratefully of Mike and of his profound knowledge of ringcraft.

Later Mike became boxing instructor at the New York Athletic Club. When Theodore Roosevelt was President, Mike organized the "athletic Cabinet" for him, prescribing exercises to fit the ages and condition of the august statesmen. But he boxed with the President. They were evenly matched, for Roosevelt was much better than a tyro with the gloves. Roosevelt was a good fighter—Mike the phantom boxer. Once Mike gave the President a black eye. Roosevelt was proud of it



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BATES STAPLER

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FOR FREE TRIAL just send this advertisement with your business letterhead to The Bates Manufacturing Company, 32 Vesey Street, New York.

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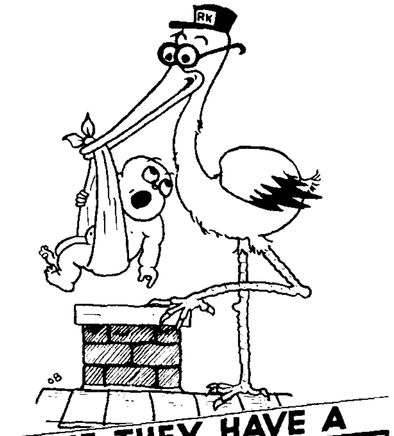

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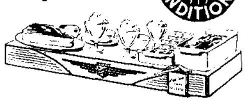
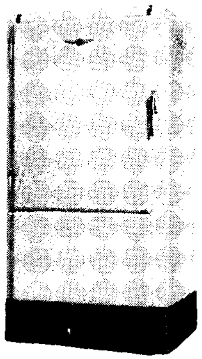
Only GIBSON AIR CONDITIONED





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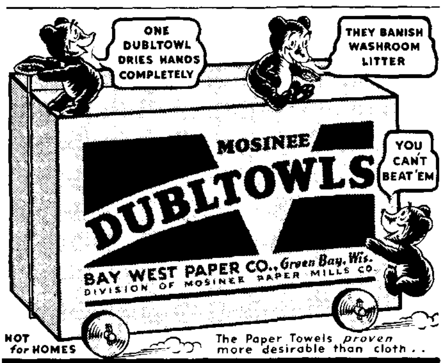
It's easy to own a GIBSON . . . and it's economical too! . . . You can pay for it on surprisingly easy terms from the savings you will make in food purchases and food preservation. Brighten your menu with delicious desserts made and preserved in a GIBSON . . . they will add a new zest to your meals. *See your dealer* **TODAY!**


ONE DUBLTOWL DRIES HANDS COMPLETELY
THEY BANISH WASHROOM LITTER
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The Paper Towels *proven* more desirable than cloth . .

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It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve the itching of Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

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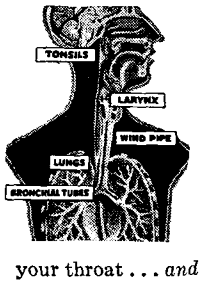

● When you catch cold, thousands of moisture glands in the throat and windpipe dry or clog. Sticky phlegm irritates your throat . . . *and makes you cough.*

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture. Phlegm loosens. Your throat is soothed. Then—quick relief!

Pertussin, by the "moist-throat" method, checks coughs *safely.*

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When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no metal" Heefner ARCH SUPPORT

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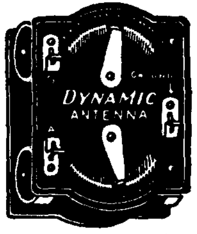
Amazing $1 Device Does Away With It ENTIRELY! Special Tuning Feature Improves Selectivity, Tone

SIMPLY hook Walco Aerial Eliminator on back of radio —forget yards and yards of aerial trouble! Size only 3x5 inches. Eliminates ugly wires all over room, on roof, or hanging out window. Gives volume and distance equal to outdoor aerial with far BETTER SELECTIVITY.



NO MORE NUISANCE OR DANGER

Easy to connect Walco Aerial Eliminator, in 2 minutes without tools! Ends all danger of lightning, storms, short circuits. No more clicks and noise from wind and rain. NOW you can hook up radio in any room. No wires show.

SEND NO MONEY
Try It 5 Days at Our Risk **ONLY $1**

Merely mail the coupon. No money necessary now. When delivered pay postman $1, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, return it in five days—your $1 refunded at once.

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Name ....

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☐ Check here if ENCLOSING $1—thus saving postage charges. Same refund Guarantee applies.

and remains perhaps the only man on record with a black eye who didn't claim that he got it by walking into a door. Anyhow, that's Mike, father of Arthur. To get back to Arthur, son of Mike:

When the war came Arthur was doing a nice job of fighting. He hadn't reached the top yet but he was going along all right and teaching boxing at the New York Athletic Club. But, of course, he went to war. Naturally he went with the glorious Twenty-seventh Division—that was the place for a New York Irishman. He got the biggest thrill of his life while in France and he didn't get it ducking shrapnel or going over the top. He got it when he was fighting a hillbilly from the mountains of Tennessee before 100,000 soldiers.

It was at Corbie and the Twenty-seventh had just come out of the lines after grueling months of it. They were tired physically, mentally, every way. The officers hit upon an idea they hoped would help the men. They'd hold a mammoth boxing show. Someone remembered that Donovan had been a fighter.

Welcome Home!

"I hadn't had a glove on for two years," Donovan says. "And they pointed out a big guy and told me I was going to box him. In front of 100,000 soldiers, too. I went up to the big guy and asked him if he had done much boxing. 'Well,' he drawled, 'I ain't never really boxed but I was a pretty handy man with my fists back in the mountains.' So I breathed a sigh of relief and said, 'Sure, I'll fight him.' You know anyone who has been a pro can handle any barroom or rough-and-tumble fighter. I knew he'd be easy—and he was. I hit him once and the fight was over. They gave me a watch."

Donovan's face lit up. "I was so proud of that watch. I took care of it and looked at it fifty times a day. Why, I used to walk around hoping people would ask me what time it was. Where is it now?" His face darkened. "We were on our way home, just coming into the harbor with the whistles blowing and the sirens screaming and it was a mighty happy day. And in the midst of the excitement some mug picked my pocket and grabbed the watch. Now there's a guy I'd really like to fight—for nothing."

On his return Arthur tried to pick up the gloves he'd dropped three years before—but he found that the lay-off had been too long. He still knew the tricks that Professor Mike had taught him but his speed was gone.

"After two stumblebums had pushed me around a little," Donovan said, "I thought I'd better quit while I still had my ears. So I quit all right and had kind of a tough time of it."

But he still had his father's old job at the New York Athletic Club, teaching the members and outlining programs of exercise for them. One night he was at the Garden watching some fights. The fights were all right but the decisions were terrible. Others thought so too. State Senator Frawley, always a great supporter of professional boxing in New York, walked out of the Garden fuming. He saw Donovan and went up to him.

"Listen, Donovan," he said, "we need men for officials around here like your father. I knew him. He was a great man. We need honest, fearless men as referees. Maybe you've got what he had. With his blood in you, you must have. How about you refereeing fights for us?"

Donovan said, "Sure," and a few days later he was notified that he had been put on the official list of the Boxing Commission. His first job was at a small club on Long Island. He was a good referee from the start. To begin with, he was big and strong and he could handle heavyweights. If they wouldn't break, he could break them. It wasn't long before he had acquired a reputation for honesty and capability that is rare in the fight game. Here's a story:

A year or so ago I walked into the lobby of Madison Square Garden. As you enter the lobby you'll see a long line of telephone booths to your left. This is where the gamblers gather at every sporting event. I was late for this fight and they had just announced the main event. As I walked past the telephone booths an agitated gentleman rushed by me and up to one of the gamblers.

"But you told me that this fight was in the bag!" he wailed.

"So what?" the tipster said. "So it is. You bet right. Don't worry. The big guy is going to folderoo in the fourth."

"But they just announced that Donovan was refereeing it," the agitated man barked. "It wouldn't be no fakeroo with that guy in there."

The gambler's face fell. "My information was that somebody else was going to work the fight," he mumbled.

That's what the gamblers and the sure-thing players think of Donovan. Not that every other referee in New York is dishonest. Far from it. Taken by and large the New York referees are perhaps the most capable and honest third men that you'd find anywhere in the country. But Donovan has such a reputation for fearlessness and for being able to spot phonies that a tanker is afraid to dive while he's officiating. Donovan keeps on top of the fight all the time. He misses nothing. Often you'll see him walk to a corner of a man between rounds. He'll be saying, maybe, "Listen you, stop waltzing or I'll toss you right out of the ring. People paid to see you fight tonight. Fight or get out of here."

Even the fight writers in New York, captious critics, proud of their ability to spot weaknesses in fighters and officials, are unanimous in declaring Donovan a great referee. That goes even when they disagree with him. They've seen him in tough spots. They saw him handle the most bizarre clowning exhibition of the sometimes so-called gentle art of self-defense ever displayed—namely the Max Baer-Primo Carnera exhibition. Every problem that a referee has to face came up that night. Carnera kept going down and then bobbing up and Baer, never a calm fighter, was for once filled with a demoniac fury that might easily have led him into committing a foul and thus losing a bout which he was so obviously winning.

Fouls Penalize Fighters

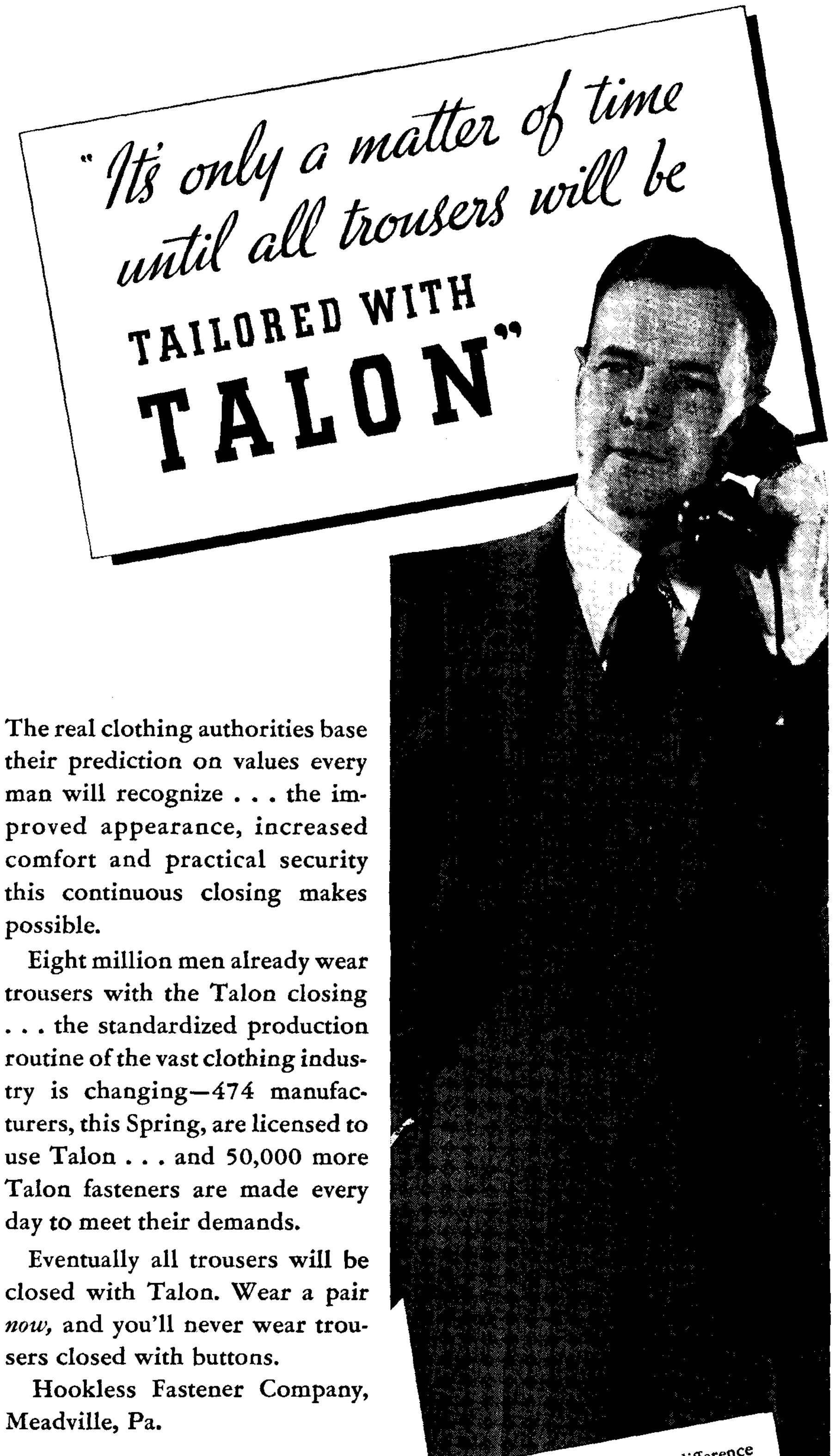
"Baer was so eager to get at the big fellow that he kept crowding him. Carnera would get knocked down but he'd be on one knee and I was afraid that Baer would hit him while he was in that position. Then I'd have to disqualify him and award the fight to Carnera, who certainly had no right to win it. While I was counting I had to keep an eye on Max. I was afraid he'd leap on the big guy and wrestle him or something. Max was seeing red, all right. Then a couple of times they both went down, Max falling over Carnera. You got to keep thinking fast when you are handling two big guys like that."

The sports writers have seen Donovan handle such important bouts as the Ross-McLarnin, the Louis-Carnera, the Schmeling-Baer, the Sharkey-Carnera, the Canzoneri-Ross fights and a host of others. Many of them disagreed with his decision which gave McLarnin the decision over Ross in their second fight. His score card gave McLarnin ten of the fifteen rounds. Afterward Donovan gave his reason for favoring McLarnin and it was a good one.

Many disagreed with Donovan when he gave the decision to Ross in the Ross-

(Continued on page 63)

Clothing authorities everywhere predict: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The real clothing authorities base their prediction on values every man will recognize . . . the improved appearance, increased comfort and practical security this continuous closing makes possible.

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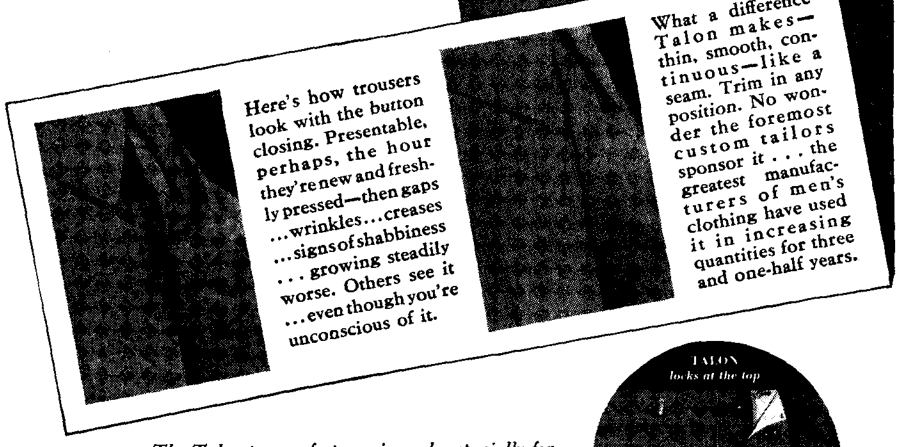

Here's how trousers look with the button closing. Presentable, perhaps, the hour they're new and freshly pressed—then gaps ...wrinkles...creases ...signs of shabbiness ... growing steadily ... worse. Others see it ...even though you're unconscious of it.

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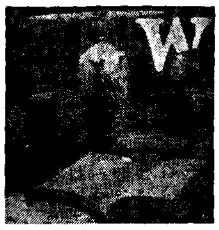

WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

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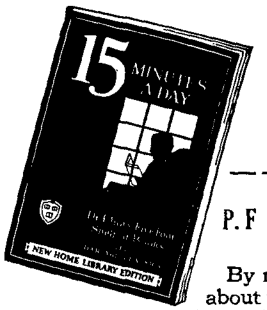

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The Professor's Son

Continued from page 61

Canzoneri fight. One judge, George Kelly, gave that fight to Canzoneri; the other, Harold Barnes, gave it to Ross. Donovan's vote decided it.

"I penalized Canzoneri for hitting low in the sixth, eighth and ninth rounds," Donovan explained. Often the spectators forget the New York rule on fouls. If a man hits low he automatically loses the round no matter how well he has done. He may subsequently in the round knock his man down three times with legitimate punches but if he has sent in one low blow it cancels his good work and loses him the round.

When Donovan calls two fighters to the center of the ring for instructions you'll always notice him peering closely at their boxing trunks. Any punch below the waist is a low punch. Sometimes fighters purposely hitch up their trunks so that their waistline comes somewhere around their chests. Donovan always spots these before the fight starts and makes them restore their waistlines to where they belong.

"On fouls you've got to use discretion," he says. "Of course, a low punch immediately loses the man the round. But there are other fouls. In New York we don't allow back-hand punching. If a man throws a couple of back-hand blows I warn him. He may throw them accidentally. But if he keeps it up then I penalize him. The same is true of rabbit punches. A rabbit punch is one delivered to the back of the head with the side of the fist. It's a clubbing punch and we don't allow it in this state. In close a man will throw a punch and his opponent will turn his head and catch it on the side or back. That makes it an illegal punch but it isn't anyone's fault. We allow for such things."

Donovan's real love is the teaching of boxing at the New York Athletic Club. I watched him working out the other day with a white-haired gentleman who displayed an amazing agility and a nice left jab. After three long rounds of it Donovan called a halt, though the other objected.

"That's enough," he growled affectionately. "Do you want to kill me?'

The white-haired gentleman chuckled and went in for a rubdown.

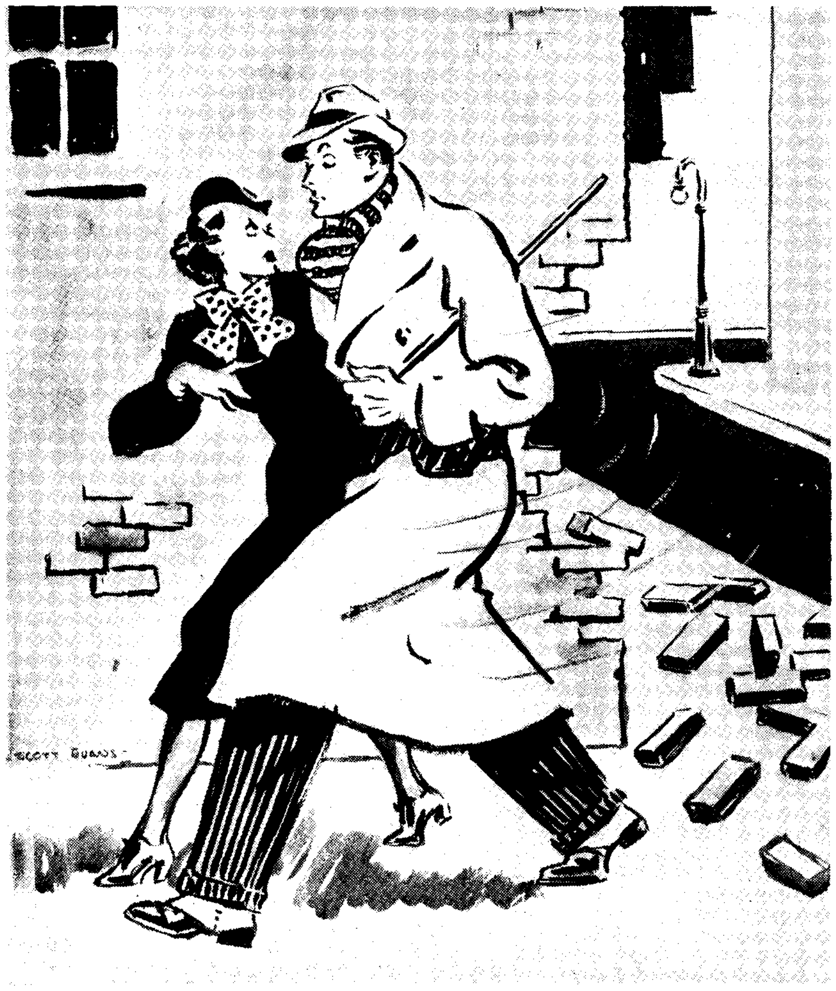
The Real Thrill

"There's the real thrill of boxing," Donovan said, sitting down. "That man, Philip Torchio, is a business executive. He's sixty-eight years old. He came up to me four years ago to learn boxing. He's as healthy a man now as you'd find anywhere. You get a real kick out of teaching a sixty-eight-year-old man to box because you know you're teaching him health at the same time."

Donovan has taught a great many sons of New York to box and now a steady stream of young, middle-aged and old men enter his boxing room on the fourth floor of the New York Athletic Club every day. He's boxed with many an amateur who might have been great had professional boxing, instead of business, caught his eye.

"Men like Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney and Bernard Gimbel and Alfius Geer could have made names for themselves in the professional ring. Judge Mahoney is still one of the cleverest big men I ever saw and I never saw a harder hitter than Bernard Gimbel."

And then Arthur—son of Mike—arose to greet a portly, middle-aged man in tights and he said sternly, "Where have you been the past week? You've put on weight. Come on now, we'll get rid of that rubber tire you're carrying around your waist. . . ."



"Next time we go around a corner, please try and give me more room!"

SCOTT EVANS

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writes charming **Gwendolyn Bowen** of Lake Forest

Gwendolyn Bowen rides with the Mill Creek Hunt Club and has held the Grand Hunter Championship of the North Shore. She finished at Farmington, where she was tennis champion of the school. She is active in younger-set theatre groups and in social work at Hull House

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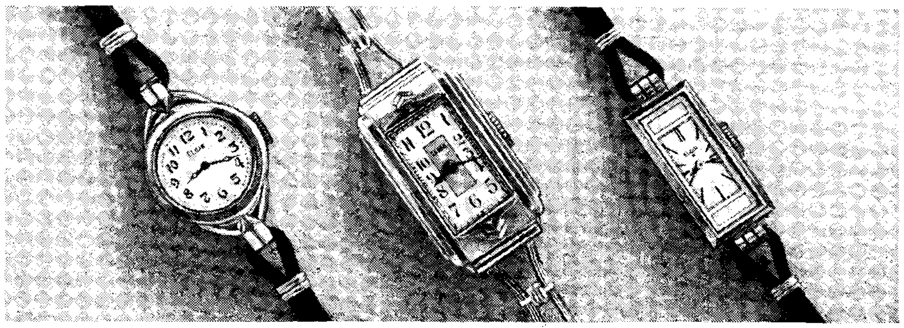

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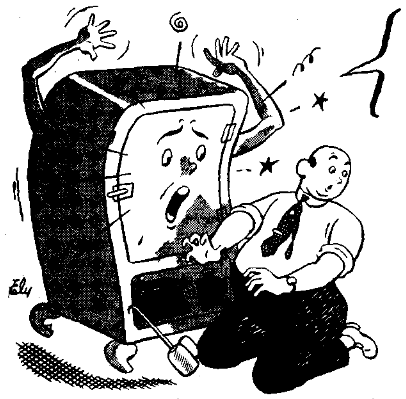
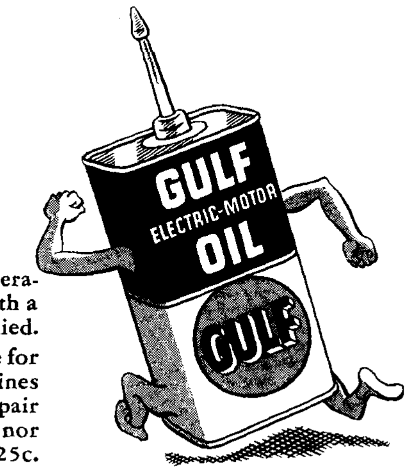
"STOP THAT MAN! HE'S KILLING ME!"





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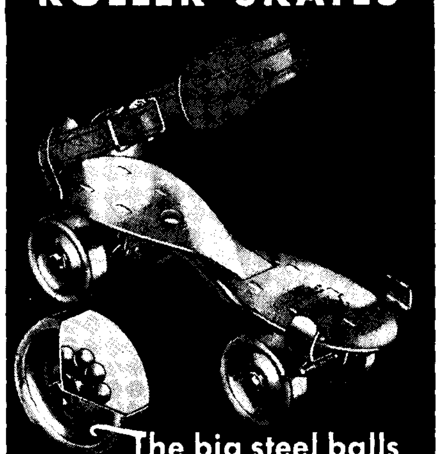

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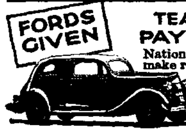

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Singing Girl

Continued from page 17

may even be a law in the state of Ohio. She sang the St. Louis Blues, with expression. Mr. Crosley did not swoon. In fact he did nothing. He patted his hands politely and went on with his conversation. It was only later when somebody asked him if he didn't think Miss Froman might be all right for radio that he allowed as how that could possibly be true. He added that there would be no harm done if she went in and sang for his station manager.

She went in next day and located the station manager, who was a weary gentleman considerably worn down by fate and listening to sopranos. He also kept his head about him, refraining from enthusiasm with resolute fortitude. He did, however, say that he might find a spot or two for her at ten dollars a spot.

"At the end of a year," says Miss Froman, "I was doing twenty-two programs a week. The earliest was between eight and nine and I ended up with a night-owl shift between twelve and one."

It was her work on the owl-shift which attracted the attention of Paul Whiteman, who was then playing in Chicago at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. She got a wire from him the day after she had lost her tonsils and couldn't sing a note.

"That was the first break," says Miss Froman. "The next one was the day I was to sing for Whiteman in Chicago. All I did then was slip and break my ankle in two places. I went on and sang without knowing how badly I was hurt. I got the job and then went off to the hospital."

She had managed enough spare time during the Cincinnati experience to get married. In the hours when she was sitting around waiting for another program to start, she had met Donald Ross, also singing at the station. When she went up to Chicago and was signed by Whiteman to a three-year contract, he was doing singing on his own hook. After six months with the Whiteman band, Miss Froman realized that she wasn't getting anywhere.

"It was fine work and I liked it," she says, "but when you're with an organization, you're just part of it. If you want to get anywhere, you have to be out by yourself, so Mr. Whiteman tore up the contract and we parted friends."

Hat by Fannie Brice

Next she had her own orchestra, going through the motions of leading it and doing the solo work.

When that was through, the Ross gentleman and the Froman lady decided that they had exhausted the possibilities of Chicago and needed to go on and conquer New York.

The Froman girl soon caught on in New York. She did radio work and was then signed for the Ziegfeld Follies, which was being produced by the Shuberts.

The experience in the Follies was not too pleasant. There were backstage jealousies, bickerings and plain finaglings. Young Froman was tramped on by rival singers and maneuvered about on the stage during duets until she was singing to the brick wall at the back instead of the audience. She still had no speaking lines at this point in her career and she was too indignant to speak if she had been given the chance.

The only bright spot was Fannie Brice, who was annoyed by nothing. Her dressing-room was something resembling Saturday Night on the Bowery. It was filled with agents, song pluggers, secretaries, maids, chauffeurs, out-of-work actors borrowing a fin and various members of the immediate Brice family. In the midst of this Fannie could find time to examine a hat Miss Froman was wearing in one of her scenes.

"Let me look at that piece of flotsam," said Miss Brice, taking up needle and thread.

When Miss Froman came in for the night show, it was a new hat, entirely made over, Miss Brice in the meantime never missing an argument or withholding an insult.

When the chance came to make Stars Over Broadway, the Froman-Ross group drove West.

But she had work to do before she could start in pictures. The first thing was the lessons to cure her stuttering. For the first week she went on the silence cure, never saying a word, writing notes when starvation threatened her and going about with a finger pointed significantly at her throat.

"Ah, laryngitis," said her sympathetic friends and left her alone.

Learning to Talk

She next was placed on "swing reading," which was a process of accompanying speech by holding the finger aloft, making the figure 8 and speaking with the precise rhythm of a metronome. It was slow at first and then increasingly stepped up until it approached normal speech. She recited poetry by the hour, using the swing reading method. Mary Had a Little Lamb, Crossing the Bar, The Face on the Barroom Floor, 'Twas the Night Before Christmas. She dug up poems she hadn't heard since the first years of Sunday School. She accompanied all this with breathing exercises, mostly abdominal breathing.

The crux of the cure, however, came in learning to speak all over again.

"As they explained it to me," says Miss Froman, "most stuttering arises from the fact that the speaker never learned to pronounce the vowels correctly. If you begin slurring the vowels as a child, the time soon comes when the sound isn't being produced. The mouth doesn't round the vowels and the speaker doesn't get the words out cleanly. When you once become conscious that you *aren't* speaking correctly and when the other kids start mocking you, you become nervous about it and worse than ever. It becomes psychological then as well as physical. If you go back and learn to say the vowels correctly, you can't stutter. That's what they made me do."

They also made her rest regularly, advised her to do as little entertaining as possible until her cure was complete and sent her over to the studio to start the picture. The directors were considerate, she wasn't rushed into speaking until she was ready and she found it easy. She didn't have many lines in Stars Over Broadway, but she handled those without trouble and she is no longer afraid. She is still trying to get up courage enough, however, to say a word over the radio.

The Froman girl is young, slender, very much married and interested in seeing the world. Next summer she is going to fill engagements at the Café de Paris and Piccadilly in London and make a tour of Russia and the Continent after that. She drives a 1928 car which she bought in California for sixty-four dollars, plays golf and likes to read about foreign affairs. When tired, she is still inclined to stutter, but she thinks she is going to overcome it entirely.

Quite a sane person, altogether. She doesn't even object to being called Mom.

To the Guest within our walls

Whether you come from near or far; whether you come for an hour, a day, a month or more—we shall strive to make your stay a pleasant one...as memorable as a treasured visit in an open-hearted home. We want you to feel as we do: That this is your home as long as you care to make it...that the old maxim, "A Man's Home is His Castle" is the law of our hotels...that we are anxious to go as far as is humanly possible to do everything required to make you happy. Long experience has taught us much about a host's responsibilities, but should we fail at any time to anticipate your needs, please remember: *Your wish is a command.* Nothing is too good for you...no request too great or small to merit prompt compliance. And if any of us fails to respond cheerfully and graciously to any request you make, we hope you will be kind enough to call it to our attention. Hard as we may try, it is only with your suggestions—that we can live up to our ideal...to make and keep "an Inn where the traveler may have his ease"...to attain that happy union of new fashioned standards of Service with old fashioned Charm and Hospitality.

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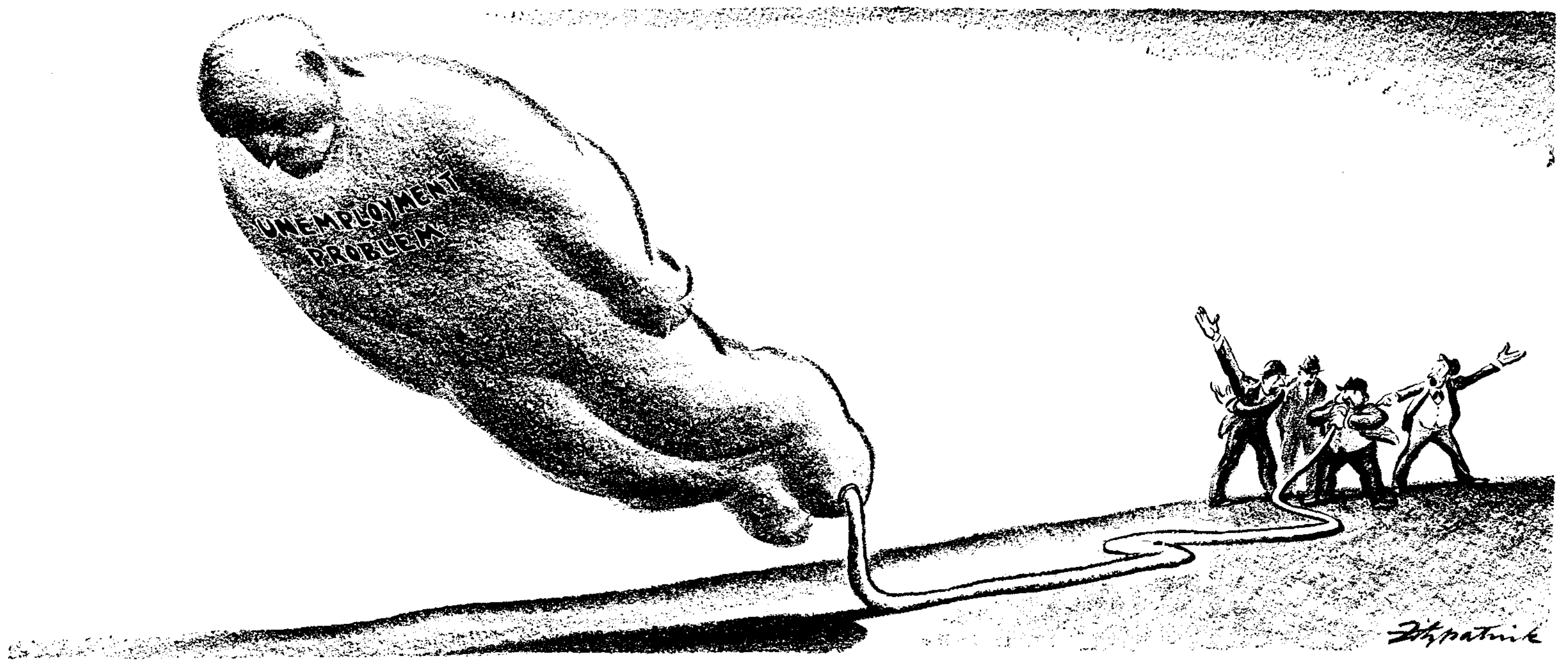

Look at the Facts

WE HAVE not been bothered by a surplus of clear thinking during these recent years. We have had surpluses of many other things—wheat, cotton, political talk and Utopian plans—but not too much thought.

Take the matter of employment and unemployment as an example. We have had announcements from officials, labor organizations, employer groups and others that so many million workers were jobless at a particular time. We have had recent statements that eight, nine or ten million willing workers were unemployed and that industry must find jobs for them.

The truth is that at no time, now or in the past, has anyone in the government or out of it had any definite and concrete information on which to found such assertions. Nobody knows how many people are unemployed today. Nobody knew how many were unemployed in 1933 or in 1929.

The agency of the government which would have information about unemployment, if such information existed, is the Department of Labor. The Department, however, has no estimate of unemployment. All public estimates are calculations which involve a great many guesses which may be true and which also may be fantastically wrong.

One of the most obviously absurd of the current statements is that industry must provide jobs for eight or nine million unemployed. Industry means manufacturing. Something precise and definite about manufacturing is known.

During the first ten months of 1929, for example, wage-earner employment in manufacturing industries was about 8,839,000, according to the figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. During the first ten months of 1935 the number was estimated by the same Bureau to be 6,840,000. Thus approximately 2,000,000 fewer workers were employed by manufacturers in 1935 than in 1929.

Two million is not eight or nine million, however, and very plainly an industry which employed less than nine million wage earners at the top of the boom cannot be expected to absorb in addition to its present force an army of eight or more millions who someone guesses are unemployed and available for work.

The sooner we stop making loose general statements about employment and unemployment, the sooner we shall arrive at practicable solutions of our remaining difficulties. We know by common observation that the emergency deprived vast numbers of capable workers of their jobs. We know that recovery brought the opportunity for employment to many. We lack precise figures. The experience of people who have dealt successfully with the employment problem has, however, shown that the solution is found, not in a panacea, but in detailed attempts to cure particular situations.

Look for a moment at the broad facts. We shall have to go back to 1930, the last census year, for any trustworthy figures.

In 1930 nearly 49 million men, women and children were gainfully employed in the United States.

Of that 49 million, manufacturing and mechanical industries combined employed slightly more than 14 million.

The same year agriculture employed nearly ten and a half million. Transportation and communication gave jobs to not quite four million. Trade gave work to more than six million. Professional services enlisted three and a quarter million. Nearly five million people were employed in domestic and personal service. More than four million were listed in the census as clerks.

The number of jobs which industry can provide depends on the extent of business activity. If recovery is uninterrupted manufacturers should have large markets and require the services of many not now on their pay rolls. The total number employed in industry may and doubtless will be much larger than that recorded in 1930 or 1935.

How many jobs manufacturers can provide depends, however, on many factors outside the control of industrialists. The policy of the government toward industry will be one important factor.

It is good politics to talk as though industrial corporations could actually be expected to absorb the load of unemployment, because corporations don't vote. Yet nobody in politics or elsewhere would think of asking a farmer to provide jobs for more people than he needed to do his work. In the long run, the industrial corporation can do no more.

We have the opportunity now through the Social Security Commission to gather facts and to separate the various classes of employed and unemployed, of capable workers and the actually unemployable, and others who require public consideration.

More than one and a quarter million boys and girls sixteen years old and younger were included in the 1930 census of those gainfully employed. There is certainly no need to seek a cure for the unemployment problem of immature children.

Another two million workers sixty-five years of age and older were listed in the census. When children and the aged are eliminated the army of those gainfully employed is reduced more than three million.

When all is done there will remain a considerable number of willing workers who temporarily, or for longer periods, are involuntarily unemployed. They must, of course, be cared for but neither they nor anyone else can be permanently benefited by loose general methods of relief or the distribution of unemployment doles.

The taxes levied under the Social Security Act will provide immense revenues. If we are willing to think through the problems for which this fund is being accumulated, we may, in truth, lift ourselves by our bootstraps out of future depressions. If we won't think, we shall just pile up billions for politicians to manipulate. That won't be good for anyone, even the politicians.

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